

# 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