

# Nick Cave, The Carny

And no-one saw the carny go  
And the weeks flew by  
Until they moved on the show  
Leaving his caravan behind  
It was parked out on the south east ridge  
And as the company crossed the bridge  
With the first rain filling the bone-dry river bed  
It shone, just so, upon the edge

Dog-boy, atlas, half-man, the geeks, the hired hands  
There was not one among them that did not cast an eye behind  
In the hope that the carny would return to his own kind

And the carny had a horse, all skin and bone  
A bow-backed nag, that he named "Sorrow";  
How it is buried in a shallow grave  
In the then parched meadow

And the dwarves were given the task of digging the ditch  
And laying the nag's carcass in the ground  
And boss Bellini, waving his smoking pistol around  
saying "The nag is dead meat";  
"We can't afford to carry dead weight";  
The whole company standing about  
Not making a sound  
And turning to dwarves perched on the enclosure gate  
The boss says "Bury this lump of crow bait";

And then the rain came  
Everybody running for their wagons  
Tying all the canvas flaps down  
The mangy cats crawling in their cages  
The bird-girl flapping and squawking around  
The whole valley reeking of wet beast  
Wet beast and rotten hay  
Freak and brute creation  
Packed up and on their way

The three dwarves peering from their wagon's hind  
Moses says to Noah "We shoulda dugga deepa one";  
Their grizzled faces like dying moons  
Still dirty from the digging done

And as the company passed from the valley  
Into a higher ground  
The rain beat on the ridge and on the meadow  
And on the mound

Until nothing was left, nothing at all  
Except the body of Sorrow  
That rose in time  
To float upon the surface of the eaten soil

And a murder of crows did circle round  
First one, then the others flapping blackly down

And the carny's van still sat upon the edge  
Tilting slowly as the firm ground turned to sludge  
And the rain it hammered down

And no-one saw the carny go  
I say it's funny how things go