

Nick Cave, Oh My Lord

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

Oh My Lord

I thought I'd take a walk today

It's a mistake I sometimes make

My children lay asleep in bed

My wife lay wide-awake

I kissed her softly on the brow

I tried not to make a sound

But with stony eyes she looked at me

And gently squeezed my hand

Call it a premonition, call it a crazy vision

Call it intuition, something learned from mother

But when she looked up at me, I could clearly see

The Sword of Damocles hanging directly above her

Oh Lord Oh my Lord

Oh Lord

How have I offended thee?

Wrap your tender arms around me

Oh Lord Oh Lord

Oh My Lord

They called at me through the fence

They were not making any sense

They claimed that I had lost the plot

Kept saying that I was not

The man I used to be

They held their babes aloft

Threw marsh mallows at the Security

And said that I'd grown soft

Call it intuition, call it a creeping suspicion,

But their words of derision meant they hardly knew me

For even I could see in the way they looked at me

The Spear of Destiny sticking right through me

Oh Lord Oh my lord

Oh Lord

How have I offended thee?

Wrap your tender arms round me

Oh Lord Oh lord

Oh My Lord

Now I'm at the hairdressers

People watch me as they move past

A guy wearing plastic antlers

Presses his bum against the glass

Now I'm down on my hands and knees

And it's so fucking hot!

Someone cries, "What are you looking for?"

I scream, "The plot, the plot!"

I grab my telephone, I call my wife at home

She screams, "Leave us alone!" I say, "Hey, it's only me"

The hairdresser with his scissors, he holds up the mirror

I look back and shiver; I can't even believe what I can see

Be mindful of the prayers you send

Pray hard but pray with care

For the tears that you are crying now

Are just your answered prayers

The ladders of life that we scale merrily

Move mysteriously around

So that when you think you're climbing up, man

In fact you're climbing down

Into the hollows of glamour, where with spikes and hammer

With telescopic camera, they chose to turn the screw

Oh I hate them, Ma! Oh I hate them, Pa!
Oh I hate them all for what they went and done to you
Oh Lord Oh my Lord
Oh Lord
How have I offended thee?
Wrap your tender arms round me
Oh Lord Oh Lord
Oh My Lord