## Nick Cave, Opium Tea

Here I sleep the morning through
'Til the wail of the call to prayer awakes me
And there ain't nothing at all to do but rise and follow
The day wherever it takes me

I stand at the window and I look at the sea And I am what I am, and what will be will be I stand at the window and I look at the sea And I make me a pot of opium tea

Down at the port I watch the boats come in Watch the boats come in can do something to you And the kids gather around with an outstretched hand And I toss them a diram or two

Well, I wonder if my children are thinking of me Cause I am what I am, and what will be will be I wonder if my kids are thinking of me And I smile and I sip my opium tea

At night the sea lashes the rust red ramparts And the shapes of hooded men who pass me And the moan of the wind laughs and laughs and laughs The strange luck that fate has cast me

Well, the cats on the rampart sing merrily That he is what he is and what will be will be Yeah, the cats on the rampart sing merrily And I sit and I drink of my opium tea

I'm a prisoner here, I can never go home There is nothing here to win or lose There are no choices needed to be made at all Not even the choice of having to choose

Well, I'm a prisoner here, yes, but I'm also free Cause I am what I am and what will be will be I'm a prisoner here, yeah, but I'm also free And I smile and I sip my opium tea.