

Nick Cave, West Country Girl

With a crooked smile and a heart-shaped face
Comes from the West country where the birds sing bass
She's got a house-big heart where we all live
And plead and council and forgive

Her widow's peak, her lips I've kissed
Her glove of bones at her wrist
That I have held in my hand
Her Spanish fly and her monkey gland

Her Godly body and its fourteen stations
That I have embraced, her palpitations
Her unborn baby crying, "Mummy"
Amongst the rubble of her body

Her lovely lidded eyes I've sipped
Her fingernails, all pink and chipped
Her accent which I'm told is "broad"
That I have heard and has been poured

Into my human heart and filled me
With love, up to the brim, and killed me
And rebuilt me back anew
With something to look forward to

Well, who could ask much more than that?
A West country girl with a big fat cat
That looks into her eyes of green
And meows, "He loves you", then meows again