

## Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds "Dumb Europe"

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On this European night out on the brink  
The cafes and the bars still stink  
The air is much too thick for seeing  
But not thick enough for leaning  
I leave in a catatonic crawl  
And if I die tonight then throw me in  
Some bleak teutonic hole  
Six feet under with a snap-frozen soul  
And really we could all just die of shame  
And really we could all just die of shame  
Dumb Europe, Dumb Europe, Dumb Europe.  
Oh the Utopian night on the brink  
Mama's face staring up at me from the bottom of the  
sink  
Witness my trail of destruction  
Trying to leave this drinking place  
My feet are magnetised for furniture  
The floor's attracted to my face  
And if I die tonight  
Sell me as some prehistoric bone  
A lump of junk-souvenir for Jap  
To fob off on his friends back home  
The money dance....  
I find it hard to cope with days like this. Pass the bottle  
etcetera  
Dumb Europe, Dumb Europe, Dumb Europe.  
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