

# Nick Cave, Sad Waters

Cave Nick  
Miscellaneous  
Sad Waters

Down the road I look and there runs Mary  
Hair of gold and lips like cherries  
We go down to the river where the willows weep  
Take a naked root for a lovers seat  
That rose out of the bitten soil  
But sound to the ground by creeping ivy coils  
O Mary you have seduced my soul  
And I don't know right from wrong  
Forever a hostage of your child's world

And then I ran my tin-cup heart along  
The prison of her ribs  
And with a toss of her curls  
That little girl goes wading in  
Rollin her dress up past her knee  
Turning these waters into wine  
Then she platted all the willow vines

Mary in the shallows laughing  
Over where the carp dart  
Spooked by the new shadows that she cast  
Across these sad waters and across my heart