

# Water's Edge

## Nick Cave The Bad Seeds

They take apart their bodies like toys for the local boys  
Because theyre always there at the edge of the water  
They come from the capitol these city girls  
Go way down where the stones meet the sea  
And all you young girls where do you hide  
Down by the water, the restless tide And the local boys hide on the mound and watch  
Reaching for the speech and the word to be heard  
And the boys grow hard, hard to be heard  
Hard to be heard as the reach for the speech and the word  
On the waters edge But you grow old, and you grow cold,  
Yeah, you grow old, and you grow cold They would come in their hordes, these city girls  
With white strings flowing from their ears  
As the local boys behind the mound  
Think long and hard about the girls from the capitol  
Who dance at the waters edge, shakin their asses  
And all you young lovers, where do you hide  
Down by the water and the restless tide With a Bible of tricks they do with their legs  
The girls reach for the speech and the speech to be heard  
To be hard the boys teem down from the mound  
And seize the girls from the capitol  
Who shriek at the edge of the water  
Shriek to speak and reach for the speech  
Yeah, reach for the speech and be heard But you grow old, and you grow cold,  
Yeah, you grow old, and you grow cold,  
You grow old Their legs wide to the world like Bibles open  
To be speared and taken their bodies apart like toys  
They dismantle themselves by the waters edge  
And reach for the speech and the wide, wide world  
Aaaah, God knows the local boys Yeah, its will of love  
Its the thrill of love  
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin on  
Yeah, its will of love  
Its the thrill of love  
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin on  
Its will of love  
Its the thrill of love  
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin down, people

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