

# Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, Frogs

Ushering in the week he knelt down  
Crushed his brother's head in with a bone  
It's my great privilege  
Oh babe, to walk you home

In the Sunday rain  
Hop inside my coat  
In the Sunday rain  
The frogs are jumping in the gutters  
Uh, leaping to God, amazed of love  
And amazed of pain  
Amazed to be back in the water again  
In the Sunday rain  
In the Sunday rain  
Gets you right down to your soul

Oh Lord, oh Lord  
The children in the heavens  
Jumping for joy, jumping for love  
And opening the sky above  
So, take that gun out of your hand  
'Cause all will be well say the bells  
It's Sunday morning and I'm holding your hand

Amazed of love and amazed of pain  
Amazed to be back in the water  
Back in the water again  
Take that gun out of your hand  
In the Sunday rain  
Frogmarching you home, babe  
Home to bed, yeah, in the Sunday rain  
Take that gun out of your hand  
Lord, kill me! In the Sunday rain  
Kill me! Kill me! In the Sunday rain  
Hop inside my coat  
It's Sunday morning and I'm holding your hand  
Frogmarching us home to a bed made of tears  
Kris Kristofferson walks by kicking a can  
In a shirt he hasn't washed for years  
Hop inside my coat  
Hop inside my coat