

The Contract

U.S. Bombs

An old motel broad side of the road
there aint 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]