

## **Against Me!** **"What We Worked For"**

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I lost the confidence to write a song,  
so i found three simple chords and I held them  
together with my weak voice on an out-of-tune guitar  
my father gave to me.  
May Elvis turn in his grave and Les Paul curse my dirty  
calloused fingers. May the likes of this song never  
make one fucking dollar,  
leave it for a demo tape to be played until it's broken  
then remembered only for what it was...  
that we gave 'em hell(repeated).

To my friends and enemies who could have been  
anything,  
titans and heroes who found survival in cause and  
effect.  
Behind counters, behind windows, striving just to be  
people  
with bitter ideals of justice.  
Do we only need to keep working because it pays rent?  
Sleeping under plastic stars glued to a ceiling,  
muscles burning alcohol and nicotine every morning...  
but we gave them hell(repeated).

There's a height beyond skyscrapers, there's a  
distance beyond the freeway.  
More than pictures in a magazine, more than tragedy  
in a rock and roll song.  
It's more than the actions you know it's safe to make,  
It's more than money could ever buy.  
Are we living to work and die in american cities,  
working to live and die in american cities, and dying  
for what we worked.

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