# The Curse Of Millhaven

## Nick Cave

I live in a town called Millhaven,
And it's small and it's mean and it's cold,
But if you come around just as the sun goes down
You can watch the whole thing turn to gold
It's around then that I used to go a-roaming
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
All God's children, they all gotta die!My name is Loretta but I prefer Lottie
I'm closing in on my fifteenth year
And if you think that you've seen a pair of eyes more green
Then you sure haven't seen them around here
My hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Mama oft' told me that we all got to die!
You must have heard about the Curse of Millhaven,
How last Christmas Bill Blake's little boy didn't come home
They found him the next week, up in One Mile creek
With his head bashed in and his pockets full of stones
Well, just imagine all the wailing and moaning
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Even Bill Blake's boy, he had to die!Then Professor O'Rye, from Millhaven High
Found nailed to his door his prize-winning terrier
Then next day the old fool brought little Biko to school
And we all had to watch as he buried her
Well his eulogy to Biko had all the tears a-flowing
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Even God's little creatures, they have to die!
Our little town fell into a state of shock
A lot of people were saying things that made little sense
Then the next thing you know the head of Handyman Joe
Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence
Foul play can really get a small town going
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Even God's children, they have to die!In a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs.â€ŠColgate
Was stabbed but the job was not complete
Well, the last thing she said before the cops pronounced her dead
Was, "My killer is Loretta and she lives across the street!"
Twenty cops burst through my door without even phoning
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
The young ones, the old ones, they all got to die!Yes, it is I, Lottie, the Curse of Millhaven

I've struck horror in the heart of this town
Like my eyes ain't green and my hair ain't yellowâ€Šâ€”
It's more like the other way around
I gotta pretty little mouth underneath all the foaming
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Sooner or later we all gotta die!Since I was no bigger than a weevil they've been saying I was evil
That if "bad" was a boot that I'd fit it
That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying hard lately
O fuck it! I'm a monster! I admit it!
It makes me so mad that my blood really starts a-going
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Mama always told me that we all gotta die!Yeah, I drowned the Baley kid, stabbed Mrs.â€ŠColgate, I admit
Did the handyman with his circular saw in his garden shed
But I never crucified little Biko,
That was two junior high school psychos
Stinky Bohoon and his friend with the pumpkin-sized head
I'll sing to the lot, now that you got me going
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
All God's children have all gotta die!There were all the others, all our sisters and brothers
You assumed were accidents, best forgotten
Recall the children who broke through the ice on Lake Tahoo?
Everyone assumed the "Warning" signs
Had followed them to the bottom
Well, they're underneath the house where I do quite a bit of stowing
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Even twenty little children, they had to die!And the fire of '91 that razed the Bella Vista slum
There was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen
Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued
All cause of a wee girl with a can of gasoline
Those flames really roared when the wind started blowing!
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
The rich men, and the poor men, they all got to die!Well, I confessed to all these crimes and they put me on trial
I was laughing when they took me away
Off to the asylum in an old black Mariah
Well it ain't home, but you know, it's better than jail
It ain't such bad old place to have a home in
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
All God's children they all gotta die!Now I got shrinks that will not rest
With their endless Rorschach tests
I keep telling them that I think they're out to get me
They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, "Why of course!
There is so much more I could have done if they'd let me!"
So it's Rorschach and Prozac and everything is groovy
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
All God's children they all have to die

La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
I'm happy as a lark now and everything is fine
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
Yeah, everything is groovy, everything is fine
La la-la-la, la la-la-lie
All God's children they gotta die

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/