

## Cryin' Shame

Faster Pussycat

There was a haunting evil breeze  
Blowing off the bay  
That kasso smiled  
As he took the kid's life away  
The Midway was his private oasis  
While the dope got just a little too strong  
Relax Jimmy boy, it's only homicide  
The punk will never know what's going on

Wake me when it's over and it's done  
Why can't you see the poor boy bleedin  
Does it make you numb

It's a cryin shame  
I got blood on my hands  
My life's going down the drain  
It's a cryin shame  
I got blood on my hands  
Man, it's a cryin shame

From the Northport Gazebo  
To the Aztakea Woods they strayed  
They butchered the boy  
And threw his body in a shallow grave  
For weeks under the leaves  
He just sat there dead  
Without a breath of life in his bones  
He left his ma and pa cryin  
Wonderin, whining  
Why their little boy never came home

Wake me when it's over and it's done  
Why can't you see the poor boy bleedin  
Does it make you numb

It's a cryin shame  
I got blood on my hands  
My life's going down the drain  
It's a cryin shame  
I got blood on my hands  
Man, it's a cryin shame

Say it, no  
Lord help me, Jesus Christ  
It's all over now  
Kiss your ass goodbye