Water's Edge

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They take apart their bodies like toys for the local boys
Because theyre 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 tideAnd 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 waters edgeBut you grow old, and you grow cold,
Yeah, you grow old, and you grow coldThey 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 waters edge, shakin their asses
And all you young lovers, where do you hide
Down by the water and the restless tideWith 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 heardBut you grow old, and you grow cold,
Yeah, you grow old, and you grow cold,
You grow oldTheir legs wide to the world like Bibles open
To be speared and taken their bodies apart like toys
They dismantle themselves by the waters edge
And reach for the speech and the wide, wide world
Aaaah, God knows the local boysYeah, its will of love
Its the thrill of love
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin on
Yeah, its will of love

Its the thrill of love
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin on
Its will of love
Its the thrill of love
Ah, but the chill of love, is comin down, people

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