

# Nick Cave, John Finn's Wife

Well the night was deep and the night was dark  
And I was at the old dance-hall on the edge of town  
Some big ceremony was going down  
Dancers writhed and squirmed and then,  
Came apart and then writhed again  
Like squirming flies on a pin  
In the heat and in the din  
Yes, in the heat and in the din  
I fell to thinking about brand new wife of mad John Finn

Well, midnite came and clock did strike  
And in she came, did John Finn's wife  
With legs like scissors and butcher's knives  
A tattooed breast and flaming eyes  
And a crimson carnation in her teeth  
Carving her way through the dance floor  
And I'm standing over by the bandstand  
Every eye gaping on John Finn's wife  
Yeah, every eye gaping on John Finn's wife

Now John Finn's wife was something of a mystery  
In a town where to share a sworn secret was a solemn duty  
I had brass knuckles and a bolo knife  
Over near the bandstand with John Finn's wife  
She got perfumed breasts and raven hair  
Sprinkled with wedding confettis  
And a gang of garroters were all giving me stares  
Armed, as they were, with machetes  
And the night through the window was full of lights  
Winking and awatching at John Finns' wife  
Winking and awatching at John Finns' wife

Next came the cops, all out on the town  
But it don't look like no trouble there  
As they head for the bar in their lumpy suits  
And I slip my hand between the thighs of John Finn's wife  
And they seemed to yawn awake, her things  
It was a warm and very ferocious night  
The moon full of blood and light  
And my eyes grew small and my eyes grew tight  
As I plotted in the ear of John Finns' wife

Enter John Finn in his shrunken suit  
With his quick black eyes and black cheroot  
With his filled-down teeth and a hobnail boot  
And his fists full of pistols in his pockets  
Aiming at me and aiming at his wife  
The band fall silent fearing for their lives  
And with fear in my guts like tangled twine  
Cause all I got is brass knuckles and a bolo knife  
And mad John Finns' wife is all  
And the three of us walk out of the hall

Now the night bore down upon us all  
You could hear the crickets in the thickets call  
And guns did flare and guns did bawl  
And I planted my bolo knife in the neck  
Of mad John Finn. I took his wretched life  
Now I'm over near the bandstand  
Every hand moving on John Finns' wife  
Every hand moving on John Finns' wife

And John Finns' wife  
Took all the flowers down

From her hair  
And threw them on the ground  
And the flies did hum  
And the flies did buzz around  
Poor John Finn  
Lying dead upon the ground  
Lying dead upon the ground