

# Nick Cave, Saint Huck

Born of the river,  
Born of its ever-changing,  
Never-changing murky water  
Oh riverboat just rollin' along  
Through the great great greasy city  
Huck standing like a Saint, upon its deck  
If ya wanna catch a Saint,  
then bait ya hook, let's take a walk...

'O come to me!, O come to me!' is what the dirty city  
say to Huck... HUCK

woah-woah, woah woah!  
woah-woah, woah woah!  
Saint Huck! Huck!

Straight in the arms of the city goes Huck,  
down the beckonin' streets of op-po-tunity  
whistling his favorite river-song...  
And a bad-blind nigger at the piano  
Buts a sinister blooo lilt into that sing-a-long  
Huck senses somthing's wrong!

Sirens wail in the city,  
and lil-Ulysses turn to putty  
and Ol Man River's got a bone to pick!  
and our boy's hardly got a bone to suck!  
He go, woah-woah, woah woah!  
woah-woah, woah woah!  
Saint Huck! Huck!

The mo-o-o-on, its huge cycloptic eye  
watches the city streets contract  
twist and cripple and crack.  
Saint Huck goes on a dog's-leg now  
Saint Huck goes on a dog's-leg now

You know the story!  
Ya wake up one morning and you find you're a thug  
blowing smoke rings in some dive  
Ya fingers hot and itchin, ya cracking ya knuckles  
Ya bull neck bristling...  
Still Huck he ventures on whistling,  
and Death reckons Huckleberry's time is up,  
O woah woah woah!  
Saint Huck!  
O woah woah woah!  
Saint Huck! Huck!

Yonder go Huck, minus pocket-watch an' wallet gone  
Skin shrink-wraps his skeleton  
No wonder he gets thinner,  
What with his cold'n'skinny dinners!  
Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis, Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis  
O you recall the song ya used to sing-a-long  
Shifting the river-trade on that ol' steamer  
Life is but a dream!

But ya traded in the Mighty ol' man River  
for the Dirty ol' Man Latrine!  
The brothel shift  
The hustle'n'the bustle and the green-backs rustle  
And all the sexy-cash  
And the randy-cars

And the two dollar fucks  
O o o ya outa luck, ya outa luck  
Woah-woah-woah-woah  
Saint Huck! Huck!

This is the track of deception  
leads to the heart of despair  
Huck whistles like he just don't care  
but in the pocket of the jacket is a chamber  
Lead pellets sleeps in there  
Wake Up!

Now Huck whistles and he kneels  
and he lays down there  
See ya huck, good luck  
A smoke ring hovers above his head  
And the rats and the dogs and the men all come  
and put a bullet through his eye  
and the drip and the drip and the drip of the Mississippi cryin'  
And Saint Huck hears his own Mississippi just rollin' by him  
Woah-woah-woah-woah  
Woah-woah-woah-woah  
Saint Huck! Saint Huck! Saint Huck!  
Woah-woah-woah-woah  
Woah-woah-woah-woah  
Saint Huck! Saint Huck! Saint Huck!  
Woah-woah-woah-woah