Street Fighting Man

Rage Against the Machine

Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy
'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy
Tell me what can a poor boy do except for sing for a rock an' roll band
'Cause in this sleepy L.A. town there's just no place
For a street fighting manA street fighting man
A street fighting man
A street fighting manDo you think the time is right for a palace revolution
Where I live the game to play is compromise solution
Well then what can a poor boy except for sing for a rock an' roll band
'Cause in this sleepy L.A. town there's just no place
For a street fighting manA street fighting man
A street fighting man
A street fighting manWell, what else can a poor boy do?
Well, what else can a poor boy do?
Well, what else can a poor boy do?
Well, what else can a poor boy do?Hey my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his servants
Well, what can a poor boy do for sing for a rock an' roll band
In this sleepy L.A. town there's just no place for
For a street fighting manA street fighting man
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