

# 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...