

The Carnival Is Over

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Outside, the storm clouds gathering
Moved silently along the dusty boulevard
Where flowers turning crane their fragile necks
So they can in turn, reach up and kiss the sky
They are driven by a strange desire
Unseen by the human eye
Someone is calling
I remember when you held my hand
In the park we would play
When the circus came to town
Over here
Outside, the circus gathering

Moved silently along the rain swept boulevard
The procession moved on the shouting is over
The fabulous freaks are leaving town
They are driven by a strange desire
Unseen by the human eye
Someone is calling
The carnival is over
We sat and watched
As the moon rose
For the very first time

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