Nick Cave % The Bad Seed
"Black Crow King"

Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm
I am the black crow king
Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm
I am the black crow king
Keeper of the nodding corn
Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!
All the hammers are a-talking
All the nails are a-singing
So sweet and low

You can hear it in the valley
Where live the lame and the blind
They climb the hill out of its belly
They leave with mean black boots on

"I just made a simple gesture
They jumped up and nailed it to my shadow
My gesture was a hooker
You know, my shadow's made of timber."

And the storm is a-rolling
And the storm is a-rolling
All down on me

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone
And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone
Ah'm still here rolling and I'm left on my own
The blackbirds have all gone!
Everyone's rolled on!

I am the black crow king
Keeper of the trodden corn
I am the king
Won't say it again
And the rain, it raineth daily
Lord
And wash away my clothes
I surrender up my arms
To a company of crows
I am the black crow king
I won't say it again

And all the thorns are a-crowning
King ruby on each spine
And the spears are a-sailing
O my o my

And the storm is a-rolling
And the storm is a-rolling
All down on me

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone
And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here rolling and left on my own
Those blackbirds they have all flown and
I am on my own

I am the black crow king
Keeper of the forgotten corn
The King! The King!
I'm the king of nuthin' at all
The hammers are a-talking
The nails are a-singing
The thorns are a-crowning him
The spears are a-sailing
The crows are a-mocking
The corn is a-nodding
The storm is a-rolling
The storm is a-rolling
The storm is a-rolling down
The storm is a-rolling down
The storm is a-rolling
Down on me
Rolling down on me
Rolling down on me

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