

Intro: | C#m - C#m/D# | C#m/E - C#m/D# | C#m - C#m/D# | C#m/E - C#m/D# |

1. The Shankill Butchers run tonight, you better shut your windows tight
 They're sharpening their cleavers and their knives, and taking all their whiskey by the pint

Chorus: Cause everybody knows... if you don't.. mind your mother's words
 A wicked wind will blow... your ribbons from your curls
 Everybody moan, everybody shake, the Shankill Butchers wanna catch you... awake

Interlude: | C#m - C#m/D# | C#m/E - C#m/D# | C#m - C#m/D# | C#m/E - C#m/D# |

2. They used to be just like me and you, they used to be sweet little boys
 But something went horribly askew, now killing is their only source of joy

Chorus: [Repeat Chorus]

Interlude: | C#m - C#m/D# | C#m/E - C#m/D# | C#m - C#m/D# | C#m/E - C#m/D# |

Solo: | C#m | A | G# | G# |
 | C#m | A | G# | G# |

3. The Shankill Butchers on the rise, they're waiting until the dead of the night
 They're picking at their fingers with their knives, and wiping off their cleavers on their thighs

Outro: Cause everybody knows... if you don't.. mind your mother's words
 A wicked wind will blow... your ribbons from your curls
 Everybody moan, everybody shake, the Shankill Butchers wanna catch you...

The Shankill Butchers wanna cut you...

The Shankill Butchers wanna catch you...

Awake...

Awake...

Awake...

C#m*
 Awake

Intro: | **Am - Am/B** | **Am/C - Am/B** | **Am - Am/B** | **Am/C - Am/B** |

Am **F** **E** **E**
1. The Shankill Butchers run tonight, you better shut your windows tight
Am **F** **E** **E**
They're sharpening their cleavers and their knives, and taking all their whiskey by the pint

Am **F** **G** **Am**
Chorus: Cause everybody knows... if you don't.. mind your mother's words
Am **F** **G** **Am**
A wicked wind will blow... your ribbons from your curls
Am **F** **E** **E** (Am)
Everybody moan, everybody shake, the Shankill Butchers wanna catch you... awake

Interlude: | **Am - Am/B** | **Am/C - Am/B** | **Am - Am/B** | **Am/C - Am/B** |

Am **F** **E** **E**
2. They used to be just like me and you, they used to be sweet little boys
Am **F** **E** **E**
But something went horribly askew, now killing is their only source of joy

Chorus: [Repeat Chorus]

Interlude: | **Am - Am/B** | **Am/C - Am/B** | **Am - Am/B** | **Am/C - Am/B** |

Solo: | **Am** | **F** | **E** | **E** |
| **Am** | **F** | **E** | **E** |

Am **F** **E** **E**
3. The Shankill Butchers on the rise, they're waiting until the dead of the night
Am **F** **E** **E**
They're picking at their fingers with their knives, and wiping off their cleavers on their thighs

Am **F** **G** **Am**
Outro: Cause everybody knows... if you don't.. mind your mother's words
Am **F** **G** **Am**
A wicked wind will blow... your ribbons from your curls
Am **F** **E** **E**
Everybody moan, everybody shake, the Shankill Butchers wanna catch you...
E **E**
The Shankill Butchers wanna cut you...
E **E**
The Shankill Butchers wanna catch you...
Am - Am/B **Am/C - Am/B**
Awake...
Am - Am/B **Am/C - Am/B**
Awake...
Am - Am/B **Am/C - Am/B**
Awake...
Am*
Awake