

# Nick Cave, The Moon Is In The Gutter

The moon is in the gutter  
And the stars wash down the sink  
I am the king of the blues  
I scape the clay off my shoes  
And wade down the gutter and the moon

The moon blinds my eye with opal cataracts  
As I cut through the saw-mills and the stacks,  
Leaping over the gully where I would one day take Lucy  
Then wash up my hands in the gutter and the moon.

Such a long way from home, just me and  
The moon is in the gutter  
All my plans are flushed down the drain  
I wander lonely as a cloud  
Over memories at her mound  
Then lie down in the bitter gutter moon.