

Abattoir Blues

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

The sun is high up in the sky and I'm in my car
Drifting down into the abattoir
Do you see what I see, dear? The air grows heavy. I listen to your breath
Entwined together in this culture of death
Do you see what I see, dear? Slide on over here, let me give you a squeeze
To avert this unholy evolutionary trajectory
Can you hear what I hear, babe?
Does it make you feel afraid?
Everything's dissolving, babe, according to plan
The sky is on fire, the dead are heaped across the land
I went to bed last night and my
moral code got jammed
I woke up this morning with a Frappuccino in my hand I kissed you once. I kissed you again
My heart it tumbled like the stock exchange
Do you feel what I feel, dear? Mass extinction, darling, hypocrisy
These things are not good for me
Do you see what I see, dear? The line the God throws down to you and me
Makes a pleasing geometry
Shall we leave this place now, dear?
Is there some way out of here?
I wake with the sparrows and I hurry off to work
The need for validation, babe, gone completely
berserk
I wanted to be your Superman but I turned out such a
jerk
I got the abattoir blues
I got the abattoir blues
I got the abattoir blues
Right down to my shoes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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