

Death or Glory

Social Distortion

Now, every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world
And ends up making payments on a sofa or a girl
Well, love and hate tattooed across the knuckles of his hands
The hands that slap his kids around 'cause they don't understand
Death or glory becomes another story
Death or glory, it's just another story
And every gimmick hungry snob digging gold from rock 'n' roll
Grabs the mike to tell us he'll die before he's sold
But I believe in this and it's been tested by research
That he who ***** nun will later join the church
Death or glory, it's just another story
Death or glory becomes another story
We're gonna march a long way, now, we're gonna fight a long time
We're gonna travel over mountains, we're gonna travel over seas
We're gonna fight your brother, we're gonna fight until you lose
We're gonna raise a lot of trouble, we're gonna raise a lot of Hell
From every dingy basement on every dingy
street
I hear every dragging hand clap over every dragging beat
That's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on
And if you been trying for years, we already heard your song
Death or glory, it's just another story
Death or glory becomes another story
Death or glory becomes another story
Death or glory, it's just another story

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