

# Down In This Hole

## The Builders and The Butchers

Nothing lasts forever in a God forsaken town  
The pocket books are empty 'cause the priest is back in town  
He's givin' all his dollars to the girls who work the square  
Who never get a dime and then there's murder in the air  
Never get a dime and then there's murder in the air  
The cops all know who did it but they don't even care  
They'll never lift a finger  
They'll never spend a dime  
They laughed at twenty strangers who they fingered for the crime  
Way down  
Way down in this hole  
Way down  
Nothing lasts forever in a God forsaken town  
The kid's are smokin' soon as they can walk across the ground  
They all meet up at midnight takin' rides into the well  
And dancin' while the devil taps his dirty finger nail  
Dancin' while the devil taps his dirty finger nail  
The innocent and kind are rounded up and thrown in jail  
You never find a hero just dirty souvenir  
For the old and broken angels are the ones that buy you here  
Way down  
Way down in this hole  
Way down in this hole  
Well you can cut your teeth on the sixteen former years  
And the blood it just rolled down your cheeks like tears  
You can hang your head when your death letter nears  
And the blood it just rolled down your cheeks like tears  
Nothing lasts forever in a God forsaken town  
The judges all been put away  
The criminals been crowned  
Thousand guilty innocents that fill the prison walls  
The chorus and the voices when they echo down the hall  
Singing:  
Way down  
Way down in this hole  
Way down  
Way down in this hole  
Way down  
Way down in this hole  
Way down  
Way down in this hole

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