

# Always Dirty, Never Clean

Anarbor

They tied me up, they stripped me down,  
Against the world I'll stand my ground,  
I'll sell my songs, but not my soul.  
They'll chew you up, they'll spit you out,  
Yeah, follow me, we'll ride it out,  
I'll sell my songs, but not my soul.

I'll take dignity over industry,  
My wardrobe has never meant shit to me.  
I'll sell my songs, but never my soul,  
And what the fuck happened to rock and roll?

I've got bruises on my hands and knees,  
And a list of failures in between.  
Always dirty, I am never clean,  
Music is what you hear, and not what you see.

There's something wrong, this isn't right,  
I make the rules or I'm gone tonight,  
I signed the line but didn't lose control.  
They'll tell you lies right to your eyes,  
Before you know, they'll suck you dry,  
I signed the line but didn't lose control.

We've got families and mouths to feed,  
I'll take pride over profit,  
And guts over greed.  
I signed the line but didn't lose control,  
And what the fuck happened to rock and roll?

I've got bruises on my hands and knees,  
And a list of failures in between.  
Always dirty, I am never clean,  
Music is what you hear, and not what you see.

And if there's one thing left to tell,  
It's that I am being real.  
And you should know, yeah you should know  
Just how I feel  
Oh, just how I feel  
You should know, you should know just how I feel.

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