Clash, The "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 and Hate tattooed across the knuckles on his hands

The 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

And every gimmick hungry yob 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 That 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 You say ok Don't wanna play a show No other thinking Was it Death or Glory now Playing the blues of kings Sure looks better now

Death or Glory, becomes just another story Death or Glory, becomes just another story

In every dingy basement on every dingy street I hear every gragging handclap over every dragging beat That's just the beat of time

The beat that must go on If you been trying for years Then we already heard your song

Death or Glory, becomes just another story

Death or Glory, becomes just another story

Gonna march a long way
Fight a long time
Get to travel over mountains
Got to travel over seas
We're gonna fight your brother
We're gonna fight til you lose
We gonna raise trouble
We gonna raise hell
We gonna fight your brother
Raise hell

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