

Decemberists, The "Shankill Butchers"

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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 want to catch you awake

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

'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 want to catch you awake

The Shankill Butchers on the rise
They're waiting 'til the dead of night
They're picking at their fingers with their knives
And wiping off their cleavers on their thighs

'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 want to catch you
The Shankill Butchers want to cut you
The Shankill Butchers want to catch you awake

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