Sad Waters

Nick Cave

Down the road I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
We go down to the river where the willows weep
Take a naked root for a lovers seat
That rose out of the bitten soil
But sound to the ground by creeping ivy coils
O Mary you have seduced my soul
And I don't know right from wrong
Forever a hostage of your child's worldAnd then I ran my tin-cup heart along
The prison of her ribs
And with a toss of her curls
That little girl goes wading in
Rollin her dress up past her knee
Turning these waters into wine
Then she platted all the willow vines
Mary in the shallows laughing
Over where the carp dart
Spooked by the new shadows that she cast
Across these sad waters and across my heart
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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