

# Nick Cave, A Box For Black Paul

Who'll build a box for Black Paul?  
Ah'm enquirin on behalf of his soul  
Ah'd be beholdin to ya all  
For a lil information, just a little indication  
Just who'll dig the hole?  
When ya done ransackin' his room  
grabbin any damn thing that shines,  
throw the scraps down on the street  
Like all his books and his notes.  
All his books and his notes and  
All the junk that he wrote  
the whole fucken lot right up in smoke  
Ain't there nuthin sacred anymore  
Won't someone will build a box for Black Paul?  
And their shootin off his guns  
and their shootin off their mouths  
saying 'Fuck with us ... and die!'  
'Fuck with us ... and die!'  
(Let's see that rat of fear go scuttle in their skulls)  
'Cover that eye! Cover that frozen eye!'

Black-puppet, in a heap up against the stoning-wall  
Black-puppet, go to sleep, ma-ma won't scold ya anymore

Armies of ants, wade up the lil red streams  
they're headin for the mother-pool  
O lord, it's cruel! O man it's hot! O man it's hot and  
And some of them ants they just climb to the spot  
Who threw the first stone at Black Paul?

'Don't ask us', say the critics and the hacks  
The pen-pushers and the quacks  
'We jes cum to git dah facks!'  
'We jes cum to git dah facks!'  
Hey, hey, hey, hey...

Here is the hammer, that built the scaffold,  
and built the box...  
Here is the shovel, that dug the hole,  
in this ground of rocks...  
And here is the pile of stones!  
and for each one planted, God only knows,  
a blood-rose grown...  
These are the true Demon-Flowers!  
These are the true Demon-Flowers!  
Stand back everyone! Blood-black everyone!

Who'll build a box for Black Paul?  
Who'll carry it up the hill?

'Not I', said the widow, adjusting her veil  
'Ah will not drive the nail  
Or cart his puppet-body home,  
For ah done that one hundred times before,  
Yeah! ah done that one hundred times or more,  
And why should ah dress his wounds?  
When he has wounded my dress, nightly,  
Right across the floor'

Who'll build a box for Black Paul?  
Who'll carry it up the hill?  
Who'll bury it in the black-soil?  
And from the woods and the thickets  
Come the ghosts of his victims

'We love you!  
'Ah love you!  
'and this will not hurt a bit,  
Outta my eyes was your rise to full glory  
Spring up from the corp of life  
We'll go up, up, up, up, up into Death  
up, up, up, up, inhale its breath  
O yes, Death favours those that favor Death'

Here is the stone, and this is the inscription it bare:  
'Below Lies Black Paul, Under The Upper...  
But Above and Beyond The Surface-Flat-Fall There.'

And all the angels come on down,  
And all you men and women crowd around  
And all the old widows weeping into their skirts  
And all the lil gals and the lil Boys  
And the scribes with their pens poised  
All the hullabaloo, all the norse  
All the hullabaloo, all the noise  
All the hullabaloo, all of the noise  
clears his throat of black blood  
singin Black Paul like a lonely boy...

We-e-e-ll, ah have cried one thousand tears  
Ah've cried a thousand tears, its true  
And the next stormy night you know,  
That ah'm still cryin them for you

Well, ah had a gal she was so sweet,  
Red dress, and long red hair hangin down  
And heaven yes ain't heaven  
Without that lil girl hangin around

Well, ya know ah've beenn a bad-man  
and Lord knows ah done some good things too  
But ah confess, my soul will never rest  
Until you've, until you've build  
Until you've built a box for my gal, too.  
my gal, too  
my gal, too