

Waterâ€™s Edge

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

They take apart their bodies like toys for the local boys
Because they're always there at the edge of the water
They come from the capitol these city girls
Go way down where the stones meet the sea
And all you young girls where do you hide
Down by the water, the restless tide And the local boys hide on the mound and watch
Reaching for the speech and the word to be heard
And the boys grow hard, hard to be heard
Hard to be heard as the reach for the speech and the word
On the water's edge But you grow old, and you grow cold,
Yeah, you grow old, and you grow cold
They would come in their hordes, these city girls
With white strings flowing from their ears
As the local boys behind the mound
Think long and hard about the girls from the capitol
Who dance at the water's edge, shakin' their asses
And all you young lovers, where do you hide
Down by the water and the restless tide With a Bible of tricks they do with their legs
The girls reach for the speech and the speech to be heard
To be hard the boys teem down from the mound
And seize the girls from the capitol
Who shriek at the edge of the water
Shriek to speak and reach for the speech
Yeah, reach for the speech and be heard But you grow old, and you grow cold,
Yeah, you grow old, and you grow cold,
You grow old
Their legs wide to the world like Bibles open
To be speared and taken their bodies apart like toys
They dismantle themselves by the water's edge
And reach for the speech and the wide, wide world
Aaaah, God knows the local boys Yeah, it's will of love
It's the thrill of love
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin' on
Yeah, it's will of love
It's the thrill of love
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin' on
It's will of love
It's the thrill of love
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin' down, people

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

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