

# Nick Cave, Lament

I've seen your fairground hair,  
your seaside eyes  
Your vampire tooth, your little truth  
Your tiny lies

I know your trembling hand, your guilty prize  
Your sleeping limbs, your foreign hymns  
Your midnight cries

So dry your eyes  
And turn your head away  
Now there's nothing more to say  
Now you're gone away

I know your trail of tears, your slip of hand  
Your monkey paw, your monkey claw  
And your monkey hand

I've seen your trick of blood, your trap of fire  
Your ancient wound, your scarlet moon  
And your jailhouse smile

So dry your eyes  
And turn your head away  
Now there's nothing more to say  
Now you're gone away

I'll miss your urchin smile, your orphan tears  
Your shining prize, your tiny cries  
Your little fears  
I'll miss your fairground hair, your seaside eyes  
Your vampire tooth, your little truth  
And your tiny lies

So dry your eyes  
And turn your head away  
Now there's nothing more to say  
Now you're gone away  
[Repeat]