

## **Nick Cave & The Bad Seed**

### **"The Lyre Of Orpheus"**

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Orpheus sat gloomy in his garden shed  
Wondering what to do  
With a lump of wood and a piece of wire  
And a little pot of glue  
Oh mama, oh mama

He sawed at the wood with half a heart  
And glued it top to bottom  
He strung a wire in between  
He was feeling something rotten  
Oh mama, oh mama

Orpheus looked at his instrument  
And he gave the wire a pluck  
He heard a sound so beautiful  
He gasped and said, "Oh my God"  
Oh mama, oh mama

He rushed inside to tell his wife  
He went racing down the halls  
Eurydice was still asleep in bed  
Like a sack of cannonballs  
Oh mama, oh mama

"Look what I've made", cried Orpheus  
And he plucked a gentle note  
Eurydice's eyes popped from their sockets  
And her tongue burst through her throat  
Oh mama, oh mama, oh mama, oh mama

"Oh God, what have I done" he said  
As her blood pooled in the sheets  
But in his heart he felt a bliss  
Which nothing could compete  
Oh mama, oh mama

Orpheus went leaping through the fields  
Strumming as hard as he did please  
Birdies detonated in the sky  
Bunnies dashed their brains out on the trees  
Oh mama, oh mama, oh mama, oh mama

Orpheus strummed till his fingers bled  
He hit a G minor seven  
He woke up God from a deep, deep sleep  
God was a major player in Heaven  
Oh mama, oh mama

God picked up a giant hammer  
And he threw it with an thunderous yell  
It smashed down hard on Orpheus' head  
And it knocked him down a well  
Oh mama, oh mama

Well, the well went down very deep  
Very deep went down the well  
Well, the well went down so very deep  
Well, the well went down to Hell  
Oh mama, oh mama

Poor Orpheus woke up with a start  
All amongst the rotting dead  
His lyre tucked safe under his arm  
His brains all down his head  
Oh mama, oh mama

Eurydice appeared brindled in blood  
She said to Orpheus  
"If you play that fucking thing down here  
I'll stick it up your orifice"  
Oh, mama, oh mama

"This lyre lark is for the birds", said Orpheus  
"It's enough to send you bats  
Let's stay down here, Eurydice, dear  
And we'll have a bunch of screaming brats"  
Oh, mama, oh mama

Orpheus picked up his lyre for the last time  
He was on a real low down bummer  
He stared deep into the abyss and said  
"This one is for mama"  
Oh, mama, oh mama

Oh mama, oh mama  
Oh mama, oh mama  
Oh mama, oh mama

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