

Nick Cave, Hard On For Love

It is for she that the cherry bleeds
That the moon is steeped in mild nad blood
That I steal like a robber
From her altar of love
O money lender! O clover gender!
I am the fiend hid in her skirts
And it's as hot as hell in here
Coming at her as I am from above
Hard on for love hard on for love
Hard on for love hard on for love

Well, I swear I seen that girl before
Like she walked straight outa the book of Leveticus
But they can stone me with stones I don't care

Just as long as I can get to kiss
Those gypsy lips! Gypsy lips!
My aim is to hit this Miss
And I'm moving in (I'm moving in)
Coming at her like Lazarus from above
Hard on for love hard on for love
Hard on for love hard on for love

The Lord is my shepard I shall not want
The Lord is my shepard I shall not want
But he ledeth me like a lamb to the lips
Of the mouth of the valley of the whadow of death
I am his rod and his staff
I am his sceptre and shaft
And she is heaven and hell
At whose gates I ain't been delivered
I'm gunna give the gates a shove
Hard on for love hard on for love
Hard on for love hard on for love

And her breasts rise and fall
Breast rise and fall
Breast rise and fall
Breast rise and fall
And just when I'm about to get my hands on her
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her
You are beautiful! O dove!
Hard on for love hard on for love
Hard on for love hard on for love

Just when I'm about to get my hands on her
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her

Her breasts rise and fall
Her breasts rise and fall

Just when I'm about to get my hands on her
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her

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