

# Manslaughter

## Cheap Sex

Black clouds rising overhead  
The hands of death, our souls are bled  
There is no escaping his deadly grip  
While life slips by on a sinking ship Looking death right in the eye  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
No one's left to hear you cry  
It's slaughter, manslaughter Looking death right in the eye  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
No one's left to hear you cry  
It's slaughter, manslaughter A rotten stench will fill the air  
And leaving in it's path despair  
And now you're slowly turning in your grave  
And no one is left to be saved Looking death right in the eye  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
No one's left to hear you cry  
It's slaughter, manslaughter Looking death right in the eye  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
No one's left to hear you cry  
It's slaughter, manslaughter Black clouds rising overhead  
The hands of death, our souls are bled  
There is no escaping his deadly grip  
While life slips by on a sinking ship Looking death right in the eye  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
No one's left to hear you cry  
It's slaughter, manslaughter Looking death right in the eye  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
No one's left to hear you cry  
It's slaughter, manslaughter  
Slaughter, manslaughter  
Slaughter, manslaughter

Songwriters

Johnny Mercer; Harold Arlen Published by

HARWIN MUSIC CORPORATION Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>