

Nick Cave % The Bad Seed

"Papa Won't Leave You, Henry"

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I went out walking the other day
The wind hung wet around my neck
My head it rung with screams and groans
From the night I spent amongst her bones
I passed beside the mission house
Where that mad old buzzard, the reverend,
Shrieked and flapped about life after your dead
Well, I thought about my friend, Michel
How they rolled him in linoleum
And shot him in the neck
A bloody halo, like a think-bubble
Circling his head
And I bellowed at the firmament
Looks like the rains are hear to stay
And the rain pissed down upon me
And washed me all away
Saying

Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
Well, the road is long
And the road is hard
And many fall by the side
But Papa won't leave you, Henry
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road
He went on down the road
And I went on down the road
He went on down the road

Well, the moon it looked exhausted
Like something you should pity
Spent an age-spotted
Above the sizzling wires of the city
Well, it reminded me of her face
Her bleached and hungry eyes
Her hair was like a curtain
Falling open with the laughter

And closing with the lies
But the ghost of her still lingers on
Though she's passed through me
And is gone
The slum dogs, they are barking
And the rain children on the streets
And the tears that we will weep today
Will all be washed away
By the tears that we will weep again tomorrow

Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
For the road is long
And the road is hard
And many fall by the side
But Papa won't leave you, Henry
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road
He went on down the road
And I went on down the road
He went on down the road

And I came upon a little house
A little house upon a hill
And I entered through, the curtain hissed
Into the house with its blood-red bowels
Where wet-lipped women with greasy fists
Crawled the ceilings and the walls
They filled me full of drink
And led me round the rooms
Naked and cold and grinning
Until everything went black
And I came down spinning
I awoke so drunk and full of rage
That I could hardly speak
A fag in a whale-bone corset
Draping his dick across my cheek
And its into the shame
And its into a guilt
And its into the fucking fray
And the walls ran red around me
A warm arterial spray
Saying

Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy

Well, the night is dark
And the night is deep
And its jaws are open wide
But Papa won't leave you, Henry
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road
He went on down the road
And I went on down the road
He went on down the road

It's the rainy season where I'm living
Death comes leaping out of every doorway
Wasting you for money, for your clothes
And for your nothing
Entire towns being washed away
Favelas exploding on inflammable spillways
Lynch-mobs, death squads, babies being born without
brains
The mad heat and the relentless rains
And if you stick your arm into that hole
It comes out sheared off to the bone
And with her kisses bubbling on my lips
I swiped the rain and nearly missed
And I went on down the road
He went on down the road
Singing

Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
Papa won't leave you, Henry
Papa won't leave you, Boy
Well, the road is long
And the road is hard
And many fall by the side
But Papa won't leave you, Henry
So there ain't no need to cry

And I went on down the road
He went on down the road
And I went on down the road
He went on down the road
Bent Beneath my heavy load
Under his heavy load
Yeah, I went on down the road
Yeah, he went on down the road

Woah, woah
Woah, woah
Woah, woah
Woah, woah

And I went on down that road

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