

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

### **"Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!"**

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Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole

Larry made his nest up in the autumn branches  
Built from nothing but high hopes and thin air  
Collected up some baby blasted mothers  
They took their chances and for a while  
They lived quite happily up there

He came from New York City, man  
But he couldn't take the pace  
He thought it was like a dog eat dog world  
Then he went to San Francisco, spent a year in outer  
space  
With a sweet little San Franciscan girl

I can hear my mother wailing  
And a whole lot of scraping of chairs  
I don't know what it is  
But there's definitely something going on upstairs

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole  
(I want you to dig, I want you to dig, I want you to dig)

Meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies  
Like Ms. Boo and Ms. Quick  
He stockpiled weapons and took pot shots in the air  
He feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic  
And wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair

I can hear chants and incantations  
And some guy is mentioning me in his prayers  
Well, I don't know what it is  
But there's definitely something going on upstairs

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole  
(I want you to dig, I want you to dig, I want you to dig)  
Well, New York City, man  
San Francisco, L.A., I don't know  
But Larry grew increasing neurotic and obscene  
I mean, he, he never asked to be raised up from the  
tomb  
I mean, no one ever actually asked him to forsake his  
dreams

He ended up like so many of 'em do  
Back in the streets of New York City  
In a soup queue, a dope fiend, a slave  
Then prison, then the mad house  
Then the grave, oh, poor Larry

But what do we really know of the dead  
And who actually cares?  
Well, I don't know what it is  
But there's definitely something going on upstairs

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole  
(I want you to dig)

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole  
(Dig Lazarus, dig)

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole  
(I want you to dig)

Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself, Lazarus  
Dig yourself back in that hole

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