

## Butchers

### Slobberbone

Ben grew up to be the butcher not by choice, it's just the lot  
in life he found  
But he makes a decent living, feeds his family and the people o  
f the town  
But there's no dreams brought to fruition, just a gradual attri  
tion  
The decayed scraps of ambition he once carved by hand  
But there's no time for regrets, it's not as bad as it appears  
He's got a lucrative career but he never gets the bloodstains o  
ff his hands

A killer frequents bars on Ladies' Night with a steely-  
eyed command  
But he ain't out cruising hookers and he ain't no shady looker,  
he's a charming, handsome man  
His voice says 'ladies' but his mind is thinking 'bitches'  
But his pitch is just too much for most of them to withstand  
He tells them jokes and he gets them all in stitches  
And it goes off without hitches 'till he tries to get the blood  
stains off his hands

Nothing good comes easy  
Isn't that what you would have me to believe  
For every positive endeavor there is a dark side we must weathe  
r  
You will see, yeah you will see

All the coroners and corpsmen and the slaughterhouse foremen  
It's just there job five days a week, please try and understand  
It's their lot to get through it, they know someone's got to do  
it  
And try not to misconstrue it when they try to wash the bloodst  
ains off their hands

Now she's had seven years of happiness with a boy she's always  
claimed to have adored  
And there's fewer who've been truer but as of late she finds he  
rself a little bored  
She tells him she still loves him and has only good thoughts of  
him  
And the times they've had and hopes that it'll help him underst  
and  
When she runs her knife straight through him, it's the only way  
to do them  
She's the winner of the game but she'll never get the bloodstai  
ns off her hands

In the end, they all fall just the same but she'll never get th

e bloodstains off her hands

Off her hands