Where the Wild Roses Grow

Nick Cave

They call me 'The Wild Rose'
But my name was Elisa Day
Why they call me it, I do not know
For my name was Elisa DayFrom the first day I saw her, I knew she was the one
She stared in my eyes and smiled
For her lips were the color of the roses
That grew down the river, all bloody and wildWhen he knocked on my door and entered the room
My trembling subsided in his sure embrace
He would be my first man and with a careful hand
He wiped at the tears that ran down my faceThey call me 'The Wild Rose'
But my name was Elisa Day
Why they call me that, I do not know
For my name was Elisa DayOn the second day, I brought her a flower
She was more beautiful than any woman I've seen
I said, "Do you know where the wild roses grow
So sweet and scarlet and free?"On the second day, he came with a single red rose
He said, "Give me your loss and your sorrow"
I nodded my head, as I lay on the bed
"If I show you the roses, will you follow?"They call me 'The Wild Rose'
But my name was Elisa Day
Why they call me that, I do not know
For my name was Elisa DayOn the third day, he took me to the river
He showed me the roses and we kissed
And the last thing I heard was a muttered word
As he knelt above me with a rock in his fistOn the last day, I took her where the wild roses grow
She lay on the bank, the wind light as a thief
And I kissed her goodbye, said, "All beauty must die"
And I lent down and planted a rose between her teethThey call me 'The Wild Rose'
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