

## Gus And Frank

# "Confessions Of A Rooftop Killer"

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(Ahhhhhhh Oh Ahhhhhh)

come around children  
I want to tell you a little story  
Come around  
Sit down  
Shut the fuck up

The old man began with his hand on his working class  
heart  
I swear on my grave that my days have been damned  
from the start  
Shall I tell you my tale of woe  
Let me sing before my days go  
It's a story of love and the darkness that drove it  
apart

My love song begins with the sins I'm compelled to  
confess  
Maintaining deceit is a feat that I need to undress  
It's not gold or silver I stole  
Nor slanderous lies that I told  
These hands of mine held the same body they  
bludgeoned to death

I was born like a thief in the streets of the traders down  
south  
In my youth any roof that was tiled sufficed as my  
house  
My only friend in this world  
Was a fatherless Japanese girl  
In summer we'd curl up and sleep in that fruit box of  
ours

In the years that passed by she and I were like old  
working shoes  
And never a face with such grace was seen south of  
the blues  
Behind a beggar boys shield  
My love for her was concealed

Still I prayed on the rooftops at night she'd eventually

choseÂ...Â...Â.....

(Ahhhhhhh Oh Ahhhhhh)

choose me  
be true to meÂ...Â...Â...ahhgggg

He lived like a lord in a northern industrial town  
And I understand secondhand it was love that he found  
In the arms of my Japanese doll  
TheyÂ'd sleep till the church bells would toll  
Then theyÂ'd wake and make passionate love till the  
sun rolled back down

Everyone knows IÂ'm opposed to the taking of life  
IÂ've always believed good and evil are husband and  
wife  
But jealousy sews deadly seeds  
And harvests the darkest of deeds  
I cut both their throats in the night with an old butchers  
knifeÂ...Â...Â...Â...Â...

ahhhggggggg

I swear every word that youÂ've heard is the terrible  
truth  
And now my young friend this song ends with the  
tangible proof  
If you still do not believe  
The loss for which I have grieved  
YouÂ'll find all the bones of my love in a box on my  
roofÂ...Â...Â...Â...Â...

Ahhhhhhh etc etc etcÂ...Â...Â.....ahhhggggg

Hear my confession my only possession was born of  
obsession so pureÂ...and so on

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