

Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds

"Cabin Fever!"

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The Captain's fore-arm like bunched-up rope
With A-N-I-T-A wrigglin' free on a skull'n'dagger
And a portrait of Christ, nailed to an anchor
Etched into his upper...
O o o' Cabin Fever!
O o o' Cabin Fever!
Slams his fucken tin-dish down
Our Captain, takes time to crush
Some Bloo-Bottles glowin in his gruel
With a lump in his throat, and lumpy mush
Thumbing a scrapbook stuck up with clag
And a morbid lump of Love in his flags.
Done is the Missing, now all that remain
Is to sail forever, upon the stain
Cabin Fever! O o o' Cabin Fever!
The captain's free-hand is a cleaver
Which he fashions his beard, n' he rations his jerkey!
And carves his peg outa the finest mahagony!
Or was it Ebony? etc...
Tallies up his loneliness, notch by notch
For the sea offers nuthin to hold or touch
Notch by notch, winter by winter
Notch x notch, winter x winter
Now his leg is whittled, right down to a splinter
O o Cabin Fever! O o o Cabin Fever!
O the rollin sea still rollin on!
She's everywhere! now that she's gone! Gone! Gone!
O Cabin Fever! O Cabin Fever!
Welcome to his table, Beloved-Unconscious
Raisin her host of hair from her crooks
And strugglin to summony one of her looks!
His arm now like coiled s-s-s-snakes
Whips all the bottles that he's drunken,
Like crystal - skittles about the cabin,
Of a ship they'd been sailing
Five years sunken... etc...

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