

Nick Cave

"Cabin Fever!"

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The captains fore-arm like bunched-up rope

With A-N-I-T-A wrigglin' free on a skull 'n dagger

And a portrait of Christ, nailed to an anchor

Etched into his upper

O, O, O cabin fever!

O, O, O cabin fever!

Slams his fucken tin-dish down

Our captain, takes time to crush

Some bloo-bottles glowin' in his gruel

With a lump in his throat, and lumpy mush

Thumbing a scrapbook stuck up with clag

And a morbid lump of love in his flags

Done is the missing, now all that remains

Is to sail forever, upon the stain

Cabin fever!

O, O, O cabin fever!

The captains free-hand is a cleaver

Which he fashions his beard, and he rations his jerkey

And carves his peg outa the finest mahagony

Or was it ebony? Etc.

Tallies up his loneliness, notch by notch

For the sea offers nuthin' to hold or touch
Notch by notch, winter by winter
Notch X notch, winter X winter
Now his leg is whittled, right down to a splinter
O, O, cabin fever!
O, O, O, cabin fever!
O, the rollin', sea still rollin' on
She's everywhere now that
She's gone, gone, gone
O cabin fever!
O cabin fever!
Welcome to his table, beloved-unconscious
Raisin' her host of hair from her crooks
And strugglin' to summon one of her looks
His arm now like coiled s-s-snakes
Whips all the bottles that he's drunk
Like crystal, skittles about the cabin
Of a ship they'd been sailing
Five years sunken, etc.

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