Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!

Nick Cave

(Dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Back in that hole.)

Larry made his nest high up in the autumn branches
Built from nothing but high hopes and thin air
He collected up some baby blasted mothers who took their chances
And for a while they lived quite happily up there

He came from New York city man, but he couldn't take the pace
He thought it was like dog eat dog world
Then he went to San Francisco, spent a year in outer space
With a sweet little San Fransiscan girl.

I can hear my mother wailing and a whole lot of scraping of chairs

I don't know what it is but there's definitely something going on upstairs
(Dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(I want you to dig) (Back in that hole.)

(I want you to dig)

(I want you to dig)
Yeh, New York City he had to get out of there and San Francisco well,
I don't know and then to LA where he spent about a day
he thought even the pale sky stars were smart enough to keep well away from LA

Meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies
Like miss Boo and miss Quick
He stockpiled weapons and took potshots in the air
He feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic
And wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair

I can hear chants and incantations and some guy is mentioning me in his prayers.
Well, I don't know what it is but there's definitely something going on upstairs

(Dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(I want you to dig) (Back in that hole.)

(I want you to dig)

(I want you to dig) Well New York City man, San Francisco, LA, I don't know
But Larry grew increasingly neurotic and obscene
I mean he, he never asked to be raised from the tomb
I mean no one ever actually asked him to forsake his dreams
Anyway to cut a long story short, fate finally found him
Mirrors became his torturers, cameras snapped him at every chance
The women all went back to their homes and their husbands with secret smiles in the corner of their mouthes
He ended up like so many of them do, back on the streets of New York City
In a soup queue, a dope fiend, a slave, then prison, then the madhouse, then the grave
Ah poor Larry.

But what do we really know of the dead And who actually cares?

Well, I don't know what it is but there's definitely something going on upstairs. (Dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(Laz'rus dig yourself)
(I want you to dig)
Back in that hole Dig yourself

Lyrics submitted by Fernando.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/