

# Nick Cave, Knockin' On Joe

These chains of sorrow, they are heavy, it is true  
And these locks cannot be broken,  
no, not with one thousand keys  
O Jailer, you wear a ball-n-chain you cannot see  
You can lay your burden on me  
You can lay your burden down on me  
You can lay your burden down upon me  
But you cannot lay down those memories.

Wooooo wooo wooo  
Wooooo wooo wooo  
Here I go!  
Knockin on Joe!  
This square foot of sky will be mine til I die  
Knocking on Joe  
Wooooo wooo wooo  
All down the row.  
Knockin on Joe.

O Warden I surrender you  
Your fists cain't hurt me anymore  
You know, these hands will never wash  
These dirty Death Row floors  
O Preacher, come closer, you don't scare me anymore  
Just tell Nancy not to come here  
Just tell her not to come here anymore  
Tell Nancy not to come  
And let me die in the memory of her arms.

O woo woo woo  
Woo woo woo  
All down the row.  
Knockin on Joe.  
O you kings of halls and ends of halls  
You will die within these walls  
And I'll go, all down the row  
Knockin on Joe.

O Nancy's body is a coffin,  
she wears my tombstone at her head  
O Nancy's body is a coffin,  
she wears my tombstone at her head  
She wears her body like a coffin  
She wears a dress of gold and red  
She wears a dress of gold and red  
She wears a dress of red and gold  
Grave-looters at my coffin  
before my bodies even cold.

It's a door for when I go  
Knockin on Joe  
These hands will never mop  
your dirty Death Row floors  
No! You can hide! You can run!  
O but your trial is yet to come  
O you can run! You can hide!  
But you have yet to be tried!  
You can lay your burden down here  
You can lay your burden down here  
Knockin on Joe  
You can lay your burden upon me  
You can lay your burden down upon me  
Knockin on Joe  
You cain't hurt me anymore

Knockin on Joe.

[Ad lib]