

# Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, Wild Gold

Once upon a time, a wild God zoomed  
All through his memory in which he was entombed  
It was rape and pillage in the retirement village  
But in his mind he was a man of great virtue and courage  
And he flew out the window with his long, trailing hair  
And the smoke from the bodies went straight up in the air  
He was a wild God searching for what all wild Gods are searching for  
And he flew through the dying city like a prehistoric bird  
He went searching for the girl down on Jubilee Street  
But she'd died in a bedsit in 1993  
So he flew to the top of the world and looked around  
And said, "Where are my people? Where are my people to bring your spirit down?"

A wild God searching for a faraway girl  
Who was basically a mirage but nevertheless loomed large  
She would hang under the rail as he blew 'round the room  
And make love with a kind of efficient gloom  
And the people on the ground cried, "When does it start?"  
And the wild God says, "It starts with a heart, with a heart, with a heart, with a heart"  
And the people on the ground cried, "When does it end?"  
And the wild God says, "Well, it depends, but it mostly never ends  
'Cause I'm a wild God flying and a wild God swimming  
And I'm an old, sick God dying and crying and singing"

Bring your spirit down  
Oh, we're wild Gods, baby, we're wild Gods  
Yeah, bring your spirit down  
Oh, well, he's moving through the flames of anarchy  
And he's moving through the winds of tyranny  
And the sweet, sweet tears of liberty, yeah, moving 'round the world  
He's moving through your body like a prehistoric bird  
He's moving 'round the world  
Oh Lord, well, if you're feeling lonely and if you're feeling blue  
And if you just don't know what to do  
Bring your spirit down  
Oh, we're wild Gods, baby, we're wild Gods  
I'm a wild God, baby, I'm a wild God  
Oh, here we go, we're going to the cradle of Africa  
We're going to Russia, we're going to China  
To the United States of America  
Yeah, moving 'round the world, yeah, moving like a great, big, beautiful bird  
We're moving 'round the world  
Yeah, and he's swimming at the end of the rotting pier  
He swims to the end of his rotting idea  
Swim to the hymn, swim to the prayer  
And bring your spirit down  
I'm a wild God, baby, I'm a wild God  
Well, here we go, yeah, here we go