

# Nick Cave, Black Crow King

Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm  
I am the black crow king  
Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm  
I am the black crow king  
Keeper of the nodding corn  
Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!  
All the hammers are a-talking  
All the nails are a-singing  
So sweet and low

You can hear it in the valley  
Where live the lame and the blind  
They climb the hill out of its belly  
They leave with mean black boots on

"I just made a simple gesture  
They jumped up and nailed it to my shadow  
My gesture was a hooker  
You know, my shadow's made of timber."

And the storm is a-rolling  
And the storm is a-rolling  
All down on me

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone  
And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone  
Ah'm still here rolling and I'm left on my own  
The blackbirds have all gone!  
Everyone's rolled on!

I am the black crow king  
Keeper of the trodden corn  
I am the king  
Won't say it again  
And the rain, it raineth daily  
Lord  
And wash away my clothes  
I surrender up my arms  
To a company of crows  
I am the black crow king  
I won't say it again

And all the thorns are a-crowning  
King ruby on each spine  
And the spears are a-sailing  
O my o my

And the storm is a-rolling  
And the storm is a-rolling  
All down on me

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone  
And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone  
I'm still here rolling and left on my own  
Those blackbirds they have all flown and  
I am on my own

I am the black crow king  
Keeper of the forgotten corn  
The King! The King!  
I'm the king of nuthin' at all  
The hammers are a-talking  
The nails are a-singing  
The thorns are a-crowning him

The spears are a-sailing  
The crows are a-mocking  
The corn is a-nodding  
The storm is a-rolling  
The storm is a-rolling  
The storm is a-rolling down  
The storm is a-rolling down  
The storm is a-rolling  
Down on me  
Rolling down on me  
Rolling down on me