

# Us Against The Music

## The Sainte Catherines

If you wouldn't tell Stalin then don't tell anyone  
You're sick of fighting, I thought we'd already won  
When I wanted to move out of this shitty ugly town  
There was only music that kept my feet on the ground  
What are they fighting for?  
For freedom or for oil?  
I lost touch and I got bored  
Too much lying and too much blood  
If you wouldn't tell George Bush, don't tell anyone  
You're sick of fighting, I thought we'd already won  
I wanted to move out of this shitty ugly town  
There was only music that kept my feet on the ground  
I still miss the hand that feeds  
But it's all good, I feel the beat  
The ring of fire, the honesty  
I hear your voice and I still breathe  
If you wouldn't tell your husband then don't tell anyone  
You're sick of fucking, I thought he already knew  
You wanted to move out of this shitty ugly house  
There was only music that kept your feet on the ground  
He left you here crying  
Sold everything for pills  
But I realize I was not  
The center of everything we got  
There's no goal, there's no purpose  
But happiness for those who wait  
Just play me an old record  
What goes around will come back someday  
There's no goal, there's no purpose  
But happiness for those who wait  
Just play me an old record  
What goes around will come back today

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>