

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