

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.