

# Nick Cave, Swing Low

How is little Thomas Magee?  
Thomas Magee, he swallowed a key  
Jedediah, little Thomas Magee  
Holly holly, just let him be...  
His wife now, little Thomas Magee  
called his kettle -?- on the telephone  
heart was beating in my chest  
I needed something I could not have guessed  
the phone kept ringing there's no one home  
ran to his house, rapped on my window  
blood was pumping much too fast  
I stuck my finger through the glass  
strange music playing on the radio

Swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
swing low,  
way down low  
and carry me home

Pray like Peter, preach like Paul  
Jesus died to save us all  
I climbed through the window  
and crawled on the floor  
I wrecked all of the furniture  
but I still couldn't find what I was looking for  
problems still reclaimed as a whole  
cannot be solved and must be outgrown  
the bottomless night still could not be known  
the empty ring on the telephone  
and the strange music playing on the radio

Swing low  
swing low  
swing low  
swing low,  
yeah way down low  
and carry me home

Where you go?  
Where do u go?  
swing low, baby,  
save my soul  
Where do u go?  
Where do u go?  
yeah swing low baby save my soul  
swing low [x10]