

## **Nick Cave & The Bad Seed**

### **"Cabin Fever!"**

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The captains fore-arm like bunched-up rope  
With A-N-I-T-A wrigglin' free on a skull 'n dagger  
And a portrait of Christ, nailed to an anchor  
Etched into his upper

O, O, O cabin fever!  
O, O, O cabin fever!

Slams his fucken tin-dish down  
Our captain, takes time to crush  
Some bloo-bottles glowin' in his gruel  
With a lump in his throat, and lumpy mush

Thumbing a scrapbook stuck up with clag  
And a morbid lump of love in his flags  
Done is the missing, now all that remains  
Is to sail forever, upon the stain

Cabin fever!  
O, O, O cabin fever!

The captains free-hand is a cleaver  
Which he fashions his beard, and he rations his jerkey  
And carves his peg outa the finest mahagony  
Or was it ebony? Etc.

Tallies up his loneliness, notch by notch  
For the sea offers nuthin' to hold or touch  
Notch by notch, winter by winter  
Notch X notch, winter X winter  
Now his leg is whittled, right down to a splinter

O, O, cabin fever!  
O, O, O, cabin fever!  
O, the rollin', sea still rollin' on  
She's everywhere now that  
She's gone, gone, gone

O cabin fever!  
O cabin fever!

Welcome to his table, beloved-unconscious

Raisin' her host of hair from her crooks  
And strugglin' to summon one of her looks  
His arm now like coiled s-s-snakes

Whips all the bottles that he's drunk  
Like crystal, skittles about the cabin  
Of a ship they'd been sailing  
Five years sunken, etc.

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