O'Malley's bar

Nick Cave

I am tall and I am thin
Of an enviable hight
And I've been known to be quite handsome
In a certain angle and in 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
When I shot him, I was so handsome
It was the light, it was the angle
Huh! hmmmmmm
Neighbours! 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
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
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
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 it crumbled in my fist
And I spun heroically around
To see caffrey rising from his seat
I shot that mother fucker down
Mmmmmmmmm 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
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
With blazing wings I neatly aimed
And blew his head completely off
I've 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 st. sebastian I thought of, and his arrows
Hhhhhhhhhh mmmmmmmmmmm
I said, I want to introduce myself
And I am glad that all you came
And I leapt upon the bar
And shouted out my name

Well jerry bellows, he hugged his stool
Closed his eyes and shrugged and laughed
And with an ashtray as big as a fucking really big brick
I split his head in half
His blood spilled across the bar
Like a steaming scarlet brook
And I knelt 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
I smiled at henry davenport
Who made an attempt to move
Well, from the position I was standing
The strangest thing I ever saw
The bullet entered through the top of his chest
And blew his bowels out on the floor
Well I floated down the counter
Showing no remorse
I shot a hole in kathleen carpenter
Recently divorced
But remorse I felt and remorse I had
It clung to every thing
From the raven's hair upon my head
To the feathers on my wings
Remorse sqeezed my hand in it's fradulent 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-style
He made no attempt to resist
So fat and dull and lazy
Did you know I lived in your street? I said
And he looked at me as though I were crazy
O, he said, I had no idea
And he grew as quiet as a mouse
And the roar of the pistol when it went off
Near blew that hat right off the house
Hmmmmmm uh uh
Well, 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 reflection

My 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 cordite
Well 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 dead
Huh! hmmmmmmmmm
And 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 to my head
Drop your weapon and come out!
Keep your hands above your head!
I had one one long hard think about dying
And did exactly what they said
There 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 car
And 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 fingers
Aaaaaah one aaaaaah two aaaaaah three aaaaaaah four
O'malley's bar o'malley's bar

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