

Nick Cave

"Well Of Misery"

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Along crags and sunless cracks I go
Up rib of rock, down spine of stone
I dare not slumber where the right winds whistle
Lest her creeping soul clutch this heart of thistle
Oh the same God that abandoned her
Has in turn abandoned me
And softenin' the turf with with my tears
I dug a Well of Misery
And in that Well of Misery
Hangs a bucket full of sorrow
And it swings slow and achin' like a bell
And it's toll is dead and hollow
Oh down that well lies the long lost dress
Of my lil' floatin' girl
That muffles a tear that you let fall
All down the Well of Misery
Put shoulder to the handle if you dare
And hoist that bucket hither
Lord, crank and hoist and hoist and crank
Till you muscles waste and wither
And the same God that abandoned her

Has in turn abandoned me

Deep in the Desert of Despair

I wait at the Well of Misery

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