

On The Dark Streets Below

Murder by Death

Slow down little girl
You've lost your way in the world
Slow down and start again
You'll feel much better in the end

Annie's always been a live one
Says the matroness
She never cries, she never lets
Her sorrows get the best of her
She makes a kind of music
Of the buttons popping off her dress
She knows that's just the way it goes
On the dark streets below

Adelle came from a decent town
Scraped by for first month's rent
Guessed with her brain
She could find a job in management
She showed promise in algebra
But now her talent's spent
On other's people's dough
On the dark streets below

So get up, kid
Your're ... again
I never knew a time
When you wouldn't take a bet

Slow down little girl
You've lost your way in this world
Slow down, start again
You'll feel much better in the end

August from the old country
Came over on a ship
It was like a floating oil drum
Had barely made the trip
She knew that she'd been screwed
As soon as she'd pulled up on the spit
Now she knows the dark streets below

These folks got nowhere left to go
The dark streets below
The dark streets below
The dark streets below