

Nick Cave, Saint Huck

Born of the river,
Born of its ever-changing,
Never-changing murky water
Oh riverboat just rollin' along
Through the great great greasy city
Huck standing like a Saint, upon its deck
If ya wanna catch a Saint,
then bait ya hook, let's take a walk...

'O come to me!, O come to me!' is what the dirty city
say to Huck... HUCK

woah-woah, woah woah!
woah-woah, woah woah!
Saint Huck! Huck!

Straight in the arms of the city goes Huck,
down the beckonin' streets of op-po-tunity
whistling his favorite river-song...
And a bad-blind nigger at the piano
Buts a sinister blooo lilt into that sing-a-long
Huck senses somthing's wrong!

Sirens wail in the city,
and lil-Ulysses turn to putty
and Ol Man River's got a bone to pick!
and our boy's hardly got a bone to suck!
He go, woah-woah, woah woah!
woah-woah, woah woah!
Saint Huck! Huck!

The mo-o-o-on, its huge cycloptic eye
watches the city streets contract
twist and cripple and crack.
Saint Huck goes on a dog's-leg now
Saint Huck goes on a dog's-leg now

You know the story!
Ya wake up one morning and you find you're a thug
blowing smoke rings in some dive
Ya fingers hot and itchin, ya cracking ya knuckles
Ya bull neck bristling...
Still Huck he ventures on whistling,
and Death reckons Huckleberry's time is up,
O woah woah woah!
Saint Huck!
O woah woah woah!
Saint Huck! Huck!

Yonder go Huck, minus pocket-watch an' wallet gone
Skin shrink-wraps his skeleton
No wonder he gets thinner,
What with his cold'n'skinny dinners!
Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis, Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis
O you recall the song ya used to sing-a-long
Shifting the river-trade on that ol' steamer
Life is but a dream!

But ya traded in the Mighty ol' man River
for the Dirty ol' Man Latrine!
The brothel shift
The hustle'n'the bustle and the green-backs rustle
And all the sexy-cash
And the randy-cars

And the two dollar fucks
O o o ya outa luck, ya outa luck
Woah-woah-woah-woah
Saint Huck! Huck!

This is the track of deception
leads to the heart of despair
Huck whistles like he just don't care
but in the pocket of the jacket is a chamber
Lead pellets sleeps in there
Wake Up!

Now Huck whistles and he kneels
and he lays down there
See ya huck, good luck
A smoke ring hovers above his head
And the rats and the dogs and the men all come
and put a bullet through his eye
and the drip and the drip and the drip of the Mississippi cryin'
And Saint Huck hears his own Mississippi just rollin' by him
Woah-woah-woah-woah
Woah-woah-woah-woah
Saint Huck! Saint Huck! Saint Huck!
Woah-woah-woah-woah
Woah-woah-woah-woah
Saint Huck! Saint Huck! Saint Huck!
Woah-woah-woah-woah