

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.