

Nick Cave, Well Of Misery

Along crags and sunless cracks I go
Up rib of rock, down spine of stone
I dare not slumber where the night winds whistle
Lest her creeping-soul clutch this heart of thistle

O the same God that abandon'd her
Has in turn abandon'd me
And softenin' the turf with my tears
I dug a Well of Misery

And, in that Well of Misery
Hangs a bucket fulla Sorrow
It swings slow an' achin' like a bell
Its toll is dead and hollow

Down that well lies the long-lost dress
of my lil floatin girl
That muffles a tear that you let fall
All down that Well of Misery

Put ya shoulder to the handle, if ya dare
and hoist that bucket, hither
Lord, crank'n'hoist'n'hoist'n'crank
Till ya muscles waste'n'wither

O the same God that abandon'd her
Has in turn abandon'd me
Deep in the Desert of Despair
I wait at the Well of Misery