

Nick Cave, Swampland

Quixanne, ah'm in its grip
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Sinken in the mud
Patron-saint of the Bog.
They cum with boots of blud
Wit pitchfawk and with club
Chantin out mah name
Got doggies strainin onna chain
Lucy, ah'll love ya till the end!
They hunt me like a dog
Down in Sw-a-a-a-amp Land!
So cum mah executioners! Cum bounty hunters!
Cum mah county killers--for ah cannot run no more
Ah cannot run no more
Ah cannot run no more
No I can't!
Lucy, ya won't see this face agin
Wheb ya caught ya swing and burn...
Down in Sw-a-a-a-amp Land!
The trees are veiled in fog
The trees are veiled in fog
Like so many jilted brides
Now they're all breakin down and cry
Cryin tears upon mah face
Cryin tears upon mah face
And they smell of gasolene
a-a-a-a-ah- scr-e-e-e-a-am
Lucy, ya made a sinner out of me
Now ah'm burnin like a saint
Down in Sw-a-a-a-amp Land!
So cum mah executioners! Cum mah bounty huntahs!
Cum mah county killers--ya know ah cannot run no more
No ah cannot run no more.