

# Nick Cave, The Loom of the Land

Cave Nick  
Miscellaneous  
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 go to sleep