

Nick Cave, There She Goes, My Beautiful World

The wintergreen, the juniper
The cornflower and the chicory
All the words you said to me
Still vibrating in the air
The elm, the ash and the linden tree
The dark and deep, enchanted sea
The trembling moon and the stars unfurled
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes again
John Willmot, penned his poetry riddled with the pox
Nabakov wrote on index cards, at a lectern, in his socks
St. John of the Cross did his best stuff imprisoned in a box
And Johnny Thunders was half alive when he wrote Chinese Rocks
Well, me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears
Me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears
Me, I'm lying here, for what seems years
I'm just lying on my bed with nothing in my head
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes again
Karl Marx squeezed his carbuncles while writing Das Kapital
And Gaugin, he buggered off, man, and went all tropical
While Philip Larkin stuck it out in a library in Hull
And Dylan Thomas died drunk in St Vincent's hospital
I will kneel at your feet
I will lie at your door
I will rock you to sleep
I will roll on the floor
And I'll ask for nothing
Nothing in this life
I'll ask for nothing
Give me ever-lasting life
I just want to move the world
I just want to move the world
I just want to move the world
I just want to move
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes again
So if you got a trumpet, get on your feet, brother, and blow it
If you've got a field, that don't yield, well get up and hoe it
I look at you and you look at me and deep in our hearts know it
That you weren't much of a muse, but then I weren't much of a poet
I will be your slave
I will peel you grapes
Up on your pedestal
With your ivory and apes
With your book of ideas
With your alchemy
O Come on
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me
Send that stuff on down to me

Send it all around the world
Cause here she comes my beautiful girl

There she goes my beautiful world
There she goes, my beautiful world
There she goes my beautiful world
There she goes again