

# Nick Cave, Babe, You Turn Me On

Stay by me, stay by me  
You are the one, my only true love

The butcher bird makes it's noise  
And asks you to agree  
With it's brutal nesting habits  
And it's pointless savagery  
Now, the nightingale sings to you  
And raises up the ante  
I put one hand on your round ripe heart  
And the other down your panties

Everything is falling, dear  
Everything is wrong  
It's just history repeating itself  
And babe, you turn me on

Like a light bulb  
Like a song

You race naked through the wilderness  
You torment the birds and the bees  
You leapt into the abyss, but find  
It only goes up to your knees  
I move stealthily from tree to tree  
I shadow you for hours  
I make like I'm a little deer  
Grazing on the flowers

Everything is collapsing, dear  
All moral sense has gone  
It's just history repeating itself  
And babe, you turn me on

Like an idea  
Like an Atom bomb

We stand awed inside a clearing  
We do not make a sound  
The crimson snow falls all about  
Carpeting the ground

Everything is falling, dear  
All rhyme and reason gone  
It's just history repeating itself  
And, babe, you turn me on

Like an idea  
Like an Atom bomb