In the Tombs

The Casualties

4 AM on a cold night
I find myself, empty bottle in hand
Out with a friend, we're singing alone
About the things that are going wrong
Singing out loud about this world
The messed up life, the struggles we've fought
I hear sirens, bright lights in my eyes
Without warning, I've been attacked
They grab me by the hair
Then threw me against the wall
They hit me in the back
My ribs went pop
They smashed me in the head
It was as though as lead
They kick me in the knee
I started to bleed

What the hell have I done?
What the hell?
I'm in the tombs tonight

I took one in the eye, I wouldn't cry
They punched me in the mouth, I started to shout
I took one in the chin, I began to spin
They started to laugh
I decided to fight back!

What the hell have I done?
What the hell?
I'm in the tombs tonight

Drunk & disorderly is the fucking charge
We find ourselves behind these bars
The only thing that we ever did wrong
Was to sing this oppressed man's song!

What the hell have I done?
What the hell?
I'm in the tombs tonight

Now my life has been stamped
My life, my future in their hands
The only thing that I did wrong
Was to sing this working man's song!

1 2
Working man songs
That's all we got
Music from the heart
Lyrics from the streets
All my life, I've been stamped
All my future in their hands
What I did, nothing wrong
Only singing a working man's song!
You can take my money, never steal my pride
You can try to copy it
You'll never succeed

Lyrics submitted by frederick.

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