

Whiskey Rebels, No Heroes In Hell

Working women working me
Well I hope you understand
You gotta live how you live and give what you give
but not by their demand
Well I used to have hopes and dreams,
now we only have hopeless schemes
But I'll keep my head held high
reach for the sky
While i figure out what it all means
There's no cowards in heaven
no heroes in hell
There's only stories to tell
So tell them your own way
There's martyrs in graves
but we're still in chains
If your life's not for sale
You'll have your day
In good times and in bad
with every friend you ever had
Through thick and through thin I'd do it again
for the moments that we shared
Well life is a song worth singing
and death is a dare worth bringing
I try and I try so on the day that I die
I hope I'll be forgiven
life keeps on passing me by..
passing me by!