

This Ain't No Picnic

Minutemen

Working on the edge
Losing my self-respect
For a man who presides over me
The principles of his creed
Punch in, punch out
Eight hours, five days
Sweat, pain and agony
On Friday I'll get paid

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Hey mister don't look down on me
For what I believe
I got my bills and the rent
I should be content
But our land isn't free
So I'll work my youth away
In the place of a machine
I refuse to be a slave

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