

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seed

### "There She Goes, My Beautiful World"

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The wintergreen, the juniper, the cornflower and the  
chicory

All the words you said to me still vibrating in the air

The elm, the ash and the linden tree, the dark and  
deep, enchanted sea

The trembling moon and the stars unfurled

Well there she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes again

John Wilmot penned his poetry riddled with the pox

Nabokov wrote on index cards, at a lectern, in his socks

St. John of the Cross did his best stuff imprisoned in a  
box

And Johnny Thunders was half alive when he wrote

Chinese Rocks

Well, me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears

Me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears

Me, I'm lying here, for what seems years

I'm just lying on my bed with nothing in my head

Send that stuff on down to me

Send that stuff on down to me

Send that stuff on down to me

Send that stuff on down to me

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes again

Karl Marx squeezed his carbuncles while writing Das  
Kapital

And Gauguin, he buggered off, man, and went all  
tropical

While Philip Larkin stuck it out in a library in Hull

And Dylan Thomas died drunk in St. Vincent's hospital

I will kneel at your feet, I will lie at your door  
I will rock you to sleep, I will roll on the floor  
And I'll ask for nothing, nothing in this life  
I'll ask for nothing, give me ever-lasting life  
I just want to move the world  
I just want to move the world  
I just want to move the world  
I just want to move

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes again

So if you got a trumpet, get on your feet, brother, and  
blow it  
If you've got a field, that don't yield, well get up and  
hoe it  
I look at you and you look at me and deep in our hearts  
know it  
That you weren't much of a muse, but then I weren't  
much of a poet

I will be your slave, I will peel you grapes  
Up on your pedestal with your ivory and apes  
With your book of ideas, with your alchemy  
O come on send that stuff on down to me

Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send it all around the world  
'Cause here she comes, my beautiful girl

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, there she goes  
There she goes again

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes again

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