The Old Boy's Club has been throwing it's weight around It's been around so long and I'm sick of the sound If you're gonna say something, better say it loud Gonna take some counter-action, gonna join the crowd

I won't be put in my place
I won't be put in my

Do you feel okay?
'Cause I can't blame you for feeling down
I'm gonna get myself together
I'm gonna paint the town

I won't be put in my place
I won't be put in my

The hand that giveth
Is set to taketh way
They strip you of your dignity
They make you work and then wait
They make you work and then wait

The right-wing views have been getting me down
They say that work brings dignity, no matter what job they dish out
But the rich start life with a hand-me-down
The wage cap gets bigger, doesn't it make you proud?

The hand that giveth
Is set to taketh way
They strip you of your dignity
They make you work and then wait
They make you work and then wait

But I won't be put in my place I won't be put in my place I won't be put in my

You attack the vulnerable
They'd better get out of your way
You don't think you're culpable
They'd better get out of your way
But there's nowhere to go
And it's no way to be
There's enough to go around
There must be a different way

There must be a different way