

# The Carny (live)

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

And no-one saw the Carny go, the weeks flew by  
Until they moved on the show, leaving his caravan behind  
It was parked out on the south east ridge  
And as the company crossed the bridge  
With the first rain filling the bone-dry river bed  
It shone, just so, upon the edge  
Away, away, we're sad to say Dog-boy, Atlas, Mandrake, the geeks, the hired hands  
There was not one among them that did not cast an eye behind  
In the hope that the Carny would return to his own kind The Carny left behind a horse so skin and bone that he'd  
named Sorrow  
And it was in a shallow, unmarked grave  
That that old nag was laid  
In the then parched meadow  
And it was the dwarves that were given the task of digging the ditch  
And laying the nag's carcass in the ground  
While boss Bellini, waving his smoking pistol around  
saying "The nag was dead meat"  
"We can't afford to carry dead weight"  
While the whole company standing about, not making a sound  
And turning to dwarves perched on the enclosure gate  
The boss says "Bury this lump of crow bait" And the rain came hammering down  
Everybody running for their wagons  
Tying all the canvas flaps down  
The mangy cats growling in their cages  
The bird-girl flapping and squawking around  
The whole valley reeking of wet beast  
Wet beast and rotten, sodden hay  
Freak and brute creation  
Packed up and on their way  
The three dwarves peering from their wagon's hind  
Moses says to Noah "Shoulda dugga deepa one"  
Their grizzled faces like dying moons  
Still dirty from the digging done And Charlie the Atlas to the three said  
"I guess the Carny ain't gonna show"  
And they were silent for a spell  
wishing they'd done a better job of burying Sorrow And the company passed from the valley  
Into a higher ground  
The rain beat on the ridge and on the meadow  
And on the mound Until nothing was left, nothing at all

Except the body of Sorrow  
That rose in time  
To float upon the surface of the eaten soilAnd a murder of crows did circle 'round  
First one, then the others flapping blackly downAnd the Carny's van still sat upon the edge  
Tilting slowly as the firm ground turned to sludgeAnd the rain it hammered down  
And the rain it hammered down  
And the rain it hammered down  
And the rain it hammered downAnd no-one saw the Carny go  
No-one saw the Carny go  
No-one saw the Carny go  
I say, it's funny how things go...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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