

Jenny's Tale

RÉN

It was a quiet, dark night on a empty street
Somewhere in London City
Jenny walked alone, she was dragging her feet
She was heading back home to sleep
Well, she knew this town, she knew this floor
Cause she'd walked it about a thousand times before
She wanted to escape, can you blame?

Well on the very same night, in a different place
There walked this hooded blonde youth by the name of James
He was 14 years old and out of his brain
He'd been smoking ganja with the boys
James, he grew up to be a kid of the street
His mates called him Screech, he was quick on his feet
He was a liar, a thief at fourteen years old
The devil had set his sights on his soul

As Jenny walked home all alone, she felt scared
Usually she was alright but it was like there was something in the air
A divine intervention telling her to beware?
Or maybe intuition bugging her and making her so scared?
Sirens sound in the distance to the beat of Jenny's feet
A symphony of the night that echoes crime on London's streets
Jenny turns a corner, when their eyes, they meet
Our poor girl Jenny, a boy named Screech

"Give me all your money bitch, give it to me
If you co-operate, then you'll soon be free
I want your purse, your phone
Don't fucking look at me
I mean it bitch, are you listening to me?"
Jenny freezes, statue like, a lady shaped stalactite
Fear like liquid nitrogen in the dark night
She tried to find strength to move
But stayed as still as a statue in high heeled shoes

"What the hell you playing at? You playing games with me?
I swear to fucking god, I'll slice the rosy off your cheeks
You think I don't mean it girl? You don't know me
The last thing you see will be a boy called-"
Screech reached for the sheath of the blade with the teeth
That could bite through steel and slice concrete
And he swung possessed, with the devil in his chest
And the statue that she was, turned to butter in a breath

It was a quiet dark night on an empty street
Somewhere in London city
Jenny laid still on the cold concrete
She's found somewhere to sleep
Well, she knew this town, she knew this floor
'Cause she'd walked it about a thousand times before
I guess that she escaped, it's such a shame