

Volbeat, A Broken Man And The Dawn

There's a man looking blank into the wall
Older, colder and mumbling
Looking over his shoulder
Until the break of dawn
His eyes will not close

All the days are the same getting down
At the bar and he's mumbling
About the war and the lost ones
Until the break of dawn
And where are his loved ones

Oh baby it's oh so cold in this place
Oh maybe it's all so close to the bitter end
Oh maybe it all just burns like a living hell
I'm all alone, and here comes the dawn

Hearing boots walking into the bar
Four men dragging their boxes
People stare and smell trouble
Until the break of dawn, the four men will go

Oh baby it's oh so cold in this place
Oh maybe it's all so close to the bitter end
Oh maybe it all just burns like a living hell
I'm all alone, and here comes the dawn

And the four men start to open every case
And people wonder
When they pull out their instruments and play
Dear people, we are the guitar gangsters
And we are here to join you
And ease the pain you're in
Now listen

Hearing boots walking out of the bar
Four men dragging their boxes
People smile and they're roaring
Until the break of dawn, a new day is born

Oh baby it's oh so cold in this place
Oh maybe it's all so close to the bitter end
Oh maybe it all just burns like a living hell
I'm all alone, and here comes the dawn

Dear people, we are the guitar gangsters
And we are here to join you
And ease the pain you're in
Now listen

Dear ladies and gentlemen
We thank you for your kindness
We're on the road again, forever