

Nick Cave, Cabin Fever!

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

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 scrap book stuck up with clag
and a morbid lump of Love in his flag.
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 clearer
which he fashions his beard'n'he rations his jerkey!
and carves his peg onto the finest mahagony!
Or was it Ebony? etc...

Tallys 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 coild s-s-s-snakes
Whips all the bottles that he's drunken,
like crystal-skittles about the cabin,
of a ship they'd bin sailing

Five years sunken... etc...