

Nick Cave, John Finn's Wife

Well the night was deep and the night was dark
And I was at the old dance-hall on the edge of town
Some big ceremony was going down
Dancers writhed and squirmed and then,
Came apart and then writhed again
Like squirming flies on a pin
In the heat and in the din
Yes, in the heat and in the din
I fell to thinking about brand new wife of mad John Finn

Well, midnite came and clock did strike
And in she came, did John Finn's wife
With legs like scissors and butcher's knives
A tattooed breast and flaming eyes
And a crimson carnation in her teeth
Carving her way through the dance floor
And I'm standing over by the bandstand
Every eye gaping on John Finn's wife
Yeah, every eye gaping on John Finn's wife

Now John Finn's wife was something of a mystery
In a town where to share a sworn secret was a solemn duty
I had brass knuckles and a bolo knife
Over near the bandstand with John Finn's wife
She got perfumed breasts and raven hair
Sprinkled with wedding confettis
And a gang of garrotters were all giving me stares
Armed, as they were, with machetes
And the night through the window was full of lights
Winking and awatching at John Finns' wife
Winking and awatching at John Finns' wife

Next came the cops, all out on the town
But it don't look like no trouble there
As they head for the bar in their lumpy suits
And I slip my hand between the thighs of John Finn's wife
And they seemed to yawn awake, her things
It was a warm and very ferocious night
The moon full of blood and light
And my eyes grew small and my eyes grew tight
As I plotted in the ear of John Finns' wife

Enter John Finn in his shrunken suit
With his quick black eyes and black cheroot
With his filled-down teeth and a hobnail boot
And his fists full of pistols in his pockets
Aiming at me and aiming at his wife
The band fall silent fearing for their lives
And with fear in my guts like tangled twine
Cause all I got is brass knuckles and a bolo knife
And mad John Finns' wife is all
And the three of us walk out of the hall

Now the night bore down upon us all
You could hear the crickets in the thickets call
And guns did flare and guns did bawl
And I planted my bolo knife in the neck
Of mad John Finn. I took his wretched life
Now I'm over near the bandstand
Every hand moving on John Finns' wife
Every hand moving on John Finns' wife

And John Finns' wife
Took all the flowers down

From her hair
And threw them on the ground
And the flies did hum
And the flies did buzz around
Poor John Finn
Lying dead upon the ground
Lying dead upon the ground