

Nick Cave, Your Funeral... My Trial

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

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 clover

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