

# Nick Cave, Papa Won't Leave You, Henry

I went out walking the other day  
The wind hung wet around my neck  
My head it rung with screams and groans  
From the night I spent amongst her bones  
I passed beside the mission house  
Where that mad old buzzard, the reverend,  
Shrieked and flapped about life after you're dead  
Well, I thought about my friend, Michel  
How they rolled him in linoleum  
And shot him in the neck  
A bloody halo, like a think-bubble  
Circling his head  
And I bellowed at the firmament  
Looks like the rains are hear to stay  
And the rain pissed down upon me  
And washed me all away  
Saying

Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Well, the road is long  
And the road is hard  
And many fall by the side  
But Papa won't leave you, Henry  
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road  
And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road

Well, the moon it looked exhausted  
Like something you should pity  
Spent an age-spotted  
Above the sizzling wires of the city  
Well, it reminded me of her face  
Her bleached and hungry eyes  
Her hair was like a curtain  
Falling open with the laughter  
And closing with the lies  
But the ghost of her still lingers on  
Though she's passed through me  
And is gone  
The slum dogs, they are barking  
And the rain children on the streets  
And the tears that we will weep today  
Will all be washed away  
By the tears that we will weep again tomorrow

Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
For the road is long  
And the road is hard  
And many fall by the side  
But Papa won't leave you, Henry  
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road  
And I went on down the road

He went on down the road

And I came upon a little house  
A little house upon a hill  
And I entered through, the curtain hissed  
Into the house with its blood-red bowels  
Where wet-lipped women with greasy fists  
Crawled the ceilings and the walls  
They filled me full of drink  
And led me round the rooms  
Naked and cold and grinning  
Until everything went black  
And I came down spinning  
I awoke so drunk and full of rage  
That I could hardly speak  
A fag in a whale-bone corset  
Draping his dick across my cheek  
And its into the shame  
And its into a guilt  
And its into the fucking fray  
And the walls ran red around me  
A warm arterial spray  
Saying

Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Well, the night is dark  
And the night is deep  
And its jaws are open wide  
But Papa won't leave you, Henry  
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road  
And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road

It's the rainy season where I'm living  
Death comes leaping out of every doorway  
Wasting you for money, for your clothes  
And for your nothing  
Entire towns being washed away  
Favelas exploding on inflammable spillways  
Lynch-mobs, death squads, babies being born without brains  
The mad heat and the relentless rains  
And if you stick your arm into that hole  
It comes out sheared off to the bone  
And with her kisses bubbling on my lips  
I swiped the rain and nearly missed  
And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road  
Singing

Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Papa won't leave you, Henry  
Papa won't leave you, Boy  
Well, the road is long  
And the road is hard  
And many fall by the side  
But Papa won't leave you, Henry  
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road  
And I went on down the road  
He went on down the road  
Bent Beneath my heavy load  
Under his heavy load  
Yeah, I went on down the road  
Yeah, he went on down the road

Woah, woah  
Woah, woah  
Woah, woah  
Woah, woah  
And I went on down that road