

# Nick Cave, Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!

Dig Yourself, Lazarus  
Dig Yourself, Lazarus  
Dig Yourself, Lazarus  
Dig Yourself, back in that hole

Larry made his nest up in the autumn branches  
Built from nothing but high hopes and thin air  
Collected up some baby blasted mothers  
They took their chances and for a while  
They lived quite happily up there

He came from New York City Man  
But he couldn't take the pace  
He thought it was like a doggy dog (dog eat dog?) world  
But he went to San Francisco  
Spent a year in outer-space  
With a sweet little San Franciscan girl

I can hear my mother wailing  
And a whole lot of scraping of chairs

I don't know what it is, but there's definitely something going on upstairs  
(Dig Yourself, Lazarus  
Dig Yourself, Lazarus  
Dig Yourself, Lazarus  
Dig Yourself, back in that hole)  
(I want you to dig  
I want you to dig)

Yeah, New York City, he had to get out of there  
And San Francisco, well, I don't know  
And then to LA, where he spent about a day  
He thought even the pale sky-stars were smart enough to keep well away from LA

Meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies  
Like Miss Boo and Miss Quick  
He stockpiled weapons and took pot shots in the air  
He feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic  
And wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair

I can hear chants and incantations  
And some guy is mentioning me in his prayers

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Well New York City Man,  
San Francisco, LA, I don't know  
But Larry grew increasing neurotic and obscene  
I mean: he, he never asked to be raised up from the tomb  
I mean: no one ever actually asked him to forsake his dreams

Anyway, to cut a long story short  
Fame finally found him  
Mirrors became his torturers  
Cameras snapped him at every chance  
The women all went back to their homes  
And their husbands

With secret smiles in the corners of their mouths

He ended up, like so many of them do, back in the streets of New York City  
In a soup queue  
A dope fiend  
A slave  
Then prison  
Then the mad house  
Then the grave  
Oh poor Larry

But what do we really know of the dead  
And who actually cares?

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