

# Nick Cave, Knoxville Girl

I met a little girl in Knoxville  
A town we all know well  
And every Sunday evening  
In her home I'd dwell  
We went to take an evening walk  
About a mile from town  
I picked a stick up off the ground  
And I knocked that fair girl down

She fell down on her bended knees  
For mercy she did cry  
"Oh Willy, dear, don't kill me yet  
I'm unprepared to die"  
She never spoke another word  
I only beat her more  
Until the ground around me  
With her blood did flow

I took her by her golden curls  
And I dragged her 'round and 'round  
Throwing her into the river  
That flows from Knoxville town  
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl  
With your dark and roving eyes  
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl  
You can never be my bride

I started back to Knoxville  
Got there about midnight  
My mother, she was worried  
She woke up in a fright  
Saying, "Dear son, what have you done  
To bloody up your clothes?"  
I told my anxious mother  
That I was bleeding in my nose

I called for me a candle  
And I called for me a bed  
And I called for me a handkerchief  
To bind my aching head  
I rolled and thrashed the whole night through  
All horrors I did see  
The devil stood at the foot of my bed  
Pointing his finger at me

They carried me down to Knoxville  
And put me in a cell  
My friends all tried to get me out  
But none could grow my bail  
I'm here to waste my life away  
Down in this dirty old jail  
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl  
The girl I loved so well