

# Nick Cave, Do You Love Me? (Part 2)

Onward! And Onward! And Onward I go  
Where no man before could be bothered to go  
Till the soles of my shoes are shot full of holes  
And it's all downhill with a bullet  
This ramblin' and rovin' has taken it's course  
I'm grazing with the dinosaurs and the dear old horses  
And the city streets crack and a great hole forces  
Me down with my soapbox, my pulpit  
The theatre ceiling is silver star spangled  
And the coins in my pocket go jingle-jangle

Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?

There's a man in the theatre with girlish eyes  
Who's holding my childhood to ransom  
On the screen there's a death,  
there's a rustle of cloth  
And a sickly voice calling me handsome  
There's a man in the theatre with sly girlish eyes  
On the screen there's an ape, a gorilla  
There's a groan, there's a cough, there's a rustle of cloth  
And a voice that stinks of death and vanilla  
This is a secret, mauled and mangled  
And the coins in my pocket go jingle-jangle

Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?

The walls in the ceiling are painted in blood  
The lights go down, the red curtains come apart  
The room is full of smoke and dialogue I know by heart  
And the coins in my pocket jingle-jangle  
As the great screen crackled and popped  
And the clock of my boyhood was wound down and stopped  
And my handsome little body oddly propped  
And my trousers ride down to my ankles  
Yes, onward! And upward!  
And I'm off to find love  
Do you love me? If you do, I'm thankful

Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?

This city is an ogre squatting by the river  
It gives life but it takes it away, my youth  
There comes a time when you just cannot deliver  
This is a fact. This is a stone cold truth.  
Do you love me? I love you, handsome.  
But do you love me? Yes, I love you, you are handsome  
Amongst the cogs and the wires, my youth  
Vanilla breath and handsome apes with girlish eyes  
Dreams that roam between truth and untruth  
Memories that become monstrous lies  
So onward! And Onward! And Onward I go!  
Onward! And Upward! And I'm off to find love  
With blue-black bracelets on my wrists and my ankles  
And the coins in my pocket go jingle-jangle

Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
Do you love me?  
...