Black Dresses

The Builders and the Butchers

Little sister, there's blood on the tracks,
And a lit cigarette but you're not comin' back,
To a town that was built on black gold and iron ore.And the kettle got hot, and it boiled and it steamed,
And you can't run away from the worst of your dreams,
They'll string you up when you're tryin' to fall fast asleep.She wore black dresses
And she never cried in the morning.
She's got a bottle in paper
So she can forget her name.
She wore black dresses
And she never smiled in the morning.
She's got a bottle in paper
So she can forget her name.Well her home town was built by a few greedy men,
And people tell me she was descended from them.
She's been playin' in the darkness ever since she was a kid.And she doesn't mourn for her man's come and gone,
She's worn the color of black all along,
And she was born with a stone where there shoulda been a heart.She wore black dresses
And she never cried in the morning.
She's got a bottle in paper
So she can forget her name.
She wore black dresses
And she never smiled in the morning.
She's got a bottle in paper
So she can forget her name.Did you ever meet a girl who was born the victim of a name?
I know, 'cuz I'm a boy who was born the victim of a name.
Did you ever meet a girl who was born the victim of a name?
I know, 'cuz I'm a boy who was born the victim of a name.Little sister, there's blood on the tracks,
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