

Death Or Glory

Shovels & Rope

Not every cheap hut strikes a bargain with the world
Ends up making payments on a soul for a girl
Love and hate tattooed across the knuckles on his hands
Hands'll slap his kids around 'cause they don't understand that...

Death or glory
Becomes just another story
Death or glory
Becomes just another story

He'd rather get 'em hungry both and go from rock 'n' roll
He grabs the mic to tell us how he died before his soul
I believe in this and it's been tested by research
You fucked nut [?]

Death or glory
Becomes just another story
Death or glory
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Fear in the gun sights

You say okay
I don't wanna grab a shovel
And now you're thinking
Was it death or glory now
A plane of blues or kings
Sure is better now

Death or glory
Becomes just another story
Death or glory
Becomes just another story

[?] everything she pressed me

It's just the beat of time, the beat that must go on
If you can travel years you already heard this song

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Death or glory
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We're gonna march a long way
We're gonna travel a long time
We got to travel over mountains
We're gonna travel over seas
We're gonna fight your brother
We're gonna fight till you lose
We're gonna raise trouble
We're gonna raise hell
We're gonna fight your brother
We're gonna raise hell

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