Nick Cave "Babe, You Turn Me On"

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Stay by me, stay by me You are the one, my only true love

The butcher bird makes it's noise
And asks you to agree
With it's brutal nesting habits
And it's pointless savagery
Now, the nightingale sings to you
And raises up the ante
I put one hand on your round ripe heart
And the other down your panties

Everything is falling, dear Everything is wrong It's just history repeating itself And babe, you turn me on

Like a light bulb Like a song

You race naked through the wilderness
You torment the birds and the bees
You leapt into the abyss, but find
It only goes up to your knees
I move stealthily from tree to tree
I shadow you for hours
I make like I'm a little deer
Grazing on the flowers

Everything is collapsing, dear All moral sense has gone It's just history repeating itself And babe, you turn me on

Like an idea Like an Atom bomb

We stand awed inside a clearing We do not make a sound The crimson snow falls all about Carpeting the ground Everything is falling, dear All rhyme and reason gone It's just history repeating itself And, babe, you turn me on

Like an idea Like an Atom bomb

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