

Nick Cave, The Good Son

One more man gone
One more man gone
One more man is gone

The good son walks into the field
He is a tiller, he has a tiller's hands
But down in his heart now
He lays down his queer plans
Against his brother and against his family
Yet he worships his brother
And he worships his mother
But it's his father, he says, is an unfair man
The good son
The good son
The good son

The good son has sat and often wept
Beneath a malign star by which he's kept
And the night-time in which he's wrapped
Speaks of good and speaks of evil
And he calls to his mother
And he calls to his father
But they are deaf in the shadows
Of his brother's truancy
The good son
The good son
The good son
The good son

And he curses his mother
And he curses his father
And he curses his virtue like an unclean thing
The good son
The good son
The good son

One more man gone
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One more man