

Nick Cave

"Opium Tea"

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Here I sleep the morning through
Till the wail of the call to prayer awakes me
And there ain't nothing at all to do but rise and follow
The day wherever it takes me
I stand at the window and I look at the sea
And I am what I am and what will be will be
I stand at the window and I look at the sea
Then I make me a pot of opium tea
Down at the port I watch the boats come in
Oh, watch the boats come in can do something to you
And the kids gather around with an outstretched hand
And I toss them a dirham or two
Well, I wonder if my children are thinking of me
'Cause I am what I am and what will be will be
I wonder if my kids are thinking of me
And I smile and I sip my opium tea
At night the sea lashes the rust red ramparts
And the shapes of hooded men who pass me
And the mad moan of the wind laughs and laughs and
laughs
The strange luck that fate has cast me

Well, the cats on the rampart sing merrily
That he is what he is and what will be will be
Yeah, the cats on the rampart sing merrily
And I sit and I drink up my opium tea
I'm a prisoner here, I can never go home
There is nothing here to win or lose
There are no choices needed to be made at all
Not even the choice of having to choose
Well, I'm a prisoner here, yes but I'm also free
'Cause I am what I am and what will be will be
I'm a prisoner here, yeah but I'm also free
And I smile and I sip my opium tea

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