

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "John Finn's Wife"

Visit "[John Finn's Wife](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, the night was deep and the night was dark
And I was at the old dance hall on the edge of town,
yeah
Some big ceremony was going down
Well dancers writhed and squirmed and then

Came apart and then writhed again
Like squirming flies on a pin
In the heat and in the din, in the heat and in the din
I fell to thinking about brand new wife of mad John Finn

Well, midnight came and clock did strike
And in she came, did John Finn's wife
With legs like scissors and butcher's knives
Tattooed breast and flaming eyes

And a crimson carnation in her teeth
Carving her way through the dance floor
And I'm standing over by the bandstand
Every eye gaping on John Finn's wife
Every eye gaping on John Finn's wife
Oh yeah

Now John Finn's wife was something of a mystery
In a town where to share a sworn secret was a solemn
duty
I had brass knuckles and a bolo knife
Over near the bandstand with John Finn's wife

She got perfumed breasts and raven hair
Sprinkled with wedding confettis
And a gang of garroters were all giving me stares
Armed, as they were, with machetes

Well the night through the window was full of lights
Winking and watching at John Finns' wife
Winking and watching at John Finns' wife

Well next came the cops, all out on the town
But it don't look like no trouble there
As they had for the bar in their lumpy suits
And I slip my hand between the things of John Finn's

wife

They seemed to yawn awake, her things
It was a warm and very ferocious night
And the moon was full of blood and light
And my eyes grew small and my eyes grew tight
As I plotted in the ear of John Finns' wife

Enter John Finn in his shrunken suit
With his quick black eyes and black cheroot
With his filled down teeth and a hobnail boot
And his fists full of pistols in his pockets
Aiming at me and aiming at his wife

The band fall silent fearing for their lives
And with fear in my guts like tangled twine
'Cause all I got is brass knuckles and a bolo knife
And mad John Finns' wife is all
And the three of us walk out of the hall

Now the night bore down upon us all
You could hear the crickets in the thickets call
Guns did flare and guns did bawl
And I planted my bolo knife in the neck of mad John
Finn

I took his wretched life
Now I'm over by the bandstand
Every hand moving on John Finns' wife
Every hand moving on John Finns' wife

And John Finns' wife took all the flowers down
From her hair and threw them on the ground
And the flies did hum and the flies did buzz around
Poor John Finn lying dead upon the ground
Lying dead upon the ground

Visit [Nick Cave & The Bad Seed](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.