

The Clash "Death or Glory"

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Now every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world
And ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl
Love an' hate tattooed across the knuckles of his hands
Hands that slap his kids around 'cause they don't
understand how

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

An' every gimmick hungry job, digging gold from rock
'n' roll
Grabs the mic to tell us, he'll die before he's sold
But I believe in this and it's been tested by research
He who fucks nuns will later join the Church

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

Fear in the down sex, they say lie low
And you say okay, don't wanna play a show
No other thinking, would you get that boy now
Playing the blues of kings, sure looks better now

Death or glory, just another story
Death or glory, just another story

From every dingy basement, on every dingy street
Every dragging handclap over every dragging beat
That's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on
If you've been trying for years, we already heard your
song

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory, just another story

Gotta launch long way
Fight a long time
Get to travel over mountains
Got to travel over seas

We gonna fight your brother
We gonna fight 'till you loose

We gonna raise trouble
We gonna raise hell
We gonna fight your brother
Raise hell

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

Death or glory, just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

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