

# Nick Cave, Sail Away

I climbed the hill, lay in the grass  
A little dark-eyes girl drifted past  
She said, &quot;All the best has come, it could not last  
And the worst is has come true&quot;;

Her hands were small and fluttered up  
A lamb amongst the buttercups  
I pulled on my coat and buttoned it up  
For the worst it had come true

Sail away, sail away  
To a place where your troubles can't follow  
Sail away, sail away  
Save all your tears for tomorrow

The fins of the city moved toward us  
And the swallows swooped and the starlings warned us  
And the peril in everything is assured us  
That the worst it had come true

And all my sorrows made their bed beside me  
The shame, the disgrace and the brutality  
And she whispered then, &quot;Let laughter flee  
For the worst it has come true&quot;;

Dry your tears, forget why we're here  
Leave all your sorrows behind you  
Never lose heart, all things must pass  
To a place where your troubles can't find you

She came beside me, amongst my coat  
Her breath was warm against my throat  
We clung to each other so very close  
For the worst it had come true

Sail away, sail away  
To a place where your heart will not shame you  
Take my hand, through this night without end  
For the worst it has come to claim you

Sail away, sail away  
To a place where no one can betray you  
Take my hand, through this night without end  
For the worst it has come to claim you