

The Decemberists - Shankill Butchers

tom:
Intro: Am G C G
Am G C G

Am F
The Shankill Butchers ride tonight
E
You better shut your windows tight
Am F
They're sharpening their cleavers and their knives
E
And taking all their whiskey by the pint
[Refrão]

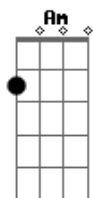
Am F G Am
'Cause everybody knows if you don't mind your mother's words
Am F G Am
A wicked wind will blow the ribbons from your curls
Am F
Everybody moan, everybody shake
E Am
The Shankill Butcher's gonna catch you awake
(Am G C G)
(Am G C G)

Am F
They used to be just like me and you
E
They used to be sweet little boys
Am F
But something went horribly askew
E
Now killing is their only source of joy

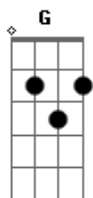
Am F G Am
'Cause everybody knows if you don't mind your mother's words
Am
A wicked wind will blow the ribbons from your curls
Am F
Everybody moan, everybody shake
E Am
The Shankill Butcher's gonna catch you awake
Am F
The Shankill Butchers on the rise
E
They're waiting till the dead of night
Am F
They're picking at their fingers with their knives
E
And wiping off their cleavers on their thighs

Am F G Am
'Cause everybody knows if you don't mind your mother's words
Am F G Am
A wicked wind will blow the ribbons from your curls
Am F
Everybody moan, everybody shake
E
The Shankill Butchers wanna catch you
E
The Shankill Butchers wanna cut you
E
The Shankill Butchers wanna catch you
Am C
Awake
Am C
Awake
Am C
Awake
Am C
Awake

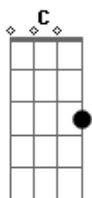
Acordes



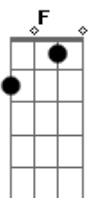
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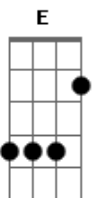
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