

# Small Fred, Face At The Window

In the stillness of the alley waits a man with an open blade  
And he hurts the woman badly and within her plants his seed  
She can't shake the dirt and horror as the seed takes root and grows  
But the law now claims her body, the doctor's door is closed  
She goes back to another alley to a leering butcher's blade  
And the deal is dark and bloody in the crime the law has made.

CHORUS:

And the face at the window never blinks never turns away  
When you wake in the night to a flashing light  
When you burn on judgment day  
They have spoke aloud your daydreams  
They have listened to your plans  
They have watched you dance in the rainstorm  
They have seen you ride the wind.

Walking slowly home at night a man touching a man  
And the car looks kind of familiar and it's coming round again  
You got no chance in that deadly dance when they cut you to the bone  
There's a bleeding gash from the broken glass and you hear somebody moan  
And maybe somebody calls the cops and they take their own sweet time  
And they say it's just a couple of fags again and maybe your friend is dying.

CHORUS

And your lover comes to you softly and you touch and you feel no shame  
And you steal away from the city and lightning fills your veins  
In an air-conditioned office the committee discusses your case  
They know the words you whispered they felt the flush upon your face.  
They have files on every fantasy, who's on top and who's below  
You have crossed into the shadow place where outlaws freely roam.

CHORUS

You can drink the lies of paradise while the books on the shelves disappear  
You can make a comfortable living, you can swear it can't happen here  
And maybe they'll come for the unionists and maybe they'll come for the Jews  
And maybe they'll come for the heretics but they'll never come for you  
When you hear the step in the hallway, when you taste the iron fear  
Don't you go shouting out for justice 'cause there's no one left to hear.

CHORUS