

The Curse of Millhaven

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds

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 about 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
If you think that you have seen a pair of eyes more green
Then you sure haven't seen them around here
Well, my hair is yellow and I'm always a-combing
La la la la, la la la lie
Mama often 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 above 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
The next thing you know the head of Handyman Joe
Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence
Well, 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
Then in a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs Colgate
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 gotta 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 yellow

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

Well, it makes me so mad that my blood starts a-going

La la la la, la la la lie

Mama always told me that we all gotta die

Yeah, I drowned the Blakey kid, stabbed Mrs. Colgate, 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 of the others, all our sisters and brothers

You assumed were accidents, best forgotten

Recall the children who broke through the ice on Lake Tahoe?

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

That was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen

Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued

All cause of wee girl with a can of gasoline

Those flames really roared when the wind started blowing

La la la la, la la la lie

Well, the rich man, the poor man, 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 a 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 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
Well, all God's children they all have to die
La la la la, la la la lie
I'm happy as a lark and everything is fine
La la la la, la la la lie
Yeah, everything is groovy and everything is fine
La la la la, la la la lie
Well, all God's children they gotta die

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