

# Nick Cave, Red Right Hand

Take a little walk to the edge of town  
Go across the tracks  
Where the viaduct looms,  
like a bird of doom  
As it shifts and cracks  
Where secrets lie in the border fires,  
in the humming wires  
Hey man, you know  
you're never coming back  
Past the square, past the bridge,  
past the mills, past the stacks  
On a gathering storm comes  
a tall handsome man  
in a dusty black coat with  
a red right hand

He'll wrap you in his arms,  
tell you that you've been a good boy  
He'll rekindle all those dreams  
it took you a lifetime to destroy  
He'll reach deep into the hole,  
heal your shrinking soul  
But there won't be a single thing  
that you can do  
He's a god, he's a man,  
he's a ghost, he's a guru  
They're whispering his name  
through this disappearing land  
But hidden in his coat  
is a red right hand

You ain't got money?  
He'll get you some  
You ain't got no car?  
He'll get you one  
You ain't got no self-respect,  
you feel like an insect  
Well don't you worry buddy,  
cause here he comes  
Through the ghetto and the barrio  
and the bowery and the slum  
A shadow is cast wherever he stands  
Stacks of green paper in his  
red right hand

You'll see him in your nightmares  
you'll see him in your dreams  
He'll appear out of nowhere but  
he ain't what he seems  
You'll see him in your head,  
on the TV screen  
And hey buddy, I'm warning  
you to turn it off  
He's a ghost, he's a god,  
he's a man, he's a guru  
You're one microscopic cog  
in his catastrophic plan  
Designed and directed by  
his red right hand