

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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