

# 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.