

Alan Moore "The Decline Of English Murder"

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She sorts out her hair at the washroom of Preston
services
Dries her hands under a notice that says "have you
seen this child?"
And she nurses her tea for one hour in the cafeteria
Watching the truck drivers blind their fried eggs with
the cutlery

And english murder it's all over her face
Just waiting until the right time the wrong lay-by
There'll be a photograph
With a bad 1970's fringe and a look of uncertainty
Years later you'll know the name but not where you
know it from

And they've emptied the terraced row with compulsory
purchases
Reasoning that they'd make more from the ground with
the people gone
And so he shuffles the half a mile to the nearest post
office
When lads push into the queue he pretends he's not
noticed them

And english murder it's all over his face
A low enough cold snap a high enough gas bill
You'll skim the epitaphs
And you'll possibly notice his name like somebody's
you knew from school
There'll be an off the peg verse where sad has been
rhymed with dad

And the houses in which they've invested their city
bonuses
Have increased the property prices and therefore the
homelessness
The scabby grey anti climb paint and withdrawn
amenities
In case socialising promotes anti social behaviour

And english murder it's all over the place
The bunches of flowers in pedestrian precincts

Your average sociopath at least kills
With a hammer or brick not with greed and
incompetence
And after two or three years they'll express remorse

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