

Nick Cave, Watching Alice

Alice wakes
It is morning
She is yawning
As she walks about the room
Her hair falls down her breast
She is naked and it is June

Standing at the window
I wonder if she knows that I can see

Watching Alice rise year after year
Up in her palace, she's captive there

Alice's body
Is golden brown
Her hair hangs down
As she stoops to conquer me
First she pulls her stocking on
And then the church bell chimes
Alice climbs into her uniform
The zippers on the side
Watching Alice dressing in her room
It's so depressing, it's cruel

Watching Alice dressing in her room
It's so depressing, it's true