

Rings of Saturn

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Upside down and inside out [?]
You're like a funnel-web
Like a black fly on the ceiling
Skinny, white haunches high in the sky
Black oily gash crawling backwards across the carpet to smash all over everything
Wet, black fur against the sun going down
Over the shops and the cars and the crowds in the town And this is the moment, this is exactly where she is
borne to be
Now this is what she does and this is what she is
And this is the moment, this is exactly where she is borne to be
This is what she does and this is what she is
Her eyes that look at me through a rainy hair
Two round holes where the air buckles and rushes in
Her body, moon blue, was a jellyfish
And I'm breathing deep and I'm there and I'm also not there
Spurting ink over the sheets but she remains, completely unexplained
Or maybe I'm just too tongue-tied to drink it up and swallow back the pain
I thought slavery had been abolished
How come it's gone and reared its ugly head again? And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is borne to
be
And this is what she does and this is what she is
And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is borne to be
This is what she is and this is what she does And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is borne to be
And this is what she does and this is what she is
And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is borne to be
Then this is what she does and this is what she is

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