

The Sainte Catherines "Us Against The Music"

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If you wouldn't tell Stalin then don't tell anyone
You're sick of fighting, I thought we'd already won
When I wanted to move out of this shitty ugly town
There was only music that kept my feet on the ground

What are they fighting for?
For freedom or for oil?
I lost touch and I got bored
Too much lying and too much blood

If you wouldn't tell George Bush, don't tell anyone
You're sick of fighting, I thought we'd already won
I wanted to move out of this shitty ugly town
There was only music that kept my feet on the ground

I still miss the hand that feeds
But it's all good, I feel the beat
The ring of fire, the honesty
I hear your voice and I still breathe

If you wouldn't tell your husband then don't tell anyone
You're sick of fucking, I thought he already knew
You wanted to move out of this shitty ugly house
There was only music that kept your feet on the ground

He left you here crying
Sold everything for pills
But I realize I was not
The center of everything we got

There's no goal, there's no purpose
But happiness for those who wait
Just play me an old record
What goes around will come back someday

There's no goal, there's no purpose
But happiness for those who wait
Just play me an old record
What goes around will come back today

