Down to the glen where the roses twine Lie in the grass watch the time go by The hum drum mid-afternoon sun Only his mothers only son

Black Jack tarmac dirt dust trap Sister certain wrapped in rags Whispers words of unwished schemes Steals a smile from the scorpions dream

She sings the mourning
She sings the mourning
She sings the mourning
In the quiet night
She said don't worry
She said don't worry
We're out of sight
She sings the mourning
In the quiet night

Blood red love not temptress eyes Cuts right through the family ties Lighthouse lights the locust nest Salem's site invites incest

Back to the glen where the roses twine Treacle tarts and turpentine Patron saint of guillotines A secret's safe when no-one sees

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