

# Nick Cave, City Of Refuge

You better run You better run and run and run  
You better run You better run  
You better run to the City of Refuge  
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You stand before your maker  
In a state of shame  
Bacause your robes are covered in mud  
While your kneel at the feet  
Of a woman of the street  
The gutters will run with blood  
They will run with blood!

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In the days of madness  
My brother, my sister  
When you're dragged toward the Hell-mouth  
You will beg at the end  
But there ain't gonna be one, friend  
For the grave will spew you out  
It will spew you out!

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You'll be working in the darkness  
Against your fellow man  
And you'll find you're called to come forth  
So you'll scrub and you'll scrub  
But the trouble is, bud  
The blood it won't wash off  
No, it won't come off!

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