

## Nick Cave

### "Fears of Gun"

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Gun wears his alcoholism well  
Finger in Bottle and swingin' it still  
From Bed to Sink and back again  
Clock is crawlin' round the same  
He's bustin' Clock (he hates its face)  
Just sittin' and talkin' to Heart and ticks  
Talkin' back to Clock in slow and studied kicks  
The fears of Gun are the fears of everyone.  
Fingers down the throat of love  
Fingers down the throat of love  
Fingers down the throat of love  
Love! Love!  
Gun does the waltz around the room  
Collecting Table and Chairs and Sofa and so on and so  
on  
Gun wears his best blue suit, now let's take to the sky  
'We'll go dancin' and eatin' it up  
Get a bottle and push it on down'  
And let's just beat it up  
Transistor radio plays an overwhelmingly sad and  
lonely song  
Saying 'Where she gone? Where she gone?'

The fears of Gun are the fears of everyone.

Fingers down the throat of love

Fingers down the throat of love

Fingers down the throat of love

Love! Love!

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