

# Nick Cave, West Country Girl

Cave Nick

Miscellaneous

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