

What We Worked For

Against Me!

Lost the confidence to write a song,
So I found three simple chords
And held them together with my weak voice
On an out of tune guitar
My father gave to me.

And may Elvis turn in his grave
And Les Paul kiss my dirty, calloused fingers
And may the likes of this song never make
One fucking dollar,
leave it for a demo tape
To be played until it's broken,
Then remembered only for what it was.

That we gave them hell
That we gave them hell
That we gave them hell

That we gave them hell
That we gave them hell
That we gave them hell

To my friends and enemies who could of been anything,
Titans and heroes who found survival in cause and effect.
Behind counters,
Behind windows,
Striving just
To be people
With bitter ideals of justice.
Do we only need to keep working because it pays rent?
Sleeping under plastic stars glued to ceiling,
Muscles burning alcohol and nicotine
Every morning.

But we gave them hell
But we gave them hell
But we gave them hell

But we gave them hell
But we gave them hell
But we gave them hell

There's a height beyond skyscrapers,
There's a distance beyond the freeway,
More than pictures in a magazine,
More than tragedy in a rock and roll song.
It's more than the actions you know are safe to make.
It's more than money could ever buy.

Are we living to work and die in American cities?
And working to live and die in American cities,
And dying for what we worked.