

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Wife"

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Here she comes, my wife  
See her down on the street  
Well, yeah, she's mine, supine  
Or up on her feet

Yeah, here she comes  
Through the dog-breath heat  
With her concertina spine  
And her ballerina feet

Under a punishing sun  
Under a red and green umbrella  
Call her name and beat the drum  
Through the condominiums and the favelas

God is gone. We got to get a new one  
Not lock Him down in cathedrals and cages  
I found the eternal woman  
The fire that leapt from Solomon's pages

O, baby, here she comes  
My righteous, ringless bride  
She is the soul of an ailing continent  
She is Latin America's pride

There she runs, through the rain  
Through cities of packed dirt and bone  
She's prepared to accept the burden of the world's  
great pain

Ah, here she comes  
I will love her for all time  
In her little, small floral skirt, so short  
Defying rhythm, defying rhyme  
The cats are crying like babies  
Up and down the alleys  
The kids are howling like cats  
With not enough in their bellies

Here, she's gaily tripping through the streets  
Cats and kids stop to stare  
The kids all band their guitars

They shoot their guns into the air

She don't carry no gun  
Her lips are loaded up with kisses  
She got kisses all around her hips  
She got them criss-crossing her breasts

Keep playing that song  
Don't let the band go home  
I tell you God is gone  
We are on our own

Yeah, here she comes  
In a dress of red and yellow  
Up the steps to our home  
I got something to tell her

I say, I say, b-b-b-b-b-baby!  
Ye-ye-ye-ye-ah! Yea-a-a-a-h! Uh-huh!  
O b-b-b-baby!  
A-a-a-ah here she comes!

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