

The Decemberists, Shankill Butchers

Two, three, four...

The Shankill butchers ride tonight

You better shut your windows tight

They're sharpening their cleavers and their knives

And taking all their whiskey by the pint

'Cause everybody knows

If you don't mind your mother's words

A wicked wind will blow

Your ribbons from your curls

Everybody moan, everybody shake,

The Shankill butchers wanna catch you

Awake

They used to be just like me and you

They used to be sweet little boys

But something went horribly askew

Now killing is their only source of joy

'Cause everybody knows...

(repeat)

The Shankill butchers on the rise

They're waiting till the dead of night

They're picking at their fingers with their knives

And wiping off their cleavers on their thighs

'Cause everybody knows...

(repeat)

The Shankill butchers wanna catch you

The Shankill butchers wanna cut you

The Shankill butchers wanna catch you

Awake

Awake

Awake

Awake