MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Amateur Transplants ''Shankill Butchers''

Visit "Shankill Butchers" on MotoLyrics.com

Two, three, four ...

The Shankill butchers ride tonight You better shut your windows tight They're sharpening their cleavers and their knives And taking all their whiskey by the pint 'Cause everybody knows If you don't mind your mother's words A wicked wind will blow Your ribbons from your curls Everybody moan, everybody shake, The Shankill butchers wanna catch you Awake

They used to be just like me and you They used to be sweet little boys But something went horribly askew Now killing is their only source of joy 'Cause everybody knows...

(Repeat)

The Shankill butchers on the rise They're waiting till the dead of night They're picking at their fingers with their knives And wiping off their cleavers on their thighs 'Cause everybody knows...

(Repeat)

The Shankill butchers wanna catch you The Shankill butchers wanna cut you The Shankill butchers wanna catch you Awake Awake Awake Awake

Visit Amateur Transplants page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.