

Blood & Whiskey

The Rabble

HEY HO

Smoking guns - coppers and thugs

SMOKING GUNS

The sun is coming up but the morning is still black
Union workers frown at the dealer selling crack
A stranger walks his dog and dogs walk the blind
Poor man sweeps the dirty streets
He don't seem to mind

Time to get out of this
Time to get out of this now
Out of this city

HEY HO
Blood and whiskey
Broken rules
Coppers and thugs
Broken homes

We've got our music - our only weapon

Drunken kid bottle in hand stumbles down the street
Walks straight past a homeless man
No shoes around his feet
Thugs down at the park with swatztika tattoos
Kick around and waste some time sitting sniffing glue

[Chorus]

YOUR CITIES NO HOPE AND GLORY