

# Teardrop Tattoo

[M. Craft](#)

We were dark eyed children in a neon world  
Where men hid in the shadows of silhouetted girls  
You were way too beautiful as beautiful as anything  
Those ugly King's Cross streets have ever seen and seventeen  
It happened on the corner where you used to stand  
Dealers and policemen, money changing hands  
You didn't have to see a thing, you could have disappeared  
Into a store and hid behind a magazine but you were seen  
And he came for your life in the rain, in the night  
All he ever cried over you was a teardrop tattoo  
They'd called you to an inquest, to stand and testify  
Against the law-enforcers dealing on the sly  
You never made the hearing, they found a man who with his hands  
Had killed before and now would kill again and he killed again  
'Cause he came for your life in the rain, in the  
night  
All he ever cried over you was a teardrop tattoo

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