

Nick Cave

"Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!"

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[Dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Back in that hole.]

Larry made his nest up in the autumn branches
Built from nothing but high hopes and thin air
He collected up some baby-blasted mothers, they took
their chances
And for a while they lived quite happily up there

He came from New York City, man, but he couldn't take
the pace
He thought it was like doggy dog world
Then he went to San Francisco, spent a year in outer
space
With a sweet little San Fransiscan girl

I can hear my mother wailing and a whole lot of
scraping of chairs
I don't know what it is, but there's definitely something
going on upstairs

[Dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
(I want you to dig)

[Back in that hole]

(I want you to dig)

(I want you to dig)

Yeah, New York City, he had to get out there
And San Fransisco, well, I don't know
And then to L.A., where he spent about a day
He thought even the pale sky-stars were smart enough
to keep well away from L.A.

Meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies
Like miss Boo and miss Quick
He stockpiled weapons and took potshots in the air
He feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic
And wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair

I can hear chants and incantations and some guy is
mentioning me in his prayers
Well, I don't know what it is, but there's definitely
something going on upstairs

[Dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
[Laz'rus dig yourself]
(I want you to dig)
[Back in that hole]

(I want you to dig)

(I want you to dig)

Well, New York City, man, San Francisco, LA, I don't
know
But Larry grew increasingly neurotic and obscene
I mean he, he never asked to be raised up from the
tomb
I mean no one ever actually asked him to forsake his
dreams

Anyway, to cut a long story short
Fame finally found him, mirrors became his torturers
Cameras snapped him at every chance
The women all went back to their homes and their
husbands
With secret smiles in the corners of their mouths

He ended up like so many of them do, back on the
streets of New York City
In a soup queue, a dopefiend, a slave, then prison,
then the madhouse, then the grave
Ah, poor Larry

But what do we really know of the dead
And who actually cares?

Well, I don't know what it is, but there's definitely
something going on upstairs

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