

## Click Song

### Fury In The Slaughterhouse

He sits in a room down the dead end street  
Dirty old t-shirt sweating in the heat  
He's got no girl and no money for a drink  
No deeper way to sink  
No deeper way

He was looking for a job, jobs are hard to find  
Everyday the same things torture his mind  
Built himself a world  
To leave those troubles behind  
I'm sorry that world ain't mine  
I'm sorry that world ain't mine

Once we were friends but that is long ago  
In 1987 I decided to go  
I left him in his room down the dead end street  
Now I've heard he's killed his neighbours dog  
Just to have a piece of meat

And that is what I call  
And that is what I call  
No chance to retreat...