

## Contract

U.S. Bombs

An old motel broad side of the road  
there ain't been a lick of sense the manager hides  
the lable sighsthrough booking agents and promoter ties

The contracts runnin out tonight  
back to the laundromats tonight  
We know our place we're in your face  
we are a disgrace for the human race  
no hallos here, none of us are saints

the underrated , the underdogs  
the unnaounced, under the fog  
the boat keeps floating and we keep rowing  
Fuck Off we're marchin on  
We've never been about business man  
they won't play us on the radio  
I guess we're just a bloody neusance  
We're just a bunch of fucking punks

[chorus]