

Songwriters: LENNON, JOHN

As soon as you're born they make you feel small  
By giving you no time instead of it all  
Till 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 you if you're clever and they despise a fool  
Till you're so fucking 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,  
But you really can't 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 fucking 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 are telling us still,  
But first we must learn how to smile as we kill  
If we want to live like 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.