

Nick Cave, Get Ready For Love

Get ready for love! Praise Him!
Get ready for love! Praise Him!
Get ready for love! Get ready!

Well, most of all nothing much
ever really happens
And God rides high up in the ordinary sky
Until we find ourselves at our most distracted
And the miracle that was promised
creeps quietly by

Calling every boy and girl
Calling all around the world
Calling every boy and girl
Calling all around the world

Get ready for love! Praise Him!
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The mighty wave their handkerchiefs from their
high-windowed palace
Sending grief and joy down in supportable doses
And we search high and low without
mercy or malice
While the gate to the Kingdom swings
shut and closes

Calling every boy and girl
Calling all around the world
Calling every boy and girl
Calling all around the world

Praise Him till you've forgotten
what you're praising Him for
Praise Him till you've forgotten
what you're praising Him for
Then praise Him a little bit more

Yeah, praise Him a little bit more
Praise Him till you've forgotten
what you're praising Him for
Praise Him till you've forgotten what
you're praising Him for
Praise Him a little bit more
Yeah, praise Him a little bit more

Get ready for love! Praise Him!
Get ready for love! Get ready!

I searched the seven seas and I've looked
under the carpet
And browsed through the brochures
that govern the skies
Then I was just hanging around, doing
nothing and looked up to see
His face burned in the retina of your eyes

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