Harry's on the run, he's got good reason Since he bought a gun, he'll never sleep again Widow sleeps alone, she never shuts her window Mandy knows what's fun, she just don't know what's right

Come on, step inside
Come on, step inside, don't walk on by
Step inside
Come on, step inside

Sequins on his shirt, Stevie's up for dancing Always been a flirt, carol steps in line History to the bone, memory to the marrow Old an' weary man, treads a traveled road

Come on, step inside
Come on, step inside, don't walk on by
Step inside
Come on, step inside

Standing in the sun, trolling cold maria
A hare Krishna drum sounds distantly in time
The blood comes off like grime, in the wash hand basin
Just another crime, reason with her

Step inside
Come on, step inside, don't walk on by
Step inside
Come on, step inside, don't walk on by
Step inside
Come on, step inside