

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seed "Your Funeral... My Trial"

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I am a crooked man and I've walked a crooked mile  
Night, the shameless widow doffed her weeds, in a pile  
The stars all winked at me, they shamed a child  
Your funeral, my trial

One thousand Marys lured me into gullies damped with  
clover  
Bird with crooked wing cast it's wicked shadow over  
The bauble moon did mock and trinket stars did smile  
Your funeral, my trial  
Here I am, little lamb, let all the bells in whoredom ring  
All the crooked bitches that she was  
Mongers of pain saw the moon become a fang  
Your funeral, my trial, your funeral, my trial  
Your funeral, my trial

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