

# The Decemberists, Shankill Butchers

2, 3, 4...

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  
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

The Shankill Butchers on the rise  
They're waiting 'til the dead of night  
They're picking at their fingers with their knives  
And wiping off their cleavers on their thighs

'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  
The Shankill Butchers wanna cut you  
The Shankill Butchers wanna catch you awake  
Awake (x3)