

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Click Song

he sits in a room down the dead end street
dirty old T-shirt sweating in the heat
he's got no girl and no money for a drink
no deeper way to sink
no deeper way

he was looking for a job, jobs are hard to find
everyday the same things torture his mind
built himself a world
to leave those troubles behind
I'm sorry that world ain't mine
I'm sorry that world ain't mine

once we were friends but that is long ago
in 1987 I decided to go
I left him in his room down the dead end street
now I've heard he's killed his neighbours dog
just to have a piece of meat

and that is what I call
and that is what I call
no chance to retreat...