

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seed

# "The Six Strings That Drew Blood"

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Guitar thug blew into town  
His eyes like wheels, spinnin' round  
Jerkin' off at every sound  
Layin' all his crosses down, oh yeah

He got six strings  
The six strings that drew blood  
He got six strings  
Six strings that drew blood

The bar is full of Holy-Joes  
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
'Round the neck of our consumptive rose  
Is the root of all his sorrows, yeah

He got six strings  
Six strings that drew blood  
He got six strings, yeah  
Six strings that drew blood

A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
The six strings that drew blood

In the bathroom, under cover  
He turns on one tap to discover  
He's smashed his teeth out on the other  
Well, he look in the mirror and say  
Don't fuck me brother, ohh

'Cause I've got six strings  
Yeah, six strings that drew blood  
I got six strings  
Six strings that drew blood

Numbin' the runt of reputation  
They call rat fame, top-E as a tourniquet  
A low tune whistles across his grave  
Forever the master and the slave  
Of his six strings

A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Six strings that drew blood

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