

Nick Cave, Deana

O DEANNA

O Deanna!

O DEANNA

Sweet Deanna!

O DEANNA

You know you are my friend, yeah

O DEANNA

And I ain't down here for your money

I ain't down here for your love

I ain't down here for your love or money

I'm down here for your soul

No carpet on the floor

And the winding cloth holds many moths

Around your Ku Klux furniture

I cum of death-head in your frock

We discuss the murder plan

We discuss murder and the murder act

Murder takes the wheel of your Cadillac

And death climbs in the back

O DEANNA

This is a car

O DEANNA

This is a gun

O DEANNA

And this a day number one

O DEANNA

Our little crimeworn histories

Black and smoking christmas trees

And honey, it ain't mystery

Why you're a mystery to me

We will eat out of their pantries

And their parlours

Ashy leaving in their beds

And we'll unload into their heads

On this mean season

This little angel that I squeezein'

She ain't been mean to me

O DEANNA

O Deanna!

O DEANNA

You are my friend and my partner

O DEANNA

On this house on the hill

O DEANNA

And I ain't down here for your money

I ain't down here for your love

I ain't down here for your love or money

I'm down here for your soul

O DEANNA

I am a-knocking

O DEANNA

With my toolbox and my stocking

O DEANNA

And I'll meet you on the corner

O DEANNA

Yes, you point it like a finger

O DEANNA

And squeeze its little thing

O DEANNA

Feel its kick, hear its bang

And let no worry about its issue

Don't worry about where its been

and don't worry about where it hits

Cause it just ain't yours to sin

O DEANNA
No it just ain't your to sin
O DEANNA
Sweet Deanna
O DEANNA
And we ain't getting any younger
O DEANNA
And I don't intend gettin' any older
O DEANNA
The sun a hump at my shoulder
O DEANNA
O Deanna!
O DEANNA
Sweet Deanna
O DEANNA
And I ain't down here for your money
I ain't down here for your love
I ain't down here for your love of money
I'm down here for your soul