

# O'malley's Bar

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I am tall and I am thin of an enviable height  
And I've been known to be quite handsome  
In a certain angle and in a certain light  
Well, I entered into O'Malley's  
Said, "O'Malley I have a thirst"  
O'Malley merely smiled at me  
Said, "You wouldn't be the first"  
I knocked on the bar and pointed  
To a bottle on the shelf  
And as O'Malley poured me out a drink  
I sniffed and crossed myself  
My hand decided that the time was nigh  
And for a moment it slipped from view  
And when it returned, it fairly burned  
With confidence anew  
Well, the thunder from my steely fist  
Made all the glasses jangle  
Oh, when I shot him, I was so handsome  
It was the light, it was the angle  
"Neighbors", I cried, "Friends", I screamed  
I banged my fist upon the bar  
I bear no grudge against you  
And my dick felt long and hard  
I am the man for which no God waits  
But for which the whole world yearns  
And I'm marked by darkness and by blood  
And one thousand powder burns  
Well, you know those fish with the swollen lips  
That clean the ocean floor  
When I looked at poor O'Malley's wife  
That's exactly what I saw  
Well, I jammed the barrel under her chin  
And her face looked raw and vicious  
Her head it landed in the sink  
With all the dirty dishes  
Her little daughter, Siobhan  
Pulled beers from dusk till down  
And amongst the townfolk she was a bit of a joke  
But she pulled the best beer in town

Well, I swooped magnificent upon her  
As she sat shivering in her grief  
Like the Madonna painted on the church house wall  
In whale's blood and banana leaf  
Her throat crumbled in my hands  
And I spun heroically around  
To see Caffrey rising from his seat  
I shot that motherfucker down  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I have no free will, I sang  
As I flew about the murder  
Mrs. Richard Holmes, she screamed  
You really should have heard her  
Well, I sang and I laughed, I howled and I wept  
I panted like a pup  
I blew a hole in Mrs. Richard Holmes  
And her husband stupidly stood up  
As he screamed, "You are an evil man"  
And I paused a while to wonder  
If I have no free will then how can I  
Be morally culpable, I wonder  
I shot Richard Holmes in the stomach  
And gingerly he sat down  
And he whispered weirdly, "No offense"  
And then lay upon the ground  
?None taken?, I replied to him  
To which he gave a little cough  
An with blazing wings I neatly aimed  
And blew his head completely off  
I've been lived in this town for thirty years  
And to no one I am a stranger  
And I put new bullets in my gun  
Chamber upon chamber  
And I turned my gun on the bird like Mr. Brookes  
I thought of Saint Francis and his sparrows  
And as I shot down the youthful Richardson  
It was Sebastian I thought of and his arrows  
I said, "I want to introduce myself  
And I am glad that you all came"  
And I leapt upon the bar  
And then I shouted out my name  
Well, Jerry Bellows, he hugged his stool  
Closed his eyes and shrugged and laughed  
And with an ashtray big as a fucking really big brick  
I split his skull in half

His blood spilled across the bar  
Like a steaming scarlet brook  
And then I knelt there at it's edge on the counter  
Wiped the tears away and looked  
Well, the light in there was blinding  
Full of god and ghosts of truth  
And I smiled at Henry Davenport  
Who made an attempt to move  
Well, from the position I was standing  
Of the strangest thing I ever saw  
The bullet entered through the top of his chest  
And blew his bowels out on the floor  
And I floated down the counter  
Showing no remorse  
I shot a hole in Kathleen Carpenter  
Recently divorced  
But remorse I felt, remorse I had  
It clung into every thing  
From the raven's hair upon my head  
To the feathers on my wings  
Remorse squeezed my hand in it's fraudulent claw  
With it's golden hairless chest  
And I glided through the bodies  
And killed the fat man, Vincent West  
Who sat quietly in his chair  
A man become a child  
And I raised the gun up to his head  
Executioner style  
He made no attempt to resist  
So fat and dull and lazy  
"Did you know that I lived in your street?" I said  
And he looked at me as though I were crazy  
Ohh, he said, "I had no idea"  
And he grew as quiet as a mouse  
And the roar of the pistol when it went off  
Nearly blew that hat right off the house  
Well, I caught my eye in the mirror  
And gave it a long and loving inspection  
There stands some kind of man, I roared  
And there did, in the reflection  
My hair combed back like a raven's wing  
My muscles hard and tight  
And curling from the business end of my gun  
Was a query mark of cordite  
Well, I spun to the left, I spun to the right

And I spun to the left again  
Fear me, fear me, fear me  
But no one did 'cause they were dead  
And then there were the police sirens wailing  
And a bull horn squelched and blared  
"Drop your weapons and come out  
With your hands held in the air"  
Well, I checked the chamber of my gun  
Saw I had one final bullet left  
My hand, it looked almost human  
As I raised it literally to my head  
Drop your weapon and come on out  
Keep your hands above your head  
I had one one long hard think about dying  
And did exactly what they said  
There must have been fifty cops out there  
In a circle around O'Malley's bar  
"Don't shoot", I cried, "I'm a man unarmed"  
So they put me in their car  
And they sped me away from that terrible scene  
And I glanced out of the window  
Saw O'Malley's bar, saw the cops and the cars  
And I started counting on my fingers  
One, two, three, four  
O'Malley's bar, O'Malley's bar  
O'Malley's bar, O'Malley's bar  
O'Malley's bar, O'Malley's bar

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