

# 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