

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 right 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 with my tears
I dug a Well of Misery

And, in that Well of Misery
Hangs a bucket fulla Sorrow
Which 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
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