

# 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!

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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

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Lyrics submitted by frederick.

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