

# Knocked Down, Made Small

## Was (Not Was)

(Treated Like A Rubber Ball)

My daddy took a look  
On the day that I was born  
And said he looks like corn  
And his feet are made of clay  
And then he walked away  
And when I began to crawl  
He knocked my head against the wall  
And said you're much too small  
And you don't get no ice cream  
Not even if you scream  
Don't you know that I was knocked down  
Made small  
Treated like a rubber ball  
On the day I turned sixteen  
I drove his car into the river  
He stood and watched me shiver  
As they dragged me to the shore  
Wouldn't look me in the eye no more  
When I finally hit the streets  
I had my share of hard defeats  
Every time I took a step  
I felt the shackles on my feet  
I was facing odds that I could never beat  
Don't you know that I was knocked down  
Made small  
Treated like a rubber ball  
I finally woke up  
And put my conscience on the shelf  
I turned to crime  
Started living for myself  
Didn't care about no one else  
Don't you know that I was knocked down  
Made small  
Treated like a rubber ball

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