

Laundry Murder, 1922

The Crookes

Take me back to 1922
let echoes of the past bleed through
and find before your eyes an ashen scene unfold
a young girl who's all alone, she cries
racing down a darkened street by night
the flicker of an old gas light, bells chime
reminds her that the wasteland needs its fill
for now my beating heart be still

Leave the flowers at the gates
if the rain fades your name
leave it to fate, to fate
wake me for the mourning
wake me for the mourning

Take me back into that bloody haze
we'll set those lies ablaze, be kind
lily's had an awfully torrid time
her head keeps a heart beat chime
by night it's louder than it ever was before
and slowly it brings the dawn
you'll find nervous laughter lacing cheap refrain
why would you ever call me sane?

Leave the flowers at the gates
if the rain fades your name
leave it to fate, to fate
wake me for the mourning
wake me for the mourning

As the mourners come they're hanging stale wreaths
to make their peace
bells chime, always they chime
am i still on your mind?

Leave the flowers at the gates
if the rain fades your name
leave it to fate, to fate
wake me for the mourning
wake me for the mourning