

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