

Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds "Your Funeral... My Trial"

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I am a crooked man
And I've walked a crooked mile
Night, the shameless widow
Doffed her weeds, in a pile
The stars all winked at me
They shamed a child
Your funeral, my trial
A thousand Marys lured me
To feathered beds and fields of glover
Bird with crooked wing cast
It's wicked shadow over

A bauble moon did mock
And trinket stars did smile
Your funeral, my trial
Here I am, little lamb...
Let all the bells in whoredom ring
All the crooked bitches that she was
(Mongers of pain)
Saw the moon
Become a fang
Your funeral, my trial

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