

Nick Cave

"Watching Alice"

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Alice wakes, it is morning
She is yawning as she walks about the room
Her hair rolls down her breast
She is naked and it is June
Standing at the window
I wonder if she knows that I can see
Watching Alice rise year after year
Up in her palace, she's captive there
Alice's body is golden brown, her hair hangs down
As she brushes it one hundred times
First she pulls her stocking on
And then the church bell chimes
Alice climbs into her uniform
The zippers on the side
Watching Alice dressing in her room
It's so depressing, it's cruel
Watching Alice dressing in her room
It's so depressing, it's true

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