

# Nick Cave, Little Empty Boat

You found me at some party,  
you thought I'd understand...  
You barreled over to me,  
with a drink in each hand.  
I respect your beliefs girl  
and I consider you a friend,  
but I've already been born once,  
I don't wanna be born again.  
Your knowledge is impressive  
and your argument is good,  
But I am the resurrection babe  
and your standin' on my foot...

But my little boat is empty,  
it don't go;  
And my oar is broken,  
it don't row row row...  
My little boat is empty,  
it don't go;  
And my oar is broken,  
it don't row row row...

Your tiny little face  
keeps yappin' in the gloom;  
seven steps behind me  
with your dust-pan and broom.  
I can't help but imagine you  
all postured and prone,  
but there's a little guy on my shoulder  
'says I should go home alone...  
But you keep leaning in on me  
and you're lookin' pretty pissed;  
that grave you've dug between  
your legs is hard to resist...

But my little boat is empty,  
it don't go;  
And my oar is broken,  
it don't row row row...  
My little boat is empty,  
it don't go;  
and my oar is broken,  
it don't row row row.

Give to God what belongs to God  
and give the rest to me;  
tell our gracious host to fuck himself,  
it's time for us to leave...  
But my little boat is empty,  
it don't go;  
and my oar is broken,  
it don't row row row...  
My little boat is empty,  
it don't go;  
and my oar is broken,  
it don't row row row.