

# Hallelujah (2011 - Remaster)

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

On the first day of May I took to the road  
I'd been staring out the window most of the morning  
I'd watched the rain claw at the glass  
And a vicious wind blew hard and fast  
I should have taken it as a warning  
As a warning  
As a warning  
As a warning  
I'd given my nurse the weekend off  
My meals were ill prepared  
My typewriter had turned mute as a tomb  
And my piano crouched in the corner of my room  
With all it's teeth bared  
All it's teeth bared  
All it's teeth bared  
I left my house without my coat  
Something my nurse would not have allowed  
And I took the small roads out of town  
And I passed a cow and the cow was brown  
And my pajamas clung to me like a shroud  
Like a shroud  
Like a shroud  
There rose before me a little house  
With all hope and dreams kept within  
A woman's voice close to my ear  
Said, "Why don't you come in here?"  
"You looked soaked to the skin"  
Soaked to the skin  
You look soaked to the skin  
Soaked to the skin  
I turned to the woman and the woman was young  
I extended a hearty salutation  
But I knew if my nurse had been here  
She would never in a thousand years  
Permit me to accept that invitation  
That invitation  
That invitation  
Now, you might think it wise to risk it all  
Throw caution to the reckless wind  
But with her hot cocoa and her medication  
My nurse had been my one salvation  
So I turned back home  
I turned back home  
I turned back home  
Singing my song  
(The tears are welling in my eyes again)

(I need twenty big buckets to catch them in)  
(Twenty pretty girls to carry them down)  
(And twenty deep holes to bury them in)(The tears are welling in my eyes again)  
(I need twenty big buckets to catch them in)  
(Twenty pretty girls to carry them down)  
(And twenty deep holes to bury them in)(Hallelujah)  
The tears are welling in my eyes again  
(Hallelujah)  
I need twenty big buckets to catch them in  
Twenty pretty girls to carry them down  
Twenty deep holes to bury them inThe tears are welling in my eyes again  
I need twenty big buckets to catch them in  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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