

## Nick Cave % The Bad Seed

### "Well Of Misery"

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Along crags and sunless cracks I go  
Up rib of rock, down spine of stone  
I dare not slumber where the night winds whistle  
Lest her creeping-soul clutch this heart of thistle

O the same God that abandon'd her  
Has in turn abandon'd me  
And softenin' the turf with my tears  
I dug a Well of Misery

And, in that Well of Misery  
Hangs a bucket fulla Sorrow  
It swings slow an' achin' like a bell  
Its toll is dead and hollow

Down that well lies the long-lost dress  
of my lil floatin girl  
That muffles a tear that you let fall  
All down that Well of Misery

Put ya shoulder to the handle, if ya dare  
and hoist that bucket, hither  
Lord, crank'n'hoist'n'hoist'n'crank  
Till ya muscles waste'n'wither

O the same God that abandon'd her  
Has in turn abandon'd me  
Deep in the Desert of Despair  
I wait at the Well of Misery

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