

O'Malley's Bar (2011 Remastered Version)

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I am tall and I am thin of an enviable height
And I've been known to be quite handsome
In a certain angle and in a certain light Well, I entered into O'Malley's
Said, "O'Malley I have a thirst"
O'Malley merely smiled at me
Said, "You wouldn't be the first" I knocked on the bar and pointed
To a bottle on the shelf
And as O'Malley poured me out a drink
I sniffed and crossed myself My hand decided that the time was nigh
And for a moment it slipped from view
And when it returned, it fairly burned
With confidence anew Well, the thunder from my steely fist
Made all the glasses jangle
Oh, when I shot him, I was so handsome
It was the light, it was the angle "Neighbors", I cried, "Friends", I screamed
I banged my fist upon the bar
I bear no grudge against you
And my dick felt long and hard I am the man for which no God waits
But for which the whole world yearns
And I'm marked by darkness and by blood
And one thousand powder burns Well, you know those fish with the swollen lips
That clean the ocean floor
When I looked at poor O'Malley's wife
That's exactly what I saw Well, I jammed the barrel under her chin
And her face looked raw and vicious
Her head it landed in the sink
With all the dirty dishes Her little daughter, Siobhan
Pulled beers from dusk till down
And amongst the townfolk she was a bit of a joke
But she pulled the best beer in town Well, I swooped magnificent upon her
As she sat shivering in her grief
Like the Madonna painted on the church house wall
In whale's blood and banana leaf Her throat crumbled in my hands
And I spun heroically around
To see Caffrey rising from his seat
I shot that motherfucker down
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I have no free will, I sang
As I flew about the murder
Mrs. Richard Holmes, she screamed

You really should have heard her
Well, I sang and I laughed, I howled and I wept
I panted like a pup
I blew a hole in Mrs. Richard Holmes
And her husband stupidly stood up
As he screamed, "You are an evil man"
And I paused a while to wonder
If I have no free will then how can I
Be morally culpable, I wonder
I shot Richard Holmes in the stomach
And gingerly he sat down
And he whispered weirdly, "No offense"
And then lay upon the ground
None taken, I replied to him
To which he gave a little cough
An with blazing wings I neatly aimed
And blew his head completely off
I've been lived in this town for thirty years
And to no one I am a stranger
And I put new bullets in my gun
Chamber upon chamber
And I turned my gun on the bird like Mr. Brookes
I thought of Saint Francis and his sparrows
And as I shot down the youthful Richardson
It was Sebastian I thought of and his arrows
I said, "I want to introduce myself
And I am glad that you all came"
And I leapt upon the bar
And then I shouted out my name
Well, Jerry Bellows, he hugged his stool
Closed his eyes and shrugged and laughed
And with an ashtray big as a fucking really big brick
I split his skull in half
His blood spilled across the bar
Like a steaming scarlet brook
And then I knelt there at it's edge on the counter
Wiped the tears away and looked
Well, the light in there was blinding
Full of god and ghosts of truth
And I smiled at Henry Davenport
Who made an attempt to move
Well, from the position I was standing
Of the strangest thing I ever saw
The bullet entered through the top of his chest
And blew his bowels out on the floor
And I floated down the counter
Showing no remorse
I shot a hole in Kathleen Carpenter
Recently divorced
But remorse I felt, remorse I had
It clung into every thing
From the raven's hair upon my head
To the feathers on my wings
Remorse squeezed my hand in it's fraudulent claw
With it's golden hairless chest
And I glided through the bodies
And killed the fat man, Vincent West
Who sat quietly in his chair
A man become a child
And I raised the gun up to his head

Executioner styleHe made no attempt to resist
So fat and dull and lazy
"Did you know that I lived in your street?" I said
And he looked at me as though I were crazyOhh, he said, "I had no idea"
And he grew as quiet as a mouse
And the roar of the pistol when it went off
Nearly blew that hat right off the houseWell, I caught my eye in the mirror
And gave it a long and loving inspection
There stands some kind of man, I roared
And there did, in the reflectionMy hair combed back like a raven's wing
My muscles hard and tight
And curling from the business end of my gun
Was a query mark of corditeWell, I spun to the left, I spun to the right
And I spun to the left again
Fear me, fear me, fear me
But no one did 'cause they were deadAnd then there were the police sirens wailing
And a bull horn squelched and blared
"Drop your weapons and come out
With your hands held in the air"Well, I checked the chamber of my gun
Saw I had one final bullet left
My hand, it looked almost human
As I raised it literally to my headDrop your weapon and come on out
Keep your hands above your head
I had one one long hard think about dying
And did exactly what they saidThere must have been fifty cops out there
In a circle around O'Malley's bar
"Don't shoot", I cried, "I'm a man unarmed"
So they put me in their carAnd they sped me away from that terrible scene
And I glanced out of the window
Saw O'Malley's bar, saw the cops and the cars
And I started counting on my fingersOne, two, three, four
O'Malley's bar, O'Malley's bar
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O'Malley's bar, O'Malley's bar

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