

Social Distortion, Death Or Glory

[Originally by The Clash]

Every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world
And ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl
Love 'n' hate tattooed across the knuckles of his hands
The hands that slap his kids around 'cause they don't understand

Death or glory, becomes just another story
Death or glory, it's just another story

'N' every gimmick hungry slob digging gold from rock 'n' roll
Grabs the mike 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, it's just another story
death or glory, becomes just another story

We're gonna march a long way, we're gonna fight a long time
We're gonna travel over mountains, we're gonna travel over seas
We're gonna fight you brother, we're gonna fight until you lose
We're gonna raise a lot of trouble, we're gonna raise a lot of hell hell
We're gonna fight you brother, we're gonna raise hell

How death or glory becomes just another story
How death or glory becomes just another story

From every dingy basement on every dingy street
I hear every dragging handclap over every dragging beat
That's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on
If you've tried for years, we've already heard your song

Death or glory, it's just another story
Death or glory, becomes just another story

Death or glory, becomes just another story
Death or glory, it's just another story