

The Organ Grinder

Murder by Death

In the valley the girl waits
At the back of a caravan
Wears a dress made of red woll
For a night on the town with her man

He is good to her
He takes care of her
He holds doors for her
Settles scores for her
He does what he can

Stole a car for the night
Picked her up for the dance
Said farewell to their families
But they'd never come home again

Shine up your shoes and polish off your cufflinks
Go dress up for the ball
In borrowed clothes and fake jewels
We can bend all the rules
We wont' go home until they drag us out

There's a man who runs this place
Built like a chimney and hits like joe brown
He's got tabs on all of the girls
She needs more money to buy her way out
He ain't shit to her
Ain't worth the tears to her
Dares call himself a Christian man
He only gives us the back of his hand

How long?
How long?

But tonight put on your best dress
Go dress up for the ball
With borrowed clothes and fake jewels we can bend all the rules

We won't go home until they drag us out

Shine up your shoes and polish off your cufflinks
Go dress up for the ball
In borrowed clothes and fake jewels
We can bend all the rules
We wont' go home until they drag us out