

## American Steel

# "Whiskey, Women, And Blackguarding (Ain't No Cure For A Broken Heart)"

Visit "[Whiskey, Women, And Blackguarding \(Ain't No Cure For A Broken Heart\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

In the flatlands its uphill everywhere you go.  
I can feel the fuckers in the hills looking down their noses.

At the black man white man heading off to work.  
(Hard knocks hard luck and hard living).  
Then the fog rolls in and we do it all again.  
(Hard knocks hard luck hard living)  
see the kids in the streets learning how to hate.  
Lockdown cell block 32-28

You spend your sunny days on the brink of another disaster.  
Try to run but you couldn't live any faster

Like lover boy said we be working for the weekend.  
So the butchers go and cut it up in brokeland.  
Well laid plans one night stands and fisticuffs.  
(whiskey women and blackguarding)  
Monday morning black eyed toiling we've clearly had enough.  
(whiskey women and blackguarding)

Adeline Adeline sweet Adeline  
Bottle to the face cuts to the chase  
lets paint this town fucking black and blue.

You spend your sunny days on the brink of another disaster.  
Try to run but you couldn't live any faster

You spend your sunny days on the brink of another disaster.  
Whiskey, women, blackguarding

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