

## Nick Cave

### "Dumb Europe"

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On this European night out on the brink

The cafes and the bars still stink

The air is much too thick for seeing

But not thick enough for leaning

I leave in a catatonic crawl

And if I die tonight then throw me in

Some bleak teutonic hole

Six feet under with a snap-frozen soul

And really we could all just die of shame

And really we could all just die of shame

Dumb Europe, Dumb Europe, Dumb Europe.

Oh the Utopian night on the brink

Mama's face staring up at me from the bottom of the  
sink

Witness my trail of destruction

Trying to leave this drinking place

My feet are magnetised for furniture

The floor's attracted to my face

And if I die tonight

Sell me as some prehistoric bone

A lump of junk-souvenir for Jap

To fob off on his friends back home

The money dance....

I find it hard to cope with days like this. Pass the bottle  
etcetera

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