

## Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds "Oh My Lord"

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I thought I'd take a walk today  
It's a mistake I sometimes make  
My kids lay asleep in bed  
My wife lay wide-awake  
Kissed her softly on the brow  
Tried not to make a sound  
But with stony eyes she looked at me  
And gently squeezed my hand  
Call it a premonition, call it a crazy vision  
Call it intuition, or something learned from mother  
But when she looked up at me, I could clearly see  
The Sword of Damocles hanging directly above her  
Oh Lord  
Oh my Lord  
Oh Lord  
How have I offended thee?  
Wrap your tender arms around me  
Oh Lord  
Oh Lord  
Oh My Lord

They called at me through the fence  
They were not making any sense  
They claimed that I'd lost the plot  
Kept saying that I was not  
The man I used to be  
They held their babes aloft  
Threw marsh mellows at the Security  
And said that I'd grown soft  
Call it intuition, call it a creeping suspicion,  
But their words of derision meant they hardly knew me  
For even I could see, the way they stared at me  
The Spear of Destiny are sticking right through me  
Oh Lord  
Oh my lord  
Oh Lord  
How have I offended thee?  
Wrap your tender arms round me  
Oh Lord  
Oh lord  
Oh My Lord

Now I'm at the hairdresser's  
People watch me as they move past  
A guy wearing plastic antlers  
Presses his bum against the glass  
Now I'm down on my hands and knees  
And it's so fucking hot!  
Someone cries, "What are you looking for?"  
I scream, "The plot, the plot!"  
I grab my telephone, I call my wife at home  
She screams, "Leave us alone!" I say "Hey, it's only  
me"  
The hairdresser with his scissors, he holds up the  
mirror  
I look back and shiver; I can't even believe what I can  
see

Be mindful of the prayers you send  
Pray hard but to pray with care  
For the tears you are crying now  
Are just your answered prayers  
The ladders of life we scale merrily  
Move mysteriously around  
So that when you think you're climbing up, man  
In fact you're climbing down  
Into the hollows of glamour, o where the spike and  
hammer  
With telescopic camera, they chose to turn the screw  
Oh I hate them, Ma!  
Oh I hate them, Pa!  
Oh I hate them all!  
For what they went and done to you  
Oh Lord Oh my Lord  
Oh Lord  
How have I offended thee?  
Wrap your tender arms round me  
Oh Lord Oh Lord  
Oh My Lord

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