

The Shanklin Freak Show

"Grave Robber"

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A market stall or suitcase on his knee
Second-hand rings a speciality
Street corner, he stands
Taking your money with dirty hands
He gets by the only way he can

Well what's the use in him being poor
When he can steal from the dead?
They don't need it anymore.
Morbid curiosity, gold teeth and jewellery
A business man and no-one's fool is he.

Grave Robber what's on your mind?
Grave Robber what do you find
Grave Robber when the lights are low
Grab that shovel and off to work you go

Workin' in the middle of the night
Gotta get done before the morning light
Twist and pull those golden crowns
Take 'em home and melt them down
Shine 'em up and sell them in the town.

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