

## **Cave Nick "Song Of Joy"**

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Have mercy on me, sir  
Allow me to impose on you  
I have no place to stay  
And my bones are cold right through  
I will tell you a story  
Of a man and his family  
And I swear that it is true  
Ten years ago I met a girl named Joy  
She was a sweet and happy thing  
Her eyes were bright blue jewels  
And we were married in the spring  
I had no idea what happiness a little love could bring  
Or what life had in store  
But all things move toward their end  
On that you can be sure  
La la la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la la  
Then one morning I awoke to find her weeping  
And for many days to follow  
She grew so sad and lonely  
Became Joy in only name  
Within her breast there launched an unnamed sorrow  
And a dark and grim force set sail  
Farewell happy fields  
Where joy forever dwells  
Hail horrors hail  
Was it an act of contrition or some awful premonition  
As if she saw into the heart of her final blood-soaked  
night  
Those lunatic eyes, that hungry kitchen knife  
Ah, I see, sir, that I have you attention!  
Well, could it be?  
How often I've asked that question  
Well, then in quick succession  
We had babies, one, two, three  
We called them Hilda, Hattie and Holly  
They were their mother's children  
Their eyes were bright blue jewels  
And they were quiet as a mouse  
There was no laughter in the house  
No, not from Hilda, Hattie or Holly  
"No wonder," people said, "poor mother Joy's so

melancholy"

Well, one night there came a visitor to our little home

I was visiting a sick friend

I was a doctor then

Joy and the girls were on their own

La la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la

Joy had been bound with electrical tape

In her mouth a gag

She'd been stabbed repeatedly

And stuffed into a sleeping bag

In their very cots my girls were robbed of their lives

Method of murder much the same as my wife's

Method of murder much the same as my wife's

It was midnight when I arrived home

Said to the police on the telephone

Someone's taken four innocent lives

They never caught the man

He's still on the loose

It seems he has done many many more

Quotes John Milton on the walls in the victim's blood

The police are investigating at tremendous cost

In my house he wrote, "Red right hand"

That, I'm told, is from Paradise Lost

The wind round here gets wicked cold

But my story is nearly told

I fear the morning will bring quite a frost

So I've left my home

I drift from land to land

I am upon your step and you are a family man

Outside the vultures wheel

The wolves howl, the serpents hiss

And to extend this small favour, friend

Would be the sum of earthly bliss

Do you reckon me a friend?

The sun to me is dark

And silent as the moon

Do you, sir, have a room?

Are you beckoning me in?

La la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la

La la la la la la la la la la

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