

# Working Class Hero

## Tin Machine

As soon as you're born they make you feel small  
By giving you no time instead of it all  
'Til the pain is so big you feel nothing at all  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be They hurt you at home and they hit you at school  
They hate if you're clever and despise a fool  
'Til you're so \*\*\*\* crazy you can't follow their rules  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be When they've tortured and scared you for twenty odd years  
Then they expect you to pick a career  
When you can't really function, you're so full of fear  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV  
And you think you're so clever and classless and free  
But you're still \*\*\*\* peasants as far as I can see  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be There's room at the top, they're telling you still  
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill  
If you want to be like all the folks on the hill  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be  
A working class hero is something to be If you want to be a hero, well, just follow me  
If you want to be a hero, well, just follow me

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