

American Night

The Bruisers

High stung tension an American Night
Can't find a friend and it don't seem right
Want to rip through every face I see
Cause I'm standing here and they don't see me
Just walking down the street, couldn't hear a sound
Just the pounding of my hard boots on the ground
Hands in pockets and my coats done up tight
I'm the one you never see in the American Night

Anything you want it's all right here
A fist and a boot and plenty of beer
The American Night

Walk into the bar for another warm beer
Faces talking at me but I don't hear
Had to leave the place before I got served
Before I gave those bastards what they deserved
There's trouble in the air and I'm not far behind
If it's trouble they want then it's trouble they'll find
Hanging out the window and looking for a fight
Won't be a victim of the American Night

Anything you want it's all right here
A fist and a boot and plenty of beer
The American Night