

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds "Swing Low"

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How is little Thomas Magee?
Thomas Magee, he swallowed a key
Jedediah, little Thomas Magee
Holly, holly, just let him be

His wise now, little Thomas Magee
Called his kid on the telephone
Heart was beating in my chest
I needed something I could not digest
And the phone kept ringing, there's no one home

Ran to his house, rapped on my window, ooh
Blood was pumping much too fast
I stuck my fingers through the glass
Strange music playing on the radio

Swing low, swing low, swing low, swing low
Way down low and carry me home

Pray like Peter, preach like Paul, Jesus died to save us
all
I climbed through the window and crawled on the floor
I wrecked off all the furniture
But I still couldn't find what I was lookin' for

Problems still reclaimed as a whole
Cannot be solved, they must be outgrown
The bottomless knowledge could not be known
The empty ring on the telephone
And the strange music playing on the radio

Swing low, swing low, swing low, swing low
Yeah, way down low and carry me home

Where you go? Where do you go?
Swing low, baby, save my soul
Where do you go? Where do you go?
Yeah, swing low, baby, save my soul

Swing low, swing low, swing low
Swing low, swing low, swing low
Swing low, swing

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