

# Nick Cave, Your Funeral My Trial

I am a crooked man  
And I've walked a crooked mile  
Night, the shameless widow  
Doffed her weeds, in a pile  
The stars all winked at me  
They shamed a child  
Your funeral, my trial

A thousand Marys lured me  
To feathered beds and fields of glover  
Bird with crooked wing cast  
It's wicked shadow over  
A bauble moon did mock  
And trinket stars did smile  
Your funeral, my trial

Here I am, little lamb...  
Let all the bells in whoredom ring  
All the crooked bitches that she was  
(Mongers of pain)  
Saw the moon  
Become a fang  
Your funeral, my trial