

Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds "The Dim Locator"

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Inanimational items elude I, and
In-an-emotional-motion I swallow my
Motive of quicker location is slammed
My dim chance of skipping this thick world is thin
They call me Dim
I am the Dim Locator
Dim Locator
Loco, lomo, loco, lomo l'wow, wow, wow
(same as above)
Intrigueinometry treads on my trail
Entrigging traps for a gross gang of ghost types
Who later are packed in a cast iron trunk
These things have been known, to get out of their
wraps
Don't call me Dim
I am the Dim locator
Dim Locator
Loco, lomo.....
Fog fished and filtered is filling my case book, of
Friends who fall foul of my files trip and breakneck
Are stacked in the woodshed for further good use
There's some certain people who shouldn't start fires
So call me Dim!
I am the Dim Locator!
Dim Locator!
Don't call me Dim!

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