

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 be born again.
Your knowledge is impressive
and your argument is good,
But I am the resurrection babe
and your standin' on my foot...

But my little boat is empty,
it don't go;
And my oar is broken,
it don't row row row...
My little boat is empty,
it don't go;
And my oar is broken,
it don't row row row...

Your tiny little face
keeps yappin' in the gloom;
seven steps behind me
with your dust-pan and broom.
I can't help but imagine you
all postured and prone,
but there's a little guy on my shoulder
'says I should go home alone...
But you keep leaning in on me
and you're lookin' 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...
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...
My little boat is empty,
it don't go;
and my oar is broken,
it don't row row row.