

## Nick Cave

### "The Singer"

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As I walk these narrow streets  
Where a million passin feet have trod before me  
With my guitar in my hand  
Suddenly I realize nobody knows me.

Where yesterday the multitude  
Screamed and cried my name out for a song  
Today the streets are empty  
And the crowds have all gone home.

I pass a million houses  
But there is no place that I belong  
All I knew to give you  
Was song after song after song.

All the truths I tried to tell you  
Were as distant to you as the moon  
Born 200 years too late  
And 200 years too soon.

I'm a child of this age  
Locked into the pages of your book  
And when I am but dust and clay  
And all the children stop to take a look.

Will they marvel at the miracles I did perform  
And the heights I did aspire  
Or will they tear out the pages of the book  
To light a fire.

With the rain on my face  
There is no place that I belong  
Did you forget this fucking singer so soon?  
And did you forget my song?

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