

# Nick Cave, Swampland

Cave Nick  
Miscellaneous  
Swampland  
Quixanne, ah'm in its grip  
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Sinken in the mud  
Patron-saint of the Bog.  
They cum with boots of blud  
Wit pitchfawk and with club  
Chantin out mah name  
Got doggies strainin onna chain  
Lucy, ah'll love ya till the end!  
They hunt me like a dog  
Down in Sw-a-a-a-amp Land!

So cum mah executioners! Cum bounty hunters!  
Cum mah county killers--for ah cannot run no more  
Ah cannot run no more  
Ah cannot run no more  
No I can't!  
Lucy, ya won't see this face agin  
Wheb ya caught ya swing and burn...  
Down in Sw-a-a-a-amp Land!

The trees are veiled in fog  
The trees are veiled in fog  
Like so many jilted brides  
Now they're all breakin down and cry  
Cryin tears upon mah face  
Cryin tears upon mah face  
And they smell of gasoline  
a-a-a-a-ah- scr-e-e-e-a-am  
Lucy, ya made a sinner out of me  
Now ah'm burnin like a saint  
Down in Sw-a-a-a-amp Land!

So cum mah executioners! Cum mah bounty huntahs!  
Cum mah county killers--ya know ah cannot run no more  
No ah cannot run no more.