

# Nick Cave, Swing Low

How is little Thomas McGee?  
Thomas McGee, he swallowed a key  
did he die, little Thomas McGee?

Holly, Holly just let him be  
he's wiser now, little Thomas McGee

Called this kid on the telephone  
heart was beating in my chest  
I needed something I could not digest  
and the phone kept ringing  
there's no one home

Ran to his house, rapped on the window  
blood was pumping much to fast  
stuck my fingers through the glass  
strange music playing on the radio

swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
way down low  
and carry me home

Pray like Peter, preach like Paul  
Jesus died to save us all  
I climbed through the window  
I crawled on the floor  
I ripped off all the furniture  
but I still couldn't find what i was looking for

Problems to you we claim as our own  
cannot be solved they must be outgrown  
the bottomless knowledge that can not be known  
the empty ringing of the telephone  
and the strange music playing on the radio

swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
way down low  
and carry me home

where do you go, where do you go  
swing low baby save my soul  
where do you, where do you  
swing low, baby, save my soul

swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
swing low