

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Black Crow King"

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I am the black crow king
I am the black crow king
The Keeper of the nodding corn

All the hammers are a-talking, all the nails are a-singing
So sweet and low, you can hear it in the valley
Where live the lame and the blind
They climb the hill out of its belly, leave with mean,
black boots on

I just made a simple gesture
They jumped up and nailed it to my shadow
Spread-eagled like a hooker
You know, my shadow's made of timber

And the storm is a-rolling
And the storm, its a-rolling

And I'm still rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here, rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here rolling and I'm left on my own
The blackbirds have all gone, everyone's rolled on

I am the black crow king
Keeper of the trodden corn
I am the king, won't say it again

And the rain, it raineth daily Lord
And wash away my clothes
I surrender up my arms to a company of crows
I am the black crow king, honey, I won't say it again

And all the thorns are a-crowning
King ruby on each spine
And all the spears are a-sailing
Oh, my, oh, my

The storm is a-rolling
The storm is a-rolling
All down on me

And I'm still rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here, rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here, rolling after everybody's gone
The blackbirds have flown and everybody's gone

And I'm on my own, I'm the black crow king
Keeper of the forgotten corn
The king, the king
I'm the king of nothin' at all

The hammers are talking
The nails are singing
The spears are sailing
The thorns are a-crowning him

The crows are a-mocking
The corn is a-nodding
The storm, it's a-rolling
The storm, it's a-rolling

The storm, it's a-rolling down
The storm, it's a-rolling down
The storm is a-rolling down on me
Yeah, rolling down on me

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