Nick Cave, Stranger Than Kindness

Stranger than kindness Bottled light from hotels Spilling everything Wet hand from the volcano Sobers your skin Stranger than Kindness

You caress yourself And grind my soft cold bones below Your map of desire Burned in your flesh Even a fool can come A strange lit stair And find a rope hanging there Stranger than kindness

Keys rain like heaven's hair There is no home there is no bread We sit at the gate and scratch

The gaunt fruit of passion Dies in the light Stranger than kindness

Your sleeping hands journey The loiter Stranger than kindness You hold me so carelessy close Tell me I'm dirty Stranger than kindness