

Nick Cave, The Moon Is In The Gutter

The moon is in the gutter
And the stars wash down the sink
I am the king of the blues
I scape the clay off my shoes
And wade down the gutter and the moon

The moon blinds my eye with opal cataracts
As I cut through the saw-mills and the stacks,
Leaping over the gully where I would one day take Lucy
Then wash up my hands in the gutter and the moon.

Such a long way from home, just me and
The moon is in the gutter
All my plans are flushed down the drain
I wander lonely as a cloud
Over memories at her mound
Then lie down in the bitter gutter moon.