

## **Fury In The Slaughterhouse "Romantic"**

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Little jimmy watkins wasn't ready  
When the winter came  
He forgot to order coats so he shivers  
Just himself to blame  
And the marketwives covered with blankets  
I hear them shout in vain  
They try to sell their southern fruits  
In the icy rain

Slowly comes the wintertime  
Snowflakes melting on the enginehood  
And all the young girls put on their scarfs  
Before they haunt their neighbourhood

So sorry that I'm romantic  
So sorry that I'm romantic

Hot grey steam out of the drains

I can't see the traffic lights  
And the smell of cookies and candles  
Icelandic stary skies  
Snowballs fly around my head  
And linda's laughing bright  
The saucy little skater falls on his nose  
And cries soon he's outta sight

Slowly comes the wintertime  
Snowflakes melting on the enginehood  
And all the young girls put on their scarfs  
Before they haunt their neighbourhood

So sorry that I'm romantic...

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