The Contract

U.S. Bombs

An old motel broad side of the road
There ain't been a lick of sense
The manager hides, the label sighs
Through booking agents and promoter tiesThe contracts runnin' out tonight
Back to the laundromats tonight
We know our place were in your face
We are a disgrace for the human race
No hallos here, none of us are saintsThe underrated, the underdogs
The unannounced, under the fog
The boat keeps floating and we keep rowing
Fuck off, were marchin' onWeve never been about business man
They wont play us on the radio
I guess, were just a bloody nuisance
Were just a bunch of fucking punks

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