

# Nick Cave, Fears of Gun

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

Fears of Gun

Gun wears his alcoholism well

Finger in Bottle and swingin' it still

From Bed to Sink and back again

Clock is crawlin' round the same

He's bustin' Clock (he hates its face)

Just sittin' and talkin' to Heart and ticks

Talkin' back to Clock in slow and studied kicks

The fears of Gun are the fears of everyone.

Fingers down the throat of love

Fingers down the throat of love

Fingers down the throat of love

Love! Love!

Gun does the waltz around the room

Collecting Table and Chairs and Sofa and so on and so on

Gun wears his best blue suit, now let's take to the sky

'We'll go dancin' and eatin' it up

Get a bottle and push it on down'

And let's just beat it up

Transistor radio plays an overwhelmingly sad and lonely song

Saying 'Where she gone? Where she gone?'

The fears of Gun are the fears of everyone.

Fingers down the throat of love

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Fingers down the throat of love

Love! Love!