

# American Night

## The Bruisers

High stung tension an American Night  
Can't find a friend and it don't seem right  
Want to rip through every face I see  
Cause I'm standing here and they don't see me  
Just walking down the street, couldn't hear a sound  
Just the pounding of my hard boots on the ground  
Hands in pockets and my coats done up tight  
I'm the one you never see in the American Night  
Anything you want it's all right here  
A fist and a boot and plenty of beer  
The American Night  
Walk into the bar for another warm beer  
Faces talking at me but I don't hear  
Had to leave the place before I got served  
Before I gave those bastards what they deserved  
There's trouble in the air and I'm not far behind  
If it's trouble they want then it's trouble they'll find  
Hanging out the window and looking for a fight  
Won't be a victim of the American Night  
Anything you want it's all right here  
A fist and a boot and plenty of beer  
The American Night

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