

The Curse of Millhaven

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I live in a town called Millhaven
And it's small and it's mean and it's cold
But if you come around just as the sun goes down
You can watch the whole thing turn to gold
It's around about then that I used to go a-roamingLa la la la, la la la lie
All God's children they all gotta dieMy name is Loretta but I prefer Lottie
I'm closing in on my fifteenth year
If you think that you have seen a pair of eyes more green
Then you sure haven't seen them around here
Well, my hair is yellow and I'm always a-combingLa la la la, la la la lie
Mama often told me that we all got to dieYou must have heard about The Curse Of Millhaven
How last Christmas Bill Blake's little boy didn't come home
They found him the next week up in One Mile Creek
With his head bashed in and his pockets full of stones
Well, just imagine all above wailing and moaningLa la la la, la la la lie
Even Bill Blake's boy, he had to dieThen Professor O'Rye from Millhaven High
Found nailed to his door his prize-winning terrier
Then next day the old fool brought little Biko to school
And we all had to watch as he buried her
Well, his eulogy to Biko had all the tears a-flowingLa la la la, la la la lie
Even God's little creatures, they have to dieOur little town fell into a state of shock
A lot of people were saying things that made little sense
The next thing you know the head of Handyman Joe
Was found in the fountain of the Mayor's residence
Well, foul play can really get a small town goingLa la la la, la la la lie
Even God's children, they have to dieThen in a cruel twist of fate, old Mrs Colgate
Was stabbed but the job was not complete
Well, the last thing she said before the cops pronounced her dead
Was, "My killer is Loretta and she lives across the street"
Twenty cops burst through my door without even phoningLa la la la, la la la lie
The young ones, the old ones, they all gotta dieYes, it is I, Lottie, The Curse Of Millhaven
I've struck horror in the heart of this town
Like my eyes ain't green and my hair ain't yellow
It's more like the other way around
I gotta pretty little mouth, underneath all the foamingLa la la la, la la la lie
Sooner or later we all gotta dieSince I was no bigger than a weevil they've been saying I was evil
That if, "bad" was a boot that I'd fit it
That I'm a wicked young lady, but I've been trying hard lately
O fuck it, I'm a monster, I admit it

Well, it makes me so mad that my blood starts a-goingLa la la la, la la la lie
Mama always told me that we all gotta dieYeah, I drowned the Blakey kid, stabbed Mrs. Colgate, I admit
Did the handyman with his circular saw in his garden shed
But I never crucified little Biko, that was two junior high school psychos
Stinky Bohoon and his friend with the pumpkin-sized head
I'll sing to the lot, now that you got me goingLa la la la, la la la lie
All God's children have all gotta dieThere were all of the others, all our sisters and brothers
You assumed were accidents, best forgotten
Recall the children who broke through the ice on Lake Tahoe?
Everyone assumed the "Warning" signs had followed them to the bottom
Well, they're underneath the house where I do quite a bit of stowingLa la la la, la la la lie
Even twenty little children, they had to dieAnd the fire of '91 that razed the Bella Vista slum
That was the biggest shit-fight this country's ever seen
Insurance companies ruined, land lords getting sued
All cause of wee girl with a can of gasoline
Those flames really roared when the wind started blowingLa la la la, la la la lie
Well, the rich man, the poor man, they all got to dieWell, I confessed to all these crimes and they put me on trial
I was laughing when they took me away
Off to the asylum in an old black Mariah
Well, it ain't home, but you know, it's better than jail
It ain't such a bad old place to have a home inLa la la la, la la la lie
All God's children, they all gotta dieNow I got shrinks that will not rest with their endless Rorschach tests
I keep telling them they're out to get me
They ask me if I feel remorse and I answer, "Why of course
There is so much more I could have done if they'd let me"
So it's Rorschach and Prozac and everything is groovyLa la la la, la la la lie
Well, all God's children they all have to die
La la la la, la la la lie
I'm happy as a lark and everything is fineLa la la la, la la la lie
Yeah, everything is groovy and everything is fine
La la la la, la la la lie
Well, all God's children they gotta die

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