

## Blood And Bullets (Pissin' Against The Wind)

Widowmaker

Long ago and far away  
Out on the endless road  
Town to town and day after day  
Talking about and overload.

Know we had a job to do  
Had no time to play  
Like a freight train passing through  
Coast to coast a runaway.

Blood and bullets  
All right, all right, all right  
Blood and bullets  
Yeash  
We spit blood and bullets  
All day and all the night  
Blood and bullets  
We we're passing against the wind.

Long the way we saw a lot of pain  
Saw some spirits broke  
Had some hard times, lots of rain  
Under pressure never choked.

Down'n'dirty rough'n'tough  
Never pulled a punch  
Wouldn't say enought's enough  
What a fucking nasty cunt.