

# Babe, You Turn Me On

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Stay by me, stay by me  
You are the one, my only true love  
The butcher bird makes it's noise  
    And it asks you to agree  
    With it's brutal nesting habits  
    And it's pointless savagery  
Now, the nightingale, it sings to you  
    And it raises up the ante  
I put one hand on your round ripe heart  
    And the other down your panties  
    Everything is falling, dear  
    Everything is wrong  
    It's just history repeating itself  
    And babe, babe, you turn me on  
    Like a light bulb, babe, like a song  
Well, you race naked through the wilderness  
    And you torment the birds and the bees  
    And you leapt into the abyss but find  
    It only goes up to your knees  
I move stealthily from tree to tree  
    And I shadow you for hours  
    I make like I'm a little deer  
    Grazing on the flowers  
    Everything is collapsing, dear  
    All moral sense has gone  
    And it's just history repeating itself  
    And babe, babe, you turn me on  
Like an idea, babe, like an Atom bomb  
    We stand awed inside a clearing  
    We do not make a sound  
    The crimson snow falls all about  
    Carpeting the ground  
'Cause everything is falling, dear  
    All rhyme and reason gone  
    It's just history repeating itself  
    And babe, babe, you turn me on  
Like an idea, babe, like an Atom bomb

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