

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Saint Huck"

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Born of the river, born of its ever changing  
Never changing murky water  
Oh, riverboat just rolling along through  
The great, great greasy city Huck  
Standing like a saint upon its deck

If ya wanna catch a saint  
Then bait ya hook, let's take a walk

"O come to me, O come to me"  
Is what the dirty city say to Huck, Huck

Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Saint Huck, Huck

Straight in the arms of the city goes Huck  
Down the beckoning streets of opportunity  
Whistling his favorite river song  
And a bad blind nigger at the piano

Buts a sinister blooo lilt into that sing a long  
Huck senses something's wrong

Sirens wail in the city  
And li'l Ulysses turn to putty  
And Ol' Man River's got a bone to pick  
And our boy's hardly got a bone to suck

He go, woah woah, woah, woah  
Woah woah, woah, woah  
Saint Huck, Huck

The moon, its huge cycloptic eye  
Watches the city streets contract  
Twist and cripple and crack  
Saint Huck goes on a dog's leg now  
Saint Huck goes on a dog's leg now

You know the story  
Ya wake up one morning  
And you find you're a thug

Blowing smoke rings in some dive

Ya fingers hot and itching, ya cracking ya knuckles  
Ya bull neck bristling  
Still Huck he ventures on whistling  
And death reckons Huckleberry's time is up

O woah, woah, woah, Saint Huck  
O woah, woah, woah, Saint Huck, Huck

Yonder go Huck, minus pocket watch and wallet gone  
Skin shrink wraps his skeleton  
No wonder he gets thinner  
What with his cold and skinny dinners

Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis, Saint Huck-a-Saint Elvis  
O you recall the song ya used to sing a long  
Shifting the river trade on that ol' steamer  
Life is but a dream

But ya traded in the mighty ol' man river  
For the dirty ol' man latrine, the brothel shift  
The hustle and the bustle and the green backs rustle  
And all the sexy cash and the randy cars  
And the two dollar fucks

Ooo ya outta luck, ya outta luck  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Saint Huck, Huck

This is the track of deception  
Leads to the heart of despair  
Huck whistles like he just don't care  
But in the pocket of the jacket is a chamber  
Lead pellets sleeps in there, wake up

Now Huck whistles and he kneels and he lays down  
there  
See ya Huck, good luck  
A smoke ring hovers above his head  
And the rats and the dogs and the men all come

And put a bullet through his eye  
And the drip, and the drip, and the drip  
Of the Mississippi crying  
And Saint Huck hears his own Mississippi just rolling by  
him

Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Saint Huck, Saint Huck, Saint Huck

Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Woah, woah, woah, woah  
Saint Huck, Saint Huck, Saint Huck  
Woah, woah, woah, woah

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