

Nick Cave, The Curse Of Millhaven

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

The Curse Of Millhaven

I live in a town called Millhaven

And it's small and it's mean and it's cold

But if you come around just as the sun goes down

You can watch the whole town turn to gold

It's around about then that I used to go a-roaming

Singing La la la La la la lie

All God's children they all gotta die

My name is Loretta but I prefer Lottie

I'm closing in on my fifteenth year

And if you think you have seen a pair of eyes more green

Then you sure didn't see them around here

My hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing

La la la La la la lie

Mama often told me we all got to die

You must have heard about The Curse Of Millhaven

How last Christmas Bill Blake's little boy didn't come home

They found him next week in One Mile Creek

His head bashed in and his pockets full of stones

Well, just imagine all the wailing and moaning

La la la La la la lie

Even little Billy Blake's boy, he had to die

Then Professor O'Rye from Millhaven High

Found nailed to his door his prize-winning terrier

Then next day the old fool brought little Biko to school

And we all had to watch as he buried her

His eulogy to Biko had all the tears a-flowing

La la la La la la lie

Even God's little creatures, they have to die

Our little town fell into a state of shock

A lot of people were saying things that made little sense

Then the next thing you know the head of Handyman Joe

Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence

Foul play can really get a small town going

La la la La la la lie

Even God's children all have to die

Then, in a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs Colgate

Was stabbed but the job was not complete

The last thing she said before the cops pronounced her dead

Was, "My killer is Loretta and she lives across the street!"

Twenty cops burst through my door without even phoning

La la la La la la lie

The young ones, the old ones, they all gotta die

Yes, it is I, Lottie. The Curse Of Millhaven

I've struck horror in the heart of this town

Like my eyes ain't green and my hair ain't yellow

It's more like the other way around

I gotta pretty little mouth underneath all the foaming

La la la La la la lie

Sooner or later we all gotta die

Since I was no bigger than a weevil they've been saying I was evil

That if "bad" was a boot that I'd fit it

That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying hard lately

O fuck it! I'm a monster! I admit it!

It makes me so mad my blood really starts a-going

La la la la La la la lie
Mama always told me that we all gotta die

Yeah, I drowned the Blakey kid, stabbed Mrs. Colgate, I admit
Did the handyman with his circular saw in his garden shed
But I never crucified little Biko, that was two junior high school psychos
Stinky Bohoon and his friend with the pumpkin-sized head
I'll sing to the lot, now you got me going
La la la la La la la lie
All God's children have all gotta die

There were all the others, all our sisters and brothers
You assumed were accidents, best forgotten
Recall the children who broke through the ice on Lake Tahoe?
Everyone assumed the "Warning" signs had followed them to the bottom
Well, they're underneath the house where I do quite a bit of stowing
La la la la La la la lie
Even twenty little children, they had to die

And the fire of '91 that razed the Bella Vista slum
There was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen
Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued
All cause of wee girl with a can of gasoline
Those flames really roared when the wind started blowing
La la la la La la la lie
Rich man, poor man, all got to die

Well I confessed to all these crimes and they put me on trial
I was laughing when they took me away
Off to the asylum in an old black Mariah
It ain't home, but you know, it's fucking better than jail
It ain't such bad old place to have a home in
La la la la La la la lie
All God's children they all gotta die

Now I got shrinks that will not rest with their endless Rorschach tests
I keep telling them they're out to get me
They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, "Why of course!
There is so much more I could have done if they'd let me!"
So it's Rorschach and Prozac and everything is groovy
Singing La la la la La la la lie
All God's children they all have to die
La la la la La la la lie
I'm happy as a lark and everything is fine
Singing La la la la La la la lie
Yeah, everything is groovy and everything is fine
Singing La la la la La la la lie
All God's children they gotta die