

# Nick Cave, West Country Girl

With a crooked smile and a heart-shaped face  
Comes from the West country where the birds sing bass  
She's got a house-big heart where we all live  
And plead and council and forgive

Her widow's peak, her lips I've kissed  
Her glove of bones at her wrist  
That I have held in my hand  
Her Spanish fly and her monkey gland

Her Godly body and its fourteen stations  
That I have embraced, her palpitations  
Her unborn baby crying, "Mummy"  
Amongst the rubble of her body

Her lovely lidded eyes I've sipped  
Her fingernails, all pink and chipped  
Her accent which I'm told is "broad"  
That I have heard and has been poured

Into my human heart and filled me  
With love, up to the brim, and killed me  
And rebuilt me back anew  
With something to look forward to

Well, who could ask much more than that?  
A West country girl with a big fat cat  
That looks into her eyes of green  
And meows, "He loves you", then meows again