

# Kurhaus, The Song With The Golden Arm

hey save from food to run the label  
and yeah mending shoes to repair the van  
holidays or an amp that works  
a family or on tour with friends  
doing shit jobs for the music  
quit your job to play a show  
ideals we share and visions that we have  
we live the dream, our actions spread the word  
a privacy called sleeping bag  
and a van that is called home  
hungry but full of passion  
punk is no career  
a love for music a love for the notes  
a passion maybe taken way too far  
and if no one in this world can understand  
be sure that we'll be there  
embracing you with golden arms  
one day you'll wake up  
and your records sell like candy  
and your shows are all sold out  
the majors, they went broke  
d.i.y. rules the world  
music means passion  
you know you deserve it  
though you don't care if it comes true  
life love no regret  
we show the world that it is possible  
to live outside the system, cooperate in mutual aid  
to be free  
fighting, breaking way for the change to come  
living the life that we are denied  
x'ed up hands and mohawks  
starting to question answers  
let the riot - start tonight - here we go