

# Nick Cave, Little Empty Boat

You found me at some party  
You thought I'd understand  
You barreled over to me  
With a drink in each hand  
I respect your beliefs, girl,  
And I consider you a friend,  
But I've already been born once,  
I don't wanna to be born again.

Your knowledge is impressive  
And your argument is good  
But I am the resurrection, babe,  
And you're standing on my foot!

But my little boat is empty  
It don't go  
And my oar is broken  
It don't row, row, row  
But my little boat is empty  
It don't go  
And my oar is broken  
It don't row, row, row  
(Row!)

Your tiny little face  
Keeps yapping in the gloom  
Seven steps behind me  
With your dustpan and broom.  
I couldn't help but imagine you  
All postured and prone  
But there's a little guy on my shoulder  
Says I should go home alone.  
You keep leaning in on me  
And you're looking pretty pissed  
That grave you've dug between your legs  
Is hard to resist.

But my little boat is empty  
It don't go  
And my oar is broken  
It don't row, row, row  
But my little boat is empty  
It don't go  
And my oar is broken  
It don't row, row, row

Give to God what belongs to God  
And give the rest to me  
Tell our gracious host to fuck himself  
It's time for us to leave.

But my little boat is empty  
It don't go  
And my oar is broken  
It don't row, row, row  
But my little boat is empty  
It don't go  
And my oar is broken

It don't row, row, row  
Row...row...row...row...