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Fury In The Slaughterhouse

He sits in a room down the dead end street
Dirty old t-shirt sweating in the heat
He's got no girl and no money for a drink
No deeper way to sink
No deeper way

He was looking for a job, jobs are hard to find
Everyday the same things torture his mind
Built himself a world
To leave those troubles behind
I'm sorry that world ain't mine
I'm sorry that world ain't mine

Once we were friends but that is long ago
In 1987 I decided to go
I left him in his room down the dead end street
Now I've heard he's killed his neighbours dog
Just to have a piece of meat

And that is what I call
And that is what I call
No chance to retreat...