

Transcript

There's a devil inside of me And he's holding on And I don't know if he's staying on for how long
Pulling on my heartstrings Kicking in my mind And I'm sad to say he's gonna be thinking About
the bad parts of my life inside of me.

Sergeant Major Thomas Shelby, for extreme valour in the face of the enemy, for saving wounded comrades, for serving king and country with reckless disregard for your own life, you are hereby condemned to a life without a soul. Sergeant Arthur Shelby, wild as a gypsy dog and always first to act. Corporal John Shelby, younger, but always wanting to be proven old enough. Private Barnacle Cade, touched by the angels, but forsaken by them. Private Jeremiah James Johnson, God's disciple, God's witness. God help him in this God-forsaken place. You young men of the Tunnelling Brigade of the Warwickshire Yeomanry, you are all dead. Not counted among the dead because your bodies were not buried with the dead, but dead inside. Your humanity bled out into the snow, and in this moment, in this moment as you stare into the abyss, you are all agreed that since you were already dead, you were free to do exactly as you ***** pleased.

Me down Won't you lay me down Won't you lay me down Would you take my hand?

Would you take my hand?

Would you take my hand out the water's edge where every sin has to marsh away? But I can't hurt if I can't walk and I'm lower if I can't stop Won't you let them pass Won't you let them pass?

And so the story goes. It came to pass that in that cursive time, a new emotion, ragged and gassed and reckless. Came walking into town Can you believe?

Can you take, take It's never enough And you take, take It's never enough And you take, take Every part of me Part of me.

A woman of substance and class.

Sex, freedom, whiskey, sours. Which one should I give up first?

Take a little walk to the edge of town And go across the track Where the viaduct looms like a bird of doom As it ships and cracks Where secrets lie in the border fires And the humming wise man, you know we are never coming back Across the square, across the bridge, across the mills, past the stacks On the gathering storm comes a toll, handsome man In a dusty black coat with a red right hand you in his arms Tell you that you've been a good boy He'll rekindle all the dreams That took you a lifetime to destroy He'll reach deep into the hole Heal your shrinking soul But there won't be a single thing that you can do He's a god, he's a man, he's a ghost, he's a guru They're whispering his name through this disappearing land But hidden in his coat is a red right hand.

I've heard very bad, bad, bad things about you, Birmingham people.

I am just an extreme example for the working man can achieve.

We're out these blades. You, come on, we're here for death.

This place is under new management.

My order of the thinking block. My order of the thinking block.

Do you want to tell them or should I? This place is under new management. By order of the pinking life.

You can change what you do You can't change what you want You can change what you do You can't change what you want.

This place is under new management.

Won't keep you long, don't you fret If your enemies are gone, we're not done yet Don't come for me, I'll come for you And don't look for me, I'm out of you With a stone.

Comes a tower Hands a man.

With a dusty coat with a red white band Show me your gun, your paper too I've already born.

Before. Ain't nothing here I seen before. For the trigger.

You are afraid of the dark You only get one chance When the moment comes, make it last But do you know that do you want Where you belong together?

You need to understand that the corridors of Westminster very dimly lit. For those who make the rules, there are no rules.

The new emotion came out of the blue and the new emotion wore green. But with the new emotion comes temptation.

Does anyone think I'm blind a man as smart as you, Tommy? Love. Does anyone think I'm blind a man as smart as you, Tommy? Does anyone think I'm blind a man as smart as you, Tommy? Blind a man as smart. You, Tommy. Anyone think I'm blind a man as smart as you, Tommy? Love.

This simple girl is not so simple and the truth is a long, long way behind her eyes. When you come to your senses, you see no one is who they seem to be. You who steal are now stolen from. And from you she stole the most precious thing of all, your secrets.

Not my gone Not my face In the mirror That's not my gun Not my gun Face in the mirror I've seen none I've got 101 reasons why To bring home a 45 But that's not my.

There's not my God There's not much of Please hold me down

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One, two, X, shoot.

No.

Spread your love like a weaver Don't you ever come down.

I love you. I promise. I'll make a size.

For you is blooming I hear your voice inside my head The place here on a sunic now Brace my love, lie down your arms out And reveals it so up near, 'twas love like roses, storms deep pierce, a scarlet river rolling down. Out an amazing ambush lay our funeral rights there chanting But the

wind carries their cries away Heaven high water beneath our feet And heaven was slowly advancing I'll see you there one day.

She want a whole dance Shouldn't keep it down Shouldn't know, little girl, that you do me long Shouldn't know by the way you were showing off Black heavens, ooh, black heavens.

And so it came to pass. The pain of loss and grief was great, and Tommy sought medication. He who had fought in poppy fields sought out the blood of poppies to ease the pain. When A poppy bleeds. It bleeds Opia.

I have the key to the lock in your hearts That keeps your toys in the placement And if you get to the fire inside You'll always see my reflection It's always best when the covers off I am the pic of the eyes Do the crowd of the earth You know we're friends 'til we die And either way it turns And shut the eyes

We live somewhere between life and death, waiting to move on. And in the end, we accept it. We shake hands with devils and we walk past them.

And so it came to pass that grace given by God was grace taken away by God. But there really was no God. So there was no reason for it or for anything at all. And the blade of each day was now so sharp so sharp that each day the wound got deeper and deeper. And so, without grace, another dealer of puppy smoke to the shell shocked and the bullet torn, Thomas Shelby had a decision to make. A simple one. What next? Life or death? And he who chose to fight for king and country finally decided to choose not life, but death.

I can't keep my hands to myself But just keep coming back I can't keep my eyes on the prize You take, take everything that I have not given to you I keep on twisting and turning to keep it together But something's coming Can't keep Can't keep my hands.

But Arthur Shelby and the Peaky Blinders were not prepared to let Tommy go yet.

There was work to do back in Garrison Lane.

Sergeant Major Thomas Shelby, hero of the Tunnelling Brigade. Through the madness of war, at last see sense. feels compassion and seeks peace.

Take me off the payroll Don't need my peace Put my two weeks notice this I sketch it up for me Say Say what you will Say what you will Without me Say Say what you will Say what you will Sleep with one eye open Here in my dreams Oh, being a company man is way down On me Knock on wood, I'm still here But if I go down on my way I'll lay me face up Say Say Say what you will just don't stop.

And so it came to pass that Tommy Shelby was alone. But Tommy Shelby would never really be alone. He would always be accompanied by those he had killed and caused to die. Things you have done and cannot undo.

I'll continue until I find a man and I counterfeit.

Take a little walk to the And go across the tracks Where the viaduct looms like a bird of doom As he ships and crafts Where secrets lie in the border fires And the humming wires Yeah man, you know we are never coming Across the square, across the bridge Across the mills, across the stacks On the gathering storm comes a tall handsome man In a dusty black coat with a red right hand Or up you in his arms Tell you that you've been a good boy He'll rekindle all the dreams I took you a lifetime to destroy He'll reach deep into the hole, heal your shrinking soul But there

won't be a single thing that you can do He's a god, he's a man, he's a ghost, he's a good look
They're whispering his name through this disappearing land But hidden in his coat is a red right
hand You don't have no money Get you some You don't have no car Get you one You don't have
no self-respect You feel like an insect, bro Don't you worry, buddy 'Cause of it he comes through
the giddles and the barrier And the barrier and the slum His shadow is cast wherever he stands
Stacks of green paper in his red right hand.

At last, Tommy Shelby decided against old odds that he would live. .