

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 man
He is good to her
He takes care of her
He holds doors for her
Settles scores for her
He does what he can
Stole a car for the night
Picked her up for the dance
Said farewell to their families
Like they'd never come home again
Shine 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
There'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 out
He 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 hand
How 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 out
Shine 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

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