Tupelo

Nick Cave

Looka yonder! Looka yonder!
Looka yonder! A big black cloud come!
O comes to Tupelo. Comes to Tupelo.
Yonder on the horizon.
Stopped at the mighty river and
Sucked the damn thing dry.
Tupelo-o-o, O Tupelo.
In a valley hides a town called Tupelo.
Distant thunder rumble. Rumble hungry like the Beast.
The Beast it cometh. Cometh down. Wo wo wo-o-o.
Tupelo bound. Tupelo-o-o. Yeah Tupelo.
The Beast it cometh. Tupelo bound.
Why the hen won't lay no egg.
Cain't get that cock to crow.
The nag is spooked and crazy.
O God help Tupelo! O God help Tupelo!
Ya can say these streets are rivers.
Ya can call these rivers streets.
Ya can tell ya self ya dreaming buddy.
But no sleep runs this deep.
No! No sleep runs this deep.
Women at their windows
Rain crashing on the pane
Writing in the frost
Tupelos' shame. Tupelo's shame.
O God help Tupelo! O God help Tupelo!
O go to sleep lil children
The sandmans on his way.
O go to sleep lil children.
The sandmans in his way.
But the lil children know
They listen to the beating of their blood.
They listen to the beating of their blood.
The sandman's mud!
The sandman's mud!
And the black rain come down.
Water water everywhere.
Where no bird can fly no fish can swim.
No fish can swim

Until The King is born!
Until The King is born!
In Tupelo! Tupelo-o-o!
Til The King is born in Tupelo!
In a clap-board shack with a roof of tin.
Where the rain came down and leaked within.
A young mother frozen on a concrete floor.
With a bottle and a box and a cradle of straw.
Tupelo-o-o! O Tupelo!
With a bottle and a box and a cradle of straw.
Well Saturday gives what Sunday steals.
And a child is born on his brothers heels.
Come Sunday morn the first-born dead.
In a shoebox tied with a ribbon of red.
Tupelo-o-o! Hey Tupelo!
In a shoebox tied with a ribbon of red.
O ma-ma rock you lil one slow.
O ma-ma rock your baby.
O ma-ma rock your lil one slow.
O God help Tupelo! O God help Tupelo!
Mama rock your lil one slow.
The lil one will walk on Tupelo.
Tupelo-o-o! Yeah Tupelo!
And carry the burden of Tupelo.
Tupelo-o-o! O Tupelo! Yeah!
The King will walk on Tupelo!
Tupelo-o-o! O Tupelo!
He carried the burden outa Tupelo!
Tupelo-o-o! Hey Tupelo!
You will reap just what you sow.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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