

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Romantic

little Jimmy Watkins wasn't ready
when the winter came
he forgot to order coats so he shivers
just himself to blame
and the marketwives covered with blankets
I hear them shout in vain
they try to sell their southern fruits
in the icy rain

slowly comes the wintertime
snowflakes melting on the enginehood
and all the young girls put on their scarfs
before they haunt their neighbourhood

so sorry that I'm romantic
so sorry that I'm romantic

hot grey steam out of the drains
I can't see the traffic lights
and the smell of cookies and candles
icecold stary skies
snowballs fly around my head
and Linda's laughing bright
the saucy little skater falls on his nose
and cries soon he's outta sight

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