

## On The Dark Streets Below

### Murder by Death

Slow down little girl  
You've lost your way in the world  
Slow down and start again  
You'll feel much better in the end

Annie's always been a live one  
Says the matroness  
She never cries, she never lets  
Her sorrows get the best of her  
She makes a kind of music  
Of the buttons popping off her dress  
She knows that's just the way it goes  
On the dark streets below

Adelle came from a decent town  
Scraped by for first month's rent  
Guessed with her brain  
She could find a job in management  
She showed promise in algebra  
But now her talent's spent  
On other's people's dough  
On the dark streets below

So get up, kid  
Your're ... again  
I never knew a time  
When you wouldn't take a bet

Slow down little girl  
You've lost your way in this world  
Slow down, start again  
You'll feel much better in the end

August from the old country  
Came over on a ship  
It was like a floating oil drum  
Had barely made the trip  
She knew that she'd been screwed  
As soon as she'd pulled up on the spit  
Now she knows the dark streets below

These folks got nowhere left to go  
The dark streets below  
The dark streets below  
The dark streets below