

# Nick Cave, Cabin Fever

The Captain's fore-arm like bunched-up rope  
with A-N-I-T-A wrigglin' free on a skull'n'dagger  
and a portrait of Christ, nailed to an anchor  
etched into his upper...

O o o' Cabin Fever!  
O o o' Cabin Fever!  
Slams his fucken tin-dish down  
Our Captain, takes time to crush  
Some Bloo-Bottles glowin in his gruel  
with a lump in his throat, and lumpy mush  
Thumbing a scrapbook stuck up with clag  
and a morbid lump of Love in his flags.  
Done is the Missing, now all that remain  
Is to sail forever, upon the stain  
Cabin Fever! O o o' Cabin Fever!

The captain's free-hand is a cleaver  
which he fashions his beard, n' he rations his jerkey!  
and carves his peg outa the finest mahagony!  
Or was it Ebony?

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Tallies up his loneliness, notch by notch  
For the sea offers nuthin to hold or touch  
Notch by notch, winter by winter  
Notch x notch, winter x winter

Now his leg is whittled, right down to a splinter  
O o Cabin Fever! O o o Cabin Fever!  
O the rollin sea still rollin on!  
She's everywhere! now that she's gone! Gone! Gone!  
O Cabin Fever! O Cabin Fever!

Welcome to his table, Beloved-Unconscious  
Raisin her host of hair from her crooks  
and strugglin to summony one of her looks!  
His arm now like coiled s-s-s-snakes  
Whips all the bottles that he's drunken,  
like crystal - skittles about the cabin,  
of a ship they'd been sailing  
Five years sunken...

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