

# Nick Cave, Saint Huck

Born of the river,  
Born of its never-changing, never-changing murky water  
Huck standing like a Saint, upon its deck  
If ya wanna catch a Saint,  
then bait ja hook, let's take a walk...

'O come to me!, O come to me!' is what the dirt-irty  
say to Huck... HUCK

woah-woah, woah woah!  
Saint Huck! Huck!

Straight in the arms of the city goes Huck,  
down the heckoning streets of op-po-tunity  
whistling his favorite river-song...  
And a bad-bline-nigger at the piano  
Buts a sinister-bloo-lilt to that sing-a-long  
Huck senses somthing's wrong!

Sirens wail in the city,  
and lil-Ulysses turn to putty  
Ol man River's got a bone to pick!  
Our boys hardly got a bone to suck!  
He go, woah-woah, woah woah!  
Saint Huck! Huck!

The mo-o-o-on, its huge cycloptic eye  
watches the city streets contract  
twist and cripple and crack.  
Saint Huck goes on a dog's-leg now  
Saint Huck goes on a dog's-leg now

Why, you know the story!  
Ya wake up one morning and ya find your a thug  
blowing smoke fings in some dive  
Ya fingers hot and itchin, cracking ya knuckles  
Ya bull neck briseting...  
Still Huck he ventures on whistling,

and Death reckons Huckleberry's time is up,  
O woah woah woah!  
Saint Huck! Huck!  
Yonder go Huck, minus pocket-watch an' wallet gone  
Skin shrinks wraps his skeleton  
No wonder he got thinner, not, with his cold'n'skinny dinners!  
Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis, Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis  
O you recall the song ya used to sing-a-long  
Shifting the river-trade on that ol' steamer  
Life is only a dream!

But ya trade in the Mighty ol' man River  
for the Dirty ol' Man Latrine!  
The brothel shift  
The hustle'n'the bustle and the green-backs rustle  
And all the sexy-cash  
And the randy-cars  
And the two dollar fucks  
O o o ya onto luck, onto luck  
Woah-woah-woah-woah  
Saint Huck! Huck!