

# Anti-Flag, Rank-N-File

I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
Let my imagination go and drop me where I feel most scare  
Back snap back already giving thanks I'm not trapped working  
In a sweatshop somewhere  
This songs for those less fortunate  
Locked in a world where both ends aren't meant to meet  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
Let my imagination go and drop me where I feel most scare  
Synaptic flashes in my head then total thanks again  
I'm not soldiering somewhere  
This songs for the countless souls  
Who died in vain for someone else's gain  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves

Left my birthplace for foreign streets  
To strange places new faces I flew  
Shoe less kids stood on the corner  
Their eyes they were transfixed on you  
So I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
My black heart worn on the my sleeve  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
With our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
Alright  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves  
I'm standing with the rank-n-file  
I'm marching with the underground  
Our black hearts worn on our sleeves