

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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