

(I'll Love You) Till the End of the World

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds

It was a miracle I even got out of Longwood alive,
this town full of men with big mouths and no guts;
I mean if you can just picture it,
the whole third floor of the hotel gutted by the blast
and the street below showered in shards of broken glass, and all the drunks pouring out of the dance halls
staring up at the smoke and the flames;
and the blind pencil seller waving his stick
shouting for his dog that lay dead on the side of the road;
and me, if you can believe this,
at the wheel of the of the car
closing my eyes and actually praying;
not to God above but to you, saying: Help me, girl; help me, girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal
and your long dark curls Some things we plan,
we sit and we invent and we plot and cook up;
others are works of inspiration, of poetry;
and it was this genius hand that pushed me up the hotel stairs
to say my last goodbye
to a hair as white as snow and of pale blue eyes
[saying:]
I gotta go; I gotta go,
the bomb in the bread basket are ready to blow in this town of men with big mouths and no guts,
the pencil seller's dog, spooked by the explosion,
leaping under my wheels as I careered out of Longwood
on my way to you waiting in your dress,
in your dress of blue I said:
Thank you, girl; thank you, girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
with your eyes black as coal
and your long, dark curls and with the horses prancing through the fields,
with my knife in my jeans and the rain on the shield;
I sang a song for the glory of the beauty of you
waiting for me
in your dress of blue Thank you, girl. Thank you, girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
with your eyes black as coal
and your long, dark curls

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