

# The Organ Grinder

## Murder By Death

In the valley the girl waits  
At the back of a caravan  
Wears a dress made of red wool  
For a night on the town with her manHe is good to her  
He takes care of her  
He holds doors for her  
Settles scores for her  
He does what he canStole a car for the night  
Picked her up for the dance  
Said farewell to their families  
Like they'd never come home againShine up your shoes and polish your cuff links  
Go, dress up for the ball  
In borrowed clothes and fake jewels  
We can bend all the rules  
We won't go home until they drag us outThere's a man who runs this place  
Built like a chimney and hits like Joe Brown  
He's got tabs on all of the girls  
She needs more money to buy her way outHe ain't shit to her  
Ain't worth the tears to her  
Dares call himself a Christian man  
He only gives us the back of his handHow long?  
How long?But tonight put on your best dress  
Go dress up for the ball  
With borrowed clothes and fake jewels we can bend all the rules  
We won't go home until they drag us outShine up your shoes and polish your cuff links  
Go, dress up for the ball  
In borrowed clothes and fake jewels  
We can bend all the rules  
We won't go home until they drag us out

Songwriters

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