

Bertine Zetlitz, Butcher's Son

(Chorus)

I'm the butcher's son
Softly killing
With my homemade gun
Shocking, shocking

As we passed the hardware store
You said I was the one who wasn't sane
Driving by the rookie camp you said
You wouldn't hold my hand again
Stopping by the schoolyard
Where the kids were laughing hard
They'd scream and shout
I pulled out my razor blade so you could see
What I was all about

Chorus

Having heard the rumors, I appeared
The day they said you were to dance
Judging by your army look
I'd say you'll never get a second chance
Swinging back and forth, although you notice
That I set your rope aflame
You shoot like an arrow through the air
You turned your head and screamed my name

Chorus

You could have your way
Easy shilling
I'm the butcher's son
Shocking, shocking

And how will you know if they see me again
How will you notice I've got eyes of a friend

You say that I'm the butcher's son
Softly killing
With my homemade gun
Shocking, shocking

Chorus