

The Ballad of Robert Moore and Betty Coltrane

Nick Cave

There was a thick-set man with frog-eyes was standing at the door
And a little bald man with wing-nut ears was waiting in the car
Well, Robert Moore passed the frog-eyed man as he walked into the bar
And Betty Coltrane, she jumped under her table..."What's your pleasure?" asked the barman, he had a face like
boiled meat;
"There's a girl called Betty Coltrane that I have come to see."
But I ain't seen that girl round here for more than a week"
And Betty Coltrane she hid beneath the table...Well, then in came a sailor with mermaids tattooed on his arms,
Followed by the man with the wing-nut ears, who was waiting in the car;
Well, Robert Moore sensed trouble, he'd seen it coming from afar
And Betty Coltrane she gasped beneath the table...Well, the sailor said, "I'm looking for my wife! They call her
Betty Coltrane."
And the frog-eyed man said, "That can't be! That's my wife's maiden name!"
And the man with the wing-nut ears said, "Hey, I married her back in Spain!"
And Betty Coltrane crossed herself beneath the table...
Well, Robert Moore stepped up and said, "That woman is my wife."
And he drew a silver pistol and a wicked Bowie knife
And he shot the man with the wing-nut ears straight between the eyes
And Betty Coltrane she moaned under the table...Well, the frog-eyed man jumped at Robert Moore who stabbed
him in the chest;
As Mr. Frog-eyes died, he said, "Betty, you're the girl that I loved best"
Then the sailor pulled a razor and Robert Moore blasted him to bits
And, "Betty, I know you're under the table!" "Well, have no fear" said Robert Moore "I do not want to hurt you!
Never a woman did I love near half as much as you;
You are the blessed sun to me, girl, and you are the sacred moon."
And Betty shot his legs out from under the table...Well, Robert Moore went down heavy with a crash upon the
floor
And over to his trashing body Betty Coltrane she did crawl;
She put the gun to the back of his head and pulled the trigger once more
And blew his brains out all over the table...
Well, Betty stood up and shook her head and waved the smoke away;
Said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Barman, to leave your place this way."
As she emptied out their wallets, she said, "I'll collect my severance pay..."
Then she winked and threw a dollar on the table.
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