

Death or Glory

The Clash

Now every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world
And ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl
"Love and 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
And every gimmick hungry job digging gold from rock and roll
Grabs the mic 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
Oh, ah ah ah, ow, ow
Oh, ah ah ah, ow, ow
Oh, ah ah ah, ow, ow
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 for pennies 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 'lready heard your song
Death or glory
Becomes just another story
Death or glory
Just another story
Gonna march a long way
Fight a long time
Got to travel over mountains
Got to travel over seas
We're gonna fight you, brother
We're gonna fight till you lose
We're gonna raise trouble
We're gonna raise hell
We're gonna fight you, brother
Raise hell
Death or glory
Becomes just another story
Death or glory
Becomes just another story
Death or glory
Just another story
Death or glory

Becomes just another story
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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