The Carny

Nick Cave

And no-one saw the Carny go, the weeks flew by
Until they moved on the show, leaving his caravan behind
It was parked out on the south east ridge
And as the company crossed the bridge
With the first rain filling the bone-dry river bed
It shone, just so, upon the edge
Away, away, we're sad to sayDog-boy, Atlas, Mandrake, the geeks, the hired hands
There was not one among them that did not cast an eye behind
In the hope that the Carny would return to his own kindThe Carny left behind a horse so skin and bone that he'd named Sorrow
And it was in a shallow, unmarked grave
That that old nag was laid
In the then parched meadow
And it was the dwarves that were given the task of digging the ditch
And laying the nag's carcass in the ground
While boss Bellini, waving his smoking pistol around
saying "The nag was dead meat"
"We can't afford to carry dead weight"
While the whole company standing about, not making a sound
And turning to dwarves perched on the enclosure gate
The boss says "Bury this lump of crow bait"And the rain came hammering down
Everybody running for their wagons
Tying all the canvas flaps down
The mangy cats growling in their cages
The bird-girl flapping and squawking around
The whole valley reeking of wet beast
Wet beast and rotten, sodden hay
Freak and brute creation
Packed up and on their way
The three dwarves peering from their wagon's hind
Moses says to Noah "Shoulda dugga deepa one"
Their grizzled faces like dying moons
Still dirty from the digging doneAnd Charlie the Atlas to the three said
"I guess the Carny ain't gonna show"
And they were silent for a spell
wishing they'd done a better job of burying SorrowAnd the company passed from the valley
Into a higher ground
The rain beat on the ridge and on the meadow
And on the moundUntil nothing was left, nothing at all

Except the body of Sorrow
That rose in time
To float upon the surface of the eaten soilAnd a murder of crows did circle 'round
First one, then the others flapping blackly downAnd the Carny's van still sat upon the edge
Tilting slowly as the firm ground turned to sludgeAnd the rain it hammered down
And the rain it hammered down
And the rain it hammered down
And the rain it hammered downAnd no-one saw the Carny go
No-one saw the Carny go
No-one saw the Carny go
I say, it's funny how things go...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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