

# Nick Cave, The Sorrowful Wife

I married my wife on the day of the eclipse  
Our friends awarded her courage with gifts  
Now as the nights grow longer and the season shifts  
I look to my sorrowful wife  
Who is quietly tending her flowers  
Who is quietly tending her .....

The water is high on the beckoning river  
I made her a promise I could not deliver  
And the cry of the birds sends a terrible shiver  
Through me and my sorrowful wife  
Who is shifting the furniture around  
Who is shifting the furniture around

Now we sit beneath the knotted Yew  
And the bluebells bob around our shoes  
The task of remembering the telltale clues  
Goes to my lovely, my sorrowful wife  
Who is counting the days on her fingers

Who is counting the days on her .....

Come on and help me babe  
Come on now  
Help me babe  
I was blind  
The grass here grows long and high  
Twists right up to the sky  
White clouds roll on by  
Come on now and help me babe  
I was blind  
I was a fool babe  
I was blind  
Come on now  
A loose wind last night blew down  
Black trees bent to the ground  
Their blossoms made such a sound  
That I could not hear myself think babe  
Come on now  
And help me babe  
Help me now  
I was blind  
I was a fool