Where the Wild Roses Grow

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds

They call me the wild rose
But my name was Elisa Day
Why they call me it I do not know
For my name was Elisa Day
From the first day I saw her I knew she was the one
She stared in my eyes and smiled
For her lips were the color of the roses
That grew down the river, all bloody and wild
When he knocked on my door and entered the room
My trembling subsided in his sure embrace
He would be my first man, and with a careful hand
He wiped at the tears that ran down my face
They call me the wild rose
But my name was Elisa Day
Why they call me that I do not know?
For my name was Elisa day
On the second day I brought her a flower
She was more beautiful than any woman I've seen
I said, "Do you know, where the wild roses grow
So sweet and scarlet and free?"

On the second day he came with a single red rose
He said "Give me your loss and your sorrow?"
I nodded my head, as I lay on the bed
If I show you the roses will you follow alone
They call me the wild rose
But my name was Elisa Day
Why they call me that I do not know
For my name was Elisa Day
On the third day he took me to the river
He showed me the roses and we kissed
And the last thing I heard was a muttered word
As he knelt above me with a rock in his fist
On the last day I took her where the wild roses grow
She lay on the bank, the wind light as a thief
And I kissed her goodbye, said "All beauty must die"
And I knelt down and planted a rose between her teeth
They call me the wild rose
But my name is Elisa Day

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