

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 itch'n, 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!