

Nick Cave, The Loom Of The Land

It was the dirty end of winter
Along the loom of the land
When I walked with sweet Sally
Hand upon hand

And the wind it bit bitter
For a boy of no means
With no shoes on his feet
And a knife in his jeans

Along the loom of the land
The mission bells peeled
From the tower at Saint Mary's
Down to Reprobate Fields

And I saw that the world
Was all blessed and bright
And Sally breathed softly
In the majestic night

O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little hand upon my shoulder
Now go to sleep

The elms and the poplars
Were turning their backs
Past the rumbling station
We followed the tracks

We found an untrodden path
And followed it down
The moon in the sky
Like a dislodged crown

My hands they burned
In the folds of her coat
Breathing milky white air
From deep in her throat

O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little head upon my shoulder
Now go to sleep

I told Sally in whispers
I'll never bring you harm
Her breast it was small
And warm in my palm

I told her the moon
Was a magical thing
That it shone gold in winter
And silver in spring

And we walked and walked
Across the endless sands
Just me and my Sally
Along the loom of the land

O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little head upon my shoulder
Now try to sleep

