

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, Wild Gold

Once upon a time, a wild God zoomed
All through his memory in which he was entombed
It was rape and pillage in the retirement village
But in his mind he was a man of great virtue and courage
And he flew out the window with his long, trailing hair
And the smoke from the bodies went straight up in the air
He was a wild God searching for what all wild Gods are searching for
And he flew through the dying city like a prehistoric bird
He went searching for the girl down on Jubilee Street
But she'd died in a bedsit in 1993
So he flew to the top of the world and looked around
And said, "Where are my people? Where are my people to bring your spirit down?"

A wild God searching for a faraway girl
Who was basically a mirage but nevertheless loomed large
She would hang under the rail as he blew 'round the room
And make love with a kind of efficient gloom
And the people on the ground cried, "When does it start?"
And the wild God says, "It starts with a heart, with a heart, with a heart, with a heart"
And the people on the ground cried, "When does it end?"
And the wild God says, "Well, it depends, but it mostly never ends
'Cause I'm a wild God flying and a wild God swimming
And I'm an old, sick God dying and crying and singing"

Bring your spirit down
Oh, we're wild Gods, baby, we're wild Gods
Yeah, bring your spirit down
Oh, well, he's moving through the flames of anarchy
And he's moving through the winds of tyranny
And the sweet, sweet tears of liberty, yeah, moving 'round the world
He's moving through your body like a prehistoric bird
He's moving 'round the world
Oh Lord, well, if you're feeling lonely and if you're feeling blue
And if you just don't know what to do
Bring your spirit down
Oh, we're wild Gods, baby, we're wild Gods
I'm a wild God, baby, I'm a wild God
Oh, here we go, we're going to the cradle of Africa
We're going to Russia, we're going to China
To the United States of America
Yeah, moving 'round the world, yeah, moving like a great, big, beautiful bird
We're moving 'round the world
Yeah, and he's swimming at the end of the rotting pier
He swims to the end of his rotting idea
Swim to the hymn, swim to the prayer
And bring your spirit down
I'm a wild God, baby, I'm a wild God
Well, here we go, yeah, here we go