The Six Strings That Drew Blood

Nick Cave

Guitar thug blew into town
His eyes like wheels, spinnin' round
Jerkin' off at every sound
Layin' all his crosses down, oh yeahHe got six strings
The six strings that drew blood
He got six strings
Six strings that drew bloodThe bar is full of Holy-Joes
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
'Round the neck of our consumptive rose
Is the root of all his sorrows, yeah
He got six strings
Six strings that drew blood
He got six strings, yeah
Six strings that drew bloodA Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
The six strings that drew bloodIn the bathroom, under cover
He turns on one tap to discover
He's smashed his teeth out on the other
Well, he look in the mirror and say
Don't fuck me brother, ohh'Cause I've got six strings
Yeah, six strings that drew blood
I got six strings
Six strings that drew blood
Numbin' the runt of reputation
They call rat fame, top-E as a tourniquet
A low tune whistles across his grave
Forever the master and the slave
Of his six stringsA Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria
Six strings that drew blood

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