

# 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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