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 doorstepI 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 moreBut 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 doorstepPolicemen 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 doorstepIn 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 doorstepSha-na-na, Sha-na-na, Sha-na-na
Oo-wo-oo-wo-oo-woo x4Well, 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 liesPolicemen 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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