

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