West Country Girl

Nick Cave

With a crooked smile and a heart-shaped face
Comes from the west country where the birds sing bass
She's got a house-big heart where we all live
And plead and council and forgive
Her widow's peak, her lips I've kissed
Her glove of bones at her wrist
That I have held in my hand
Her spanish fly and her monkey gland
Her godly body and it's fourteen stations
That I have embraced, her palpitations
Her unborn baby crying, 'mummy'
Amongst the rubble of her body
Her lovely lidded eyes I've sipped
Her fingernails, all pink and chipped
Her accent which I'm told is 'broad'
That I have heard and has been poured
Into my human heart and filled me
And rebuilt me back anew
With something to look forward to
Well, who could ask much more than that?
A west country girl with a big fat cat
That looks into her eyes of green
And meows, 'he loves you', then meows again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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