

Shankill Butchers

[Sarah Jarosz](#)

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 ribbons from your curls
everybody knows. Everybody... Shan
Shankill butchers want to 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 ribbons from your curls
everybody knows. Everybody... Shan
Shankill butchers want to catch you awake

Shankill butchers on the rise
they're waiting 'till the dead of night
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 ribbons from your curls
everybody knows. Everybody... Shan
Shankill butchers want to catch you
Shankill butchers want to cut you
Shankill butchers want to catch you awake.
awake.

Lyrics submitted by Rikki.

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