

Nick Cave, The Kindness Of Strangers

They found Mary Bellows cuffed to the bed
With a rag in her mouth and a bullet in her head
O poor Mary Bellows

She'd grown up hungry, she'd grown up poor
So she left her home in Arkansas
O poor Mary Bellows

She wanted to see the deep blue sea
She drove across Tennessee
O poor Mary Bellows

She met a man along the way
He introduced himself as Richard Slade
O poor Mary Bellows

Poor Mary thought that she might die
When she saw the ocean for the first time
O poor Mary Bellows

She checked into a cheap little place
Richard Slade carried in her old suitcase
O poor Mary Bellows

"I'm a good girl, sir," she said to him
I couldn't possibly permit you in
O poor Mary Bellows

Slade tipped his head and winked his eye
And turned away without goodbye
O poor Mary Bellows

She sat on her bed and thought of home
With the sea breeze whistling all alone
O poor Mary Bellows

In hope and loneliness she crossed the floor
And undid the latch on the front door
O poor Mary Bellows

They found her cuffed to the bed
A rag in her mouth, and a bullet in her head
O poor Mary Bellows

So mothers keep your girls at home
Don't let them go on a journey out alone
Tell them this world is full of danger
And to shun the company of strangers
O poor Mary Bellows
O poor Mary Bellows