

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Sad Waters"

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Down the road I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
We go down to the river where the willows weep
Take a naked root for a lovers seat

That rose out of the bitten soil
Sound to the ground by creeping ivy coils
O Mary you have seduced my soul
Forever a hostage of your child's world

And then I ran my tin-cup heart along, the prison of her
ribs
And then with a toss of her curls that little girl goes
wading in
Rollin' her dress up past her knee
Turning these waters into wine, then she platted all the
willow vines

Mary in the shallows laughing
Over where the carp dart
Spooked by the new shadows that she cast
Across these sad waters and across my heart

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