

Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "The Curse Of Millhaven"

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I live in a town called Millhaven
And it's small and it's mean and it's cold
But if you come around just as the sun goes down
You can watch the whole thing turn to gold
It's around about then that I used to go a-roaming

La la la la, la la la lie
All God's children they all gotta die

My name is Loretta but I prefer Lottie
I'm closing in on my fifteenth year
If you think that you have seen a pair of eyes more
green
Then you sure haven't seen them around here
Well, my hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing

La la la la, la la la lie
Mama often told me that we all got to die

You must have heard about The Curse Of Millhaven
How last Christmas Bill Blake's little boy didn't come
home
They found him the next week up in One Mile Creek
With his head bashed in and his pockets full of stones
Well, just imagine all above wailing and moaning

La la la la, la la la lie
Even Bill Blake's boy, he had to die

Then Professor O'Rye from Millhaven High
Found nailed to his door his prize-winning terrier
Then next day the old fool brought little Biko to school
And we all had to watch as he buried her
Well, his eulogy to Biko had all the tears a-flowing

La la la la, la la la lie
Even God's little creatures, they have to die

Our little town fell into a state of shock
A lot of people were saying things that made little
sense
The next thing you know the head of Handyman Joe

Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence
Well, foul play can really get a small town going

La la la la, la la la lie
Even God's children, they have to die

Then in a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs Colgate
Was stabbed but the job was not complete
Well, the last thing she said before the cops
pronounced her dead
Was, "My killer is Loretta and she lives across the
street"
Twenty cops burst through my door without even
phoning

La la la la, la la la lie
The young ones, the old ones, they all gotta die

Yes, it is I, Lottie, The Curse Of Millhaven
I've struck horror in the heart of this town
Like my eyes ain't green and my hair ain't yellow
It's more like the other way around
I gotta pretty little mouth, underneath all the foaming

La la la la, la la la lie
Sooner or later we all gotta die
Since I was no bigger than a weevil they've been saying
I was evil
That if, "bad" was a boot that I'd fit it
That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying hard
lately
O fuck it, I'm a monster, I admit it
Well, it makes me so mad that my blood starts a-going

La la la la, la la la lie
Mama always told me that we all gotta die

Yeah, I drowned the Blakey kid, stabbed Mrs. Colgate, I
admit
Did the handyman with his circular saw in his garden
shed
But I never crucified little Biko, that was two junior high
school psychos
Stinky Bohoon and his friend with the pumpkin-sized
head
I'll sing to the lot, now that you got me going

La la la la, la la la lie
All God's children have all gotta die

There were all of the others, all our sisters and

brothers

You assumed were accidents, best forgotten

Recall the children who broke through the ice on Lake
Tahoo?

Everyone assumed the "Warning" signs had followed
them to the bottom

Well, they're underneath the house where I do quite a
bit of stowing

La la la la, la la la lie

Even twenty little children, they had to die

And the fire of '91 that razed the Bella Vista slum
That was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen
Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued
All cause of wee girl with a can of gasoline
Those flames really roared when the wind started
blowing

La la la la, la la la lie

Well, the rich man, the poor man, they all got to die

Well, I confessed to all these crimes and they put me
on trial

I was laughing when they took me away

Off to the asylum in an old black Mariah

Well, it ain't home, but you know, it's better than jail

It ain't such a bad old place to have a home in

La la la la, la la la lie

All God's children, they all gotta die

Now I got shrinks that will not rest with their endless
Rorschach tests

I keep telling them they're out to get me

They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, "Why of
course

There is so much more I could have done if they'd let
me"

So it's Rorschach and Prozac and everything is groovy

La la la la, la la la lie

Well, all God's children they all have to die

La la la la, la la la lie

I'm happy as a lark and everything is fine

La la la la, la la la lie

Yeah, everything is groovy and everything is fine

La la la la, la la la lie

Well, all God's children they gotta die

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