

The Sorrowful Wife

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I married my wife on the day of the eclipse
Our friends awarded her courage with gifts
Now as the nights grow longer and the season shifts
I look to my sorrowful wife
Who is quietly tending her flowers
Who is quietly tending her ...The water is high on the beckoning river
I made her a promise I could not deliver
And the cry of the birds sends a terrible shiver
Through me and my sorrowful wife
Who is shifting the furniture around
Who is shifting the furniture around Now we sit beneath the knotted Yew
And the bluebells bob around our shoes
The task of remembering the telltale clues
Goes to my lovely, my sorrowful wife
Who is counting the days on her fingers Who is counting the days on her ...
Come on and help me babe
Come on now
Help me babe
I was blind
The grass here grows long and high
Twists right up to the sky
White clouds roll on by
Come on now and help me babe
I was blind
I was a fool babe
I was blind
Come on now
A loose wind last night blew down
Black trees bent to the ground
Their blossoms made such a sound
That I could not hear myself think babe
Come on now
And help me babe
Help me now
I was blind
I was a fool

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