

Nick Cave, Swing Low

How is little Thomas Magee?
Thomas Magee, he swallowed a key
Jedediah, little Thomas Magee
Holly holly, just let him be...
His wife now, little Thomas Magee
called his kettle -?- on the telephone
heart was beating in my chest
I needed something I could not have guessed
the phone kept ringing there's no one home
ran to his house, rapped on my window
blood was pumping much too fast
I stuck my finger 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
and crawled on the floor
I wrecked all of the furniture
but I still couldn't find what I was looking for
problems still reclaimed as a whole
cannot be solved and must be outgrown
the bottomless night still could not be known
the empty ring on the telephone
and the strange music playing on the radio

Swing low
swing low
swing low
swing low,
yeah way down low
and carry me home

Where you go?
Where do u go?
swing low, baby,
save my soul
Where do u go?
Where do u go?
yeah swing low baby save my soul
swing low [x10]