

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

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

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?

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