

Shank Hill St.

Shovels & Rope

we're buzzing like a locust
vibrating right out of my skin
pounding on the butcher's wall
somebody come and let me in
there's a black haired woman
carrying a rolling pin
but your man's got a secret
but she knows where he been yeah
she knows where he been and it'll be a long time
before the sun shines
on shank hill street again you see early in the morning
for the one wind of the dark
she saw a thin man and a shadow
make their way across the lawn
there was a rustle, was a raiser
and a whisper of a prayer
then the rhythm of the mallet
like a heartbeat in the air and it'll be a long time before the sun shines
on shank hill street yeah with a handshake like a hammer and suicide grin
that wooden door creaked open and the butcher man let me in yes,
like that, he let me in
but i wasted not a minute, i was on him like a whip
and for one last minute, he'd feel that heart drip (drip, drip...) and it'll be a long time before the sun shines
on shank hill street

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