

## Nick Cave % The Bad Seed

### "Opium Tea"

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Here I sleep the morning through  
Until the call to prayer awakes me  
And there is nothing to do but rise  
And follow the day wherever it takes me  
I stand at the window and look at the sea  
Then I make me a pot of opium tea

Down at the port I watch the boats come in  
Watching boats come in can do something to you  
And the kids gather round with outstretched hand  
And I toss them a diram or two  
And I wonder if my children are thinking of me  
For I am what I am and what will be will be

I wonder if my kids are thinking of me  
And I smile and I sip my opium tea

At night the sea lashes the rust red ramparts  
And the shapes of hooded men move past me  
And the mad moaning wind, it laughs and it laughs  
At the strange lot that fate has cast me  
And the cats on the rampart sing merrily  
That I am what I am and what will be will be  
The cats on the rampart sing merrily  
And I sit and I drink my opium tea

I'm a prisoner here, I can never go home  
There is nothing here to win or to lose  
There are no choices needing to be made at all  
Not even the choice of having to choose  
I am a prisoner, yes, but I am also free  
'Cause I am what I am and what will be will be  
I'm a prisoner here, yes, but I'm also free  
And I smile and I sip my opium tea

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