

## Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds "Hiding All Away"

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You went looking for nur, dear,  
Down by the sea  
You found some little silver fish  
But you didn't find me  
I was hiding, dear, hiding all way  
I was hiding, dear, hiding all way

You went to the museum  
You climbed a spiral stair  
You searched for me all among  
The knowledgeable air  
I was hidden, babe, hiding all away  
I was hidden, dear, hiding all away

You entered the cathedral  
When you heard the solemn knell  
I was not sitting with the gargoyles  
I was not swinging from the hell  
I was hiding, dear, I was hiding all away  
I was hiding, dear, I was hiding all away

You asked an electrician  
If he'd seen me round his place  
He touched you with his fingers  
Sent sparks zapping out your face  
I was hidden, dear, hiding all away  
I was not there, dear, hiding all away

You went and asked your doctor  
To get some advice  
He shot you full of Pethidine  
And then he billed you twice

But I was hiding, dear, hiding all away  
But I was hiding, dear, hiding all away

You approached a high court judge  
You thought he'd be on the level  
He wrapped a rag around your face  
And beat you with his gavel  
I was hiding, habe, hiding all away  
I was hidden, dem, hiding all away

You asked at the local constabulary  
They said, he's up to his same old tricks  
They leered at you with their baby blues

And rubbed jelly on their sticks  
I had to get out of there, babe, hiding all away  
I had to get out of there, dear, hiding all away

You searched through all my poets  
From Sappho through to Auden  
I saw the book fall from your hands  
As you slowly died of boredom  
I had been there, dear,  
but I was not there anymore  
I had been there, now I'm hiding all way

You walked into the ball of fame  
And approached my imitators  
Some were stuffing their faces with caviar  
Some were eating cold potatoes  
I was hiding, dear, hiding all away  
I was hiding, dear, hiding all away

You asked a famous cook if he'd seen me  
He opened his oven wide  
He basted you with butter, babe  
And made you crawl inside  
I was not in there, dear, hiding all away  
I was not in there, dear, hiding all away

You asked the butcher  
Who lifted up his cleaver  
Stuck his fist up your dress  
Said he must've been mad to leave you  
But I had to get away, dear, hiding all away  
I had to get away, dear, I was hidden all away

Some of us we hide away  
Some of us we don't  
Some will live to love another day  
And some of us won't  
But we all know there is a law  
And that law, it is love  
And we all know there's a war coming  
Coming from above

There is a war coming  
There is a war coming

