

# Nick Cave, Song Of Joy

Have mercy on me, sir  
Allow me to impose on you  
I have no place to stay and my bones are cold right through  
I will tell you a story of a man and his family  
And I swear that it is true

Ten years ago I met a girl named Joy  
She was a sweet and happy thing  
Her eyes were bright blue jewels  
And we were married in the spring  
I had no idea what happiness a little love could bring  
Or what life had in store  
But all things move toward their end  
All things move toward their end  
On that you can be sure

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La la la la la la la la la

Then one morning I awoke to find her weeping  
And for many days to follow  
She grew so sad and lonely  
Became Joy in name only  
Within her breast there launched an unnamed sorrow  
And a dark and grim force set sail  
"Farewell happy fields  
Where joy forever dwells  
Hail horrors hail"

Was it an act of contrition or some awful premonition?  
As if she saw into of her final blood-soaked night  
Those lunatic eyes  
That hungry kitchen knife  
Ah, I see, sir, that I have your attention!  
Well, could it be?  
How often I've asked that question  
Well, then in quick succession we had babies, one, two, three

We called them Hilda, Hattie and Holly  
They were their mother's children  
Their eyes were bright blue jewels and they were quiet as a mouse  
There was no laughter in the house  
No, not from Hilda, Hattie or Holly  
"No wonder", people said, "poor mother Joy's so melancholy"  
Well, one night, there came a visitor to our little home  
I was visiting a sick friend  
I was a doctor then  
Joy and the girls were on their own

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Joy had been bound with electrical tape  
In her mouth a gag  
She'd been stabbed repeatedly and stuffed into a sleeping bag  
In their very cots my girls were robbed of their lives  
Method of murder much the same way as my wife's  
Method of murder much the same way as my wife's  
It was midnight when I arrived home  
Said to the police on the telephone  
Someone's taken four innocent lives

They never caught the man  
He's still on the loose

It seems he has done many, many more  
Quotes John Milton on the walls in the victim's blood  
The police are investigating at tremendous cost  
In my house he wrote, "his red right hand"  
That, I'm told is from Paradise Lost  
The wind round here gets wicked cold  
But my story is nearly told  
I fear the morning will bring quite a frost

And so I've left my home  
I drift from land to land  
I am upon your step and you are a family man  
Outside, the vultures wheel  
The wolves howl  
The serpents hiss  
And to extend this small favour, friend, would be the sum of earthly bliss  
Do you reckon me a friend?  
"The sun to me is dark and silent as the moon"  
Do you, sir, have a room?  
Are you beckoning me in?

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