Death Or Glory

Discipline

Now every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world
And ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl
Love an' hate tattooed across the knuckles of his hands
Hands that slap his kids around 'cause they don't understand howDeath or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another storyAn' every gimmick hungry yob, digging gold from rock 'n' 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 ChurchDeath or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another storyFear in the down sex, they say lie low
And you say okay, don't wanna play a show
No other thinking, would you get that boy now
Playing the blues of kings, sure looks better nowDeath or glory, just another story
Death or glory, just another storyFrom every dingy basement, on every dingy street
Every dragging handclap over every dragging beat
That's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on
If you've been trying for years, we already heard your songDeath or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory, just another storyGotta launch long way
Fight a long time
Get to travel over mountains
Got to travel over seasWe gonna fight your brother
We gonna fight 'till you loose
We gonna raise trouble
We gonna raise hell
We gonna fight your brother
Raise hellDeath or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another storyDeath or glory, just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

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