

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds "Hallelujah"

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On the first day of May I took to the road
I'd been staring out the window most of the morning
I'd watched the rain claw at the glass
And a vicious wind blew hard and fast
I should have taken it as a warning

As a warning
A warning
As a warning

I'd given my nurse the weekend off
My meals were ill prepared
My typewriter had turned mute as a tomb
And my piano crouched in the corner of my room
With all it's teeth bared

All it's teeth bared
All it's teeth bared
All it's teeth bared

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

I left my house without my coat
Something my nurse would not have allowed
And I took the small roads out of town
And I passed a cow and the cow was brown
And my pajamas clung to me like a shroud

Like a shroud
Like a shroud
Like a shroud

There rose before me a little house
With all hope and dreams kept within
A woman's voice close to my ear
Said, "Why don't you come in here?"
"You looked soaked to the skin"

Soaked to the skin

You look soaked to the skin
Soaked to the skin

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

I turned to the woman and the woman was young
I extended a hearty salutation
But I knew if my nurse had been here
She would never in a thousand years
Permit me to accept that invitation

Invitation
That invitation
That invitation

Now, you might think it wise to risk it all
Throw caution to the reckless wind
But with her hot cocoa and her medication
My nurse had been my one salvation
So I turned back home

I turned back home
I turned back home
Singing my song

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah

Hallelujah
(The tears are welling in my eyes again)
Hallelujah
(I need twenty big buckets to catch them in)
Hallelujah
(Twenty pretty girls to carry them down)
Hallelujah
(And twenty deep holes to bury them in)

Hallelujah
(The tears are welling in my eyes again)
Hallelujah
(I need twenty big buckets to catch them in)

Hallelujah
(Twenty pretty girls to carry them down)
Hallelujah
(And twenty deep holes to bury them in)

(Hallelujah)
The tears are welling in my eyes again
(Hallelujah)
I need twenty big buckets to catch them in
Twenty pretty girls to carry them down
Twenty deep holes to bury them in

The tears are welling in my eyes again
I need twenty big buckets to catch them in
Twenty pretty girls to carry them down
And twenty deep holes to bury them in

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