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 face 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 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'

But my name was Elisa Day

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