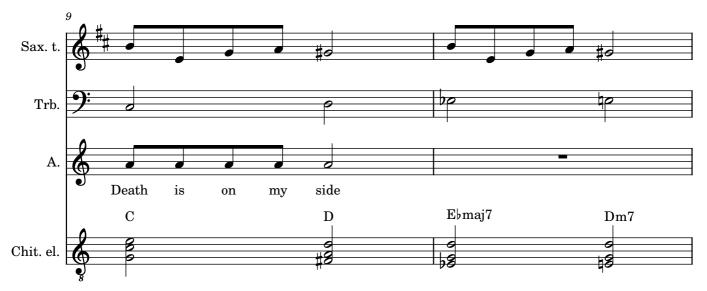
Settle for Nothing

Rage Agatinst The Machine Α = 60-65 Sassofono tenore e Ad lib fino a ritornello Trombone A jail cell is freedom from the pain in my home Hatred passed on, passed on and passed on A world of violent rage but it's one that I can recognise Having never seen the colour of my father's eyes Yes, I dwell in hell, but it's a hell that I can grip I tried to grip my family but I slipped To escape from the pain in an existence mundane Β I gotta nine, a sign, a set and now I gotta name 5 Sax. t. **#**0 ₿6 Trb. Ħс C Α _ Bring my wri wall tin the on Em Dm F b_{e}^{Gb7} 0 B 6 P 0 Chit. el. 7 Sax. t. <u>‡</u>0 Trb. 20 16 A. No fall when I one's here catch to me Gm А B♭6 В 6 Chit. el. Þ









If we don't take action now We settle for nothing later Settle for nothing now And we'll settle for nothing later X2