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 shipLooking death right in the eye
It's slaughter, manslaughter
No one's left to hear you cry
It's slaughter, manslaughterLooking death right in the eye
It's slaughter, manslaughter
No one's left to hear you cry
It's slaughter, manslaughterA rotten stench will fill the air
And leaving in it's path despair
And now youre slowly turning in your grave
And no one is left to be savedLooking death right in the eye
It's slaughter, manslaughter
No one's left to hear you cry
It's slaughter, manslaughterLooking death right in the eye
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No one's left to hear you cry
It's slaughter, manslaughterBlack clouds rising overhead
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Songwriters
Johnny Mercer; Harold ArlenPublished by
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