Brother, My Cup Is Empty

[Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds](#)

Brother, my cup is empty
And I haven't got a penny
For to buy no more whiskey
I have to go homeI am the captain of my pain
Tis the bit, the bridle,
The trashing cane
The stirrup, the harness
The whipping mane
The pickled eye
The shrinking brain
O brother, buy me one more drink
I'll explain the nature of my pain
Yes, let me tell you once again
I am the captain of my pain
O brother, my cup is empty
And I haven't got a penny
For to buy no more whiskey
I have to go homeI cannot blame it all on her
To blame her all would be a lie
For many a night I lay awake
And wished that I could watch her die
To see her accusing finger spurt
To see flies swarm her hateful eye
To watch her groaning in the dirt
To see her clicking tongue crack dry
O brother, buy me one more drink
One more drink and then goodbye
And do not mock me when I say
Let's drink one more before I die
O brother, my cup is empty
And I haven't got a penny
For to buy no more whiskey
I have to go homeWell I've been sliding down on rainbows
Well I've been swinging from the stars
Now this wretch in beggars clothing
Bangs his cup across the bars
Look, this cup of mine is empty!
Seems I've misplaced my desires
Seems I'm sweeping up the ashes

Of all my former fires
So brother, be a brother
And fill this tiny cup of mine
And please, sir, make it whiskey
For I have no head for wineO brother, my cup is empty
And I haven't got a penny
For to buy no more whiskey
I have to go homeI counted up my blessings
And counted only one
One tiny little blessing
And now that blessings gone
So buy me one more drink, my brother
Then I'm taking to the road
Yes, I'm taking to the rain
I'm taking to the snow
O my friend, my only brother
Do not let the party grieve
So throw a dollar onto the bar
Now kiss my ass and leaveO brother, my cup is empty
And I haven't got a penny
For to buy no more whiskey
I have to go home