

Butchers

Slobberbone

Ben grew up to be the butcher not by choice, it's just the lot
in life he found
But he makes a decent living, feeds his family and the people o
f the town
But there's no dreams brought to fruition, just a gradual attri
tion
The decayed scraps of ambition he once carved by hand
But there's no time for regrets, it's not as bad as it appears
He's got a lucrative career but he never gets the bloodstains o
ff his hands

A killer frequents bars on Ladies' Night with a steely-
eyed command
But he ain't out cruising hookers and he ain't no shady looker,
he's a charming, handsome man
His voice says 'ladies' but his mind is thinking 'bitches'
But his pitch is just too much for most of them to withstand
He tells them jokes and he gets them all in stitches
And it goes off without hitches 'till he tries to get the blood
stains off his hands

Nothing good comes easy
Isn't that what you would have me to believe
For every positive endeavor there is a dark side we must weathe
r
You will see, yeah you will see

All the coroners and corpsmen and the slaughterhouse foremen
It's just there job five days a week, please try and understand
It's their lot to get through it, they know someone's got to do
it
And try not to misconstrue it when they try to wash the bloodst
ains off their hands

Now she's had seven years of happiness with a boy she's always
claimed to have adored
And there's fewer who've been truer but as of late she finds he
rself a little bored
She tells him she still loves him and has only good thoughts of
him
And the times they've had and hopes that it'll help him underst
and
When she runs her knife straight through him, it's the only way
to do them
She's the winner of the game but she'll never get the bloodstai
ns off her hands

In the end, they all fall just the same but she'll never get th

e bloodstains off her hands

Off her hands