

Nick Cave, Lament

I've seen your fairground hair,
your seaside eyes
Your vampire tooth, your little truth
Your tiny lies

I know your trembling hand, your guilty prize
Your sleeping limbs, your foreign hymns
Your midnight cries

So dry your eyes
And turn your head away
Now there's nothing more to say
Now you're gone away

I know your trail of tears, your slip of hand
Your monkey paw, your monkey claw
And your monkey hand

I've seen your trick of blood, your trap of fire
Your ancient wound, your scarlet moon
And your jailhouse smile

So dry your eyes
And turn your head away
Now there's nothing more to say
Now you're gone away

I'll miss your urchin smile, your orphan tears
Your shining prize, your tiny cries
Your little fears
I'll miss your fairground hair, your seaside eyes
Your vampire tooth, your little truth
And your tiny lies

So dry your eyes
And turn your head away
Now there's nothing more to say
Now you're gone away
[Repeat]