

# Nick Cave, The Lyre Of Orpheus

Orpheus sat gloomy in his garden shed  
Wondering what to do  
With a lump of wood, a piece of wire  
And a little pot of glue  
O Mamma O Mamma

He sawed at the wood with half a heart  
And glued it top to bottom  
He strung a wire in between  
He was feeling something rotten  
O Mamma O Mamma

Orpheus looked at his instrument  
And he gave the wire a pluck  
He heard a sound so beautiful  
He gasped and said O my God  
O Mamma O Mamma

He rushed inside to tell his wife  
He went racing down the halls  
Eurydice was still asleep in bed  
Like a sack of cannonballs  
O Mamma O Mamma

Look what I've made, cried Orpheus  
And he plucked a gentle note  
Eurydice's eyes popped from their sockets  
And her tongue burst through her throat  
O Mamma O Mamma

O God, what have I done, he said  
As her blood pooled in the sheets  
But in his heart he felt a bliss  
With which nothing could compete  
O Mamma O Mamma

Orpheus went leaping through the fields  
Strumming as hard as he did please  
Birdies detonated in the sky  
Bunnies dashed their brains out on the trees  
O Mamma O Mamma

Orpheus strummed till his fingers bled  
He hit a G minor 7  
He woke up God from a deep, deep sleep  
God was a major player in heaven  
O Mamma O Mamma

God picked up a giant hammer  
And He threw it with an thunderous yell  
It smashed down hard on Orpheus' head  
And knocked him down a well  
O Mamma O Mamma

The well went down very deep  
Very deep went down the well  
The well went down so very deep  
Well, the well went down to hell  
O Mamma O Mamma

Poor Orpheus woke up with a start  
All amongst the rotting dead  
His lyre tucked safe under his arm  
His brains all down his head

O Mamma O Mamma

Eurydice appeared brindled in blood  
And she said to Orpheus  
If you play that fucking thing down here  
I'll stick it up your orifice!  
O Mamma O Mamma

This lyre lark is for the birds, said Orpheus  
It's enough to send you bats  
Let's stay down here, Eurydice, dear  
And we'll have a bunch of screaming brats  
O Mamma O Mamma

Orpheus picked up his lyre for the last time  
He was on a real low down bumper  
And stared deep into the abyss and said  
This one is for Mamma  
O Mamma O Mamma

O Mamma O Mamma  
O Mamma O Mamma  
O Mamma O Mamma