

Cryin' Shame

Faster Pussycat

There was a haunting evil breeze
Blowing off the bay
That kasso smiled
As he took the kid's life away
The Midway was his private oasis
While the dope got just a little too strong
Relax Jimmy boy, it's only homicide
The punk will never know what's going on

Wake me when it's over and it's done
Why can't you see the poor boy bleedin
Does it make you numb

It's a cryin shame
I got blood on my hands
My life's going down the drain
It's a cryin shame
I got blood on my hands
Man, it's a cryin shame

From the Northport Gazebo
To the Aztakea Woods they strayed
They butchered the boy
And threw his body in a shallow grave
For weeks under the leaves
He just sat there dead
Without a breath of life in his bones
He left his ma and pa cryin
Wonderin, whining
Why their little boy never came home

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Say it, no
Lord help me, Jesus Christ
It's all over now
Kiss your ass goodbye