

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
She left her home in Arkansas
O poor Mary Bellows

She wanted to see the deep blue sea
She travelled 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 hat 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 the next day 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 journey all alone
Tell them this world is full of danger
And to shun the company of strangers
O poor Mary Bellows
O poor Mary Bellows