

# Nick Cave, O Children

Pass me that lovely little gun  
My dear, my darting one  
The cleaners are coming, one by one  
You don't even want to let them start

They are knocking now upon your door  
They measure the room, they know the score  
They're mopping up the butcher's floor  
Of your broken little hearts

O children

Forgive us now for what we've done  
It started out as a bit of fun  
Here, take these before we run away  
The keys to the gulag

O children  
Lift up your voice, lift up your voice  
Children  
Rejoice, rejoice

Here comes Frank and poor old Jim  
They're gathering round with all my friends  
We're older now, the light is dim  
And you are only just beginning

O children

We have the answer to all your fears  
It's short, it's simple, it's crystal dear  
It's round about, it's somewhere here  
Lost amongst our winnings

O children  
Lift up your voice, lift up your voice  
Children  
Rejoice, rejoice

The cleaners have done their job on you  
They're hip to it, man, they're in the groove  
They've hosed you down, you're good as new  
They're lining up to inspect you

O children

Poor old Jim's white as a ghost  
He's found the answer that was lost  
We're all weeping now, weeping because  
There ain't nothing we can do to protect you

O children  
Lift up your voice, lift up your voice  
Children  
Rejoice, rejoice