

The Clash, Death Or Glory

Now every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world,
Ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl.
Love 'n hate tattooed across the knuckles of his hands,
Hands that slap his kids around, 'cause they don't understand how,

Death or glory, becomes just another story.
Death or glory, becomes just another story.

'n every gimmick hungry yob 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,
He, who fucks nuns, will later join the church.

Death or glory, becomes just another story.
Death or glory, becomes just another story.

Fear in the gun-sights,
They say lie low,
You say ok,
Don't wanna play the show,
Now all you're thinking
"Was it death or glory now?"
Playing the blues of kings,
Sure looks better now.

Death or glory, just another story?
Death or glory, just another story?

From every dingy basement, on every dingy street,
Every dragging handclap over every dragging beat,
It's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on
If you've been trying for years, we 'ready heard your song

Death or glory, becomes just another story.
Death or glory, just another story?

We gonna march, a long way,
Fight, a long time,
We got to travel, over mountains,
Got to travel, over seas,
We gonna fight, your brother,
We gonna fight, 'til you loose,
We gonna raise, trouble,
We gonna raise, hell.

We gonna fight, your brother,
Raise, hell.

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Death or glory, just another story?
Death or glory, becomes just another story.