

Nick Cave

"Wife"

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Here she comes, my wife
See her down on the street
Well, yeah, she's mine, supine
Or up on her feet
Yeah, here she comes
Through the dog-breath heat
With her concertina spine
And her ballerina feet
Under a punishing sun
Under a red and green umbrella
Call her name and beat the drum
Through the condominiums and the favelas
God is gone. We got to get a new one
Not lock Him down in cathedrals and cages
I found the eternal woman
The fire that leapt from Solomon's pages
O, baby, here she comes
My righteous, ringless bride
She is the soul of an ailing continent
She is Latin America's pride
There she runs, through the rain
Through cities of packed dirt and bone
She's prepared to accept the burden of the world's
great pain
Ah, here she comes
I will love her for all time
In her little, small floral skirt, so short

Defying rhythm, defying rhyme
The cats are crying like babies
Up and down the alleys
The kids are howling like cats
With not enough in their bellies
Here, she's gaily tripping through the streets
Cats and kids stop to stare
The kids all band their guitars
They shoot their guns into the air
She don't carry no gun
Her lips are loaded up with kisses
She got kisses all around her hips
She got them criss-crossing her breasts

Keep playing that song
Don't let the band go home
I tell you God is gone
We are on our own
Yeah, here she comes
In a dress of red and yellow
Up the steps to our home
I got something to tell her
I say, I say, b-b-b-b-baby!
Ye-ye-ye-ye-ah! Yea-a-a-a-h! Uh-huh!
O b-b-b-baby!
A-a-a-ah here she comes!

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