Let the Bells Ring

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

C'mon, kind Sir, let's walk outside
And breathe the autumn air
See the many that have lived and died
See the unending golden stair
See all of us that have come behind
Clutching at your hem
All the way from Arkansas
To your sweet and last amenLet the bells ring
He is the real thing
Let the bells ring
He is the real, real thing
Take this deafening thunder down
Take this bread and take this wine
Your passing is not what we mourn
But the world you left behind
Well, do not breathe, nor make a sound
And behold your mighty work
That towers over the uncaring ground
Of a lesser, darker worldLet the bells ring
He is the real thing
Let the bells ring
He is the real, real thing
There are those of us not fit to tie
The laces of your shoes
Must remain behind to testify
Through an elementary blues
So, let's walk outside, the hour is late
Through your crumbs and scattered shells
Where the awed and the mediocre wait
Barely fit to ring the bellsLet the bells ring
He is the real thing
Let the bells ring
He is the real, real thing

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

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