

U.S. Bombs "The Contract"

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An old motel broad side of the road
There ain't been a lick of sense
The manager hides, the label sighs
Through booking agents and promoter ties

The contracts runnin' out tonight
Back to the laundromats tonight
We know our place we're in your face
We are a disgrace for the human race
No hallos here, none of us are saints

The underrated, the underdogs
The unannounced, under the fog
The boat keeps floating and we keep rowing
Fuck off, we're marchin' on

We've never been about business man
They won't play us on the radio
I guess, we're just a bloody nuisance
We're just a bunch of fucking punks

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