

Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds "Fears Of Gun"

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Gun wears his alcoholism well
Finger in Bottle and swingin' it still
From Bed to Sink and back again
Clock is crawlin' round the same
He's bustin' Clock (he hates it's face)
Just sittin' and talkin' to Heart and ticks
Talkin' back to Clock in slow and studied kicks
The fears of Gun are the fears of everyone.
Fingers down the throat of love
Fingers down the throat of love
Fingers down the throat of love
Love! Love!
Gun does the waltz around the room
Collecting Table and Chairs and Sofa and so on and so
on
Gun wears his best blue suit, now let's take to the sky
'We'll go dancin' and eatin' it up
Get a bottle and push it on down'
And let's just beat it up
Transistor radio plays an overwhelmingly sad and
lonely song
Saying 'Where she gone? Where she gone?'
The fears of Gun are the fears of everyone.
Fingers down the throat of love
Fingers down the throat of love
Fingers down the throat of love
Love! Love!

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