

# Death or Glory

## Chingford Attack

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 how  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
An' 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 Church  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
Fear 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 now  
Death or glory, just another story  
Death or glory, just another story  
From 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 song  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
Death or glory, just another story  
Gotta launch long way  
Fight a long time  
Get to travel over mountains  
Got to travel over seas  
We gonna fight your brother  
We gonna fight 'till you loose  
We gonna raise trouble  
We gonna raise hell  
We gonna fight your brother  
Raise hell  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
Death or glory becomes just another story  
Death or glory, just another story  
Death or glory becomes just another story

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