

## **Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds**

### **"The Curse Of Millhaven"**

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I live in a town called Millhaven  
And it's small and it's mean and it's cold  
But if you come around just as the sun goes down  
You can watch the whole thing turn to gold  
It's around about then that I used to go a-roaming

La la la la, la la la lie  
All God's children they all gotta die

My name is Loretta but I prefer Lottie  
I'm closing in on my fifteenth year  
If you think that you have seen a pair of eyes more  
green  
Then you sure haven't seen them around here  
Well, my hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing

La la la la, la la la lie  
Mama often told me that we all got to die

You must have heard about The Curse Of Millhaven  
How last Christmas Bill Blake's little boy didn't come  
home  
They found him the next week up in One Mile Creek  
With his head bashed in and his pockets full of stones  
Well, just imagine all above wailing and moaning

La la la la, la la la lie  
Even Bill Blake's boy, he had to die

Then Professor O'Rye from Millhaven High  
Found nailed to his door his prize-winning terrier  
Then next day the old fool brought little Biko to school  
And we all had to watch as he buried her  
Well, his eulogy to Biko had all the tears a-flowing

La la la la, la la la lie  
Even God's little creatures, they have to die

Our little town fell into a state of shock  
A lot of people were saying things that made little  
sense  
The next thing you know the head of Handyman Joe

Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence  
Well, foul play can really get a small town going

La la la la, la la la lie  
Even God's children, they have to die

Then in a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs Colgate  
Was stabbed but the job was not complete  
Well, the last thing she said before the cops  
pronounced her dead  
Was, "My killer is Loretta and she lives across the  
street"  
Twenty cops burst through my door without even  
phoning

La la la la, la la la lie  
The young ones, the old ones, they all gotta die

Yes, it is I, Lottie, The Curse Of Millhaven  
I've struck horror in the heart of this town  
Like my eyes ain't green and my hair ain't yellow  
It's more like the other way around  
I gotta pretty little mouth, underneath all the foaming

La la la la, la la la lie  
Sooner or later we all gotta die

Since I was no bigger than a weevil they've been saying  
I was evil  
That if, "bad" was a boot that I'd fit it  
That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying hard  
lately  
O fuck it, I'm a monster, I admit it  
Well, it makes me so mad that my blood starts a-going

La la la la, la la la lie  
Mama always told me that we all gotta die

Yeah, I drowned the Blakey kid, stabbed Mrs. Colgate, I  
admit  
Did the handyman with his circular saw in his garden  
shed  
But I never crucified little Biko, that was two junior high  
school psychos  
Stinky Bohoon and his friend with the pumpkin-sized  
head  
I'll sing to the lot, now that you got me going

La la la la, la la la lie  
All God's children have all gotta die

There were all of the others, all our sisters and  
brothers  
You assumed were accidents, best forgotten  
Recall the children who broke through the ice on Lake  
Tahoo?  
Everyone assumed the "Warning" signs had followed  
them to the bottom  
Well, they're underneath the house where I do quite a  
bit of stowing

La la la la, la la la lie  
Even twenty little children, they had to die

And the fire of '91 that razed the Bella Vista slum  
That was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen  
Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued  
All cause of wee girl with a can of gasoline  
Those flames really roared when the wind started  
blowing

La la la la, la la la lie  
Well, the rich man, the poor man, they all got to die

Well, I confessed to all these crimes and they put me  
on trial  
I was laughing when they took me away  
Off to the asylum in an old black Mariah  
Well, it ain't home, but you know, it's better than jail  
It ain't such a bad old place to have a home in

La la la la, la la la lie  
All God's children, they all gotta die

Now I got shrinks that will not rest with their endless  
Rorschach tests  
I keep telling them they're out to get me  
They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, "Why of  
course  
There is so much more I could have done if they'd let  
me"  
So it's Rorschach and Prozac and everything is groovy

La la la la, la la la lie  
Well, all God's children they all have to die  
La la la la, la la la lie  
I'm happy as a lark and everything is fine

La la la la, la la la lie  
Yeah, everything is groovy and everything is fine  
La la la la, la la la lie  
Well, all God's children they gotta die

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