

Violet Hour

"Ill Wind Blowin'"

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If you're walking home past midnight
And you think you're not alone
Take the knife out of your pocket and turn around
And as he steps out of the shadows
And he tries to force you down
Leave him slashed and staring at the ground

There's an ill wind blowin'
Down union street
There's a man in the gutter
No shoes on his feet

And if you think you've found a phonebox

And the coin jams in the slot
You will see me from the corner of your eye
Well there's no one round to hear you
No one to see you die
As you slither down your glass jar like a fly

There's an ill wind blowin'
Down union street
There's a man in the gutter
No shoes on his feet

There's an ill wind blowin'
Down union street
There's a blue light flashing

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