

Nick Cave, The Six Strings That Drew Blood

Guitar thug blew into town
His eyes like wheels spinnin' round
Jerkin-off at every sound
Layin' all his crosses down
O yeah
He got Six Strings
The Six Strings that drew blood

The bar is full of Holy-Joes
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Around the neck of our consumptive rose
is the root of all his sorrows
O yeah
He got Six Strings
Six Strings that drew blood
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Six Strings that drew blood

In the bathroom under cover
He turns on one tap to discover
He's smashed his teeth out on the other
Well he look in the mirror and say
don't fuck me brother
Cause I got Six Strings
Six Strings that drew blood

Numbin' the runt of reputation they call rat fame
Top-E as a tourniquet
A low tune whistles across his grave
Forever the master and the slave of his Six Strings
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Six Strings that drew blood.