Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Stranger Than Kindness"

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Stranger than kindness
Bottled light from hotels
Spilling everything
Wet hand from the volcano sobers your skin

Stranger than kindness
You caress yourself and grind my soft cold bones
below
Your map of desire burned in your slavery
Even a fool can come a strange lit stair and find a rope

Stranger than kindness
Keys rain like heaven's hair
There is no home there is no bread, we sit at the gate
and scratch
The gaunt fruit of passion dies in the light

Stranger than kindness Your sleeping hands, they journey the loiter Stranger than kindness You hold me so carelessly close, tell me I'm dirty

I am a stranger
I am a stranger
I am a stranger to kindness

hanging there

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