

# Nick Cave, Hard On For Love

It is for she that the cherry bleeds  
That the moon is steeped in mild nad blood  
That I steal like a robber  
From her altar of love  
O money lender! O clover gender!  
I am the fiend hid in her skirts  
And it's as hot as hell in here  
Coming at her as I am from above  
Hard on for love hard on for love  
Hard on for love hard on for love

Well, I swear I seen that girl before  
Like she walked straight outa the book of Leveticus  
But they can stone me with stones I don't care

Just as long as I can get to kiss  
Those gypsy lips! Gypsy lips!  
My aim is to hit this Miss  
And I'm moving in (I'm moving in)  
Coming at her like Lazarus from above  
Hard on for love hard on for love  
Hard on for love hard on for love

The Lord is my shepard I shall not want  
The Lord is my shepard I shall not want  
But he ledeth me like a lamb to the lips  
Of the mouth of the valley of the whadow of death  
I am his rod and his staff  
I am his sceptre and shaft  
And she is heaven and hell  
At whose gates I ain't been delivered  
I'm gunna give the gates a shove  
Hard on for love hard on for love  
Hard on for love hard on for love

And her breasts rise and fall  
Breast rise and fall  
Breast rise and fall  
Breast rise and fall  
And just when I'm about to get my hands on her  
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her  
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her  
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her  
You are beautiful! O dove!  
Hard on for love hard on for love  
Hard on for love hard on for love

Just when I'm about to get my hands on her  
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her

Her breasts rise and fall  
Her breasts rise and fall

Just when I'm about to get my hands on her  
Just when I'm about to get my hands on her

Hard on for love hard on for love  
Hard on for love hard on for love