

Teardrop Tattoo

M. Craft

We were dark eyed children in a neon world
Where men hid in the shadows of silhouetted girls
You were way too beautiful as beautiful as anything
Those ugly King's Cross streets have ever seen and seventeen

It happened on the corner where you used to stand
Dealers and policemen, money changing hands
You didn't have to see a thing, you could have disappeared
Into a store and hid behind a magazine but you were seen

And he came for your life in the rain, in the night
All he ever cried over you was a teardrop tattoo

They'd called you to an inquest, to stand and testify
Against the law-enforcers dealing on the sly
You never made the hearing, they found a man who with his hands
Had killed before and now would kill again and he killed again

'Cause he came for your life in the rain, in the night
All he ever cried over you was a teardrop tattoo