

## Nick Cave % The Bad Seed

### "Cabin Fever"

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The Captain's fore-arm like bunched-up rope  
with A-N-I-T-A wrigglin' free on a skull'n'dagger  
and a portrait of Christ, nailed to an anchor  
etched into his upper...

O o o' Cabin Fever!

O o o' Cabin Fever!

Slams his fucken tin-dish down

Our Captain, takes time to crush

Some Bloo-Bottles glowin in his gruel

with a lump in his throat, and lumpy mush

Thumbing a scrapbook stuck up with clag

and a morbid lump of Love in his flags.

Done is the Missing, now all that remain

Is to sail forever, upon the stain

Cabin Fever! O o o' Cabin Fever!

The captain's free-hand is a cleaver

which he fashions his beard, n' he rations his jerkey!

and carves his peg outa the finest mahagony!

Or was it Ebony? etc...

Tallies up his loneliness, notch by notch

For the sea offers nuthin to hold or touch

Notch by notch, winter by winter

Notch x notch, winter x winter

Now his leg is whittled, right down to a splinter

O o Cabin Fever! O o o Cabin Fever!

O the rollin sea still rollin on!

She's everywhere! now that she's gone! Gone! Gone!

O Cabin Fever! O Cabin Fever!

Welcome to his table, Beloved-Unconscious

Raisin her host of hair from her crooks

and strugglin to summony one of her looks!

His arm now like coiled s-s-s-snakes

Whips all the bottles that he's drunken,

like crystal - skittles about the cabin,

of a ship they'd been sailing

Five years sunken... etc...

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