

Nick Cave, The Moon Is In The Gutter

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

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.