

Nick Cave, Swing Low

How is little Thomas McGee?
Thomas McGee, he swallowed a key
did he die, little Thomas McGee?

Holly, Holly just let him be
he's wiser now, little Thomas McGee

Called this kid on the telephone
heart was beating in my chest
I needed something I could not digest
and the phone kept ringing
there's no one home

Ran to his house, rapped on the window
blood was pumping much too fast
stuck my fingers through the glass
strange music playing on the radio

swing low
swing low
swing low
swing low
way down low
and carry me home

Pray like Peter, preach like Paul
Jesus died to save us all
I climbed through the window
I crawled on the floor
I ripped off all the furniture
but I still couldn't find what I was looking for

Problems to you we claim as our own
cannot be solved they must be outgrown
the bottomless knowledge that can not be known
the empty ringing of the telephone
and the strange music playing on the radio

swing low
swing low
swing low
swing low
way down low
and carry me home

where do you go, where do you go
swing low baby save my soul
where do you, where do you
swing low, baby, save my soul

swing low
swing low
swing low
swing low