

# Prom Night

Drengé

A long time ago, at a school I used to go to  
Prom night, in the heat of July  
The king and queen snogged by the toilets  
The school band plays the Long Slow Goodbye  
The limousines cook on the tarmac  
And the teachers overseeing the event  
Just wanna go back home

A boy vomits up his canteen dinner  
In the high school's honeysuckle garden  
He mops his lips on a handkerchief  
His peers are smoking and they're lit up in halogen  
On the way to the loo to wash his face  
The king and queen are locked in an embrace  
They learnt from a film

And I was waiting round the corner in my car  
To pick up my sister, when this charade was over  
And I was listening to the radio  
Then a tap at the door from a limousine chauffeur  
I wound down my window, he said 'can you hear what I hear?'  
And I listened to the wailing that was coming  
From the gate of the school

And the wails became a flood  
I never heard so many screams  
People coming out covered in blood  
Do you know what it was?  
It was like Halloween

The smell of fear, and the smell of smoke  
Mixed together in the fans and the flames  
Like a perfume I'll never forget  
I ran around screaming her name  
In the belly of a burning dog  
I never saw her again  
But sometimes I hear her in the rain

But I swear to God, that night  
Before the sirens arrived on the scene  
Something stepped out from under the rubble  
Whatever it was  
It was like Halloween

(Oh, oh, it was like Halloween  
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