

# Doorstep

## Tune-Yards

Policemen shot my baby as he crossed right over my doorstep  
Policemen shot my baby crossing right over my doorstep  
His arms were so close you could see the blood pulsing through both his wrists  
Don't tell me the cops are right in a wrong like this  
Cause policemen shot my baby as he crossed right over my doorstep I was taught we must be grateful for the  
time that we are here  
In the world  
To accept death as beyond our heads and be bitter no more But if you found your first joy in life in the arms of a  
man  
Don't tell me you wouldn't curse the god that made your hands  
When policemen shot your baby crossing right over your doorstep Policemen shot my baby as he crossed over  
my doorstep  
Policemen shot my baby crossing right over my doorstep  
His arms were so close you could see the blood pulsing through both his wrists  
Don't tell me the cops are right in a wrong like this  
Cause policemen shot my baby as he crossed over my doorstep In my life I never met a guy who was a better  
man  
(How sad that she doesn't understand how)  
Oh so gentle with his woman and with two feet on the ground  
(Just as solid as he sounds) And I felt my first joy in life with my head on his chest  
Then his trouble came from looking out for all the rest  
Policemen shot my baby crossing right over my doorstep Sha-na-na, Sha-na-na, Sha-na-na  
Oo-wo-oo-wo-oo-woo x4 Well, I've tried so hard to be a peaceful, loving woman  
Oh, I believed that love and understanding were the way  
Oh, but how many gone before you listen to the cries  
With my dead heart, how do I find my way through the truth and all the lies Policemen shot my baby as he  
crossed over my doorstep  
Sha-na-na, Sha-na-na, Sha-na-na  
Oo-wo-oo-wo-oo-woo  
x4

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