

# Bastards

Machine Head

Yesterday I told my sons "sometimes the bad guys win"  
And that it made me scared about the world that we live in  
But I had to reassure them that it wouldn't be for long  
Sons we have to be ourselves, we have to be strong

I said "boys you are the future, so let this be a lesson  
There may come a day you have to fight off their aggression"  
Cause fear and hatred won today, the darkness ate the light  
But both you look in my eyes, it'll be alright

In every step you take  
I'm with you all the way  
Cause I would die for you  
To do what's right for you  
In hopes that when I'm gone  
You'll carry on these words I wrote for you

Till then...  
I'll sing

Stand your ground  
Don't let the bastards grind you down  
Be bold, be strange  
Don't let their fears make you afraid  
There's hope, they'll change

Well I looked out to the world today, thought "what a bloody mess!"  
They stripped our morals from us, put 'em under house arrest  
And "liberty" and "country" are the words they need to speak  
A little "god", a little "freedom", if we don't agree, we're weak

And every politician stood there idle and so smug  
Empowering the racists and 2nd Amendment thugs  
Wall St. and the billionaires, convinced us they're so smart  
Saying "vote with your wallet, instead of with your hearts!"

But we won't go away!  
We won't forget our name!  
The pussy generation, the PC and the brave  
The protesters that slink along the streets of misery

And so...  
I'll sing

Stand your ground  
Don't let the bastards grind you down  
Be bold, be strange  
Don't let their fears make you afraid  
There's hope, they'll change  
We'll change  
Change

No, no, no, no, no (FUCK NO!)  
No, no, no, no, no (FUCK NO!)  
No, no, no, no, no (FUCK NO!)

So give us all your faggots, and your niggas, and your spics

Give us all your Muslims, your so-called terrorists  
We'll welcome them with open arms, and put 'em in our mix  
We're better off together now, embrace our difference

Remember there is love  
Our words can stop their guns  
Forget the rednecks living in the past  
We're never going back now, we've reached critical mass

And so...  
I'll sing

Stand my ground  
Won't let the bastards grind me down  
I'm bold, I'm strange  
Won't let their fears make me afraid  
There's hope, they'll change