

# The Mercy Seat (Nick Cave and the Badseeds)

## Johnny Cash

It all began when they took me from my home  
And put me on Death Row  
A crime for which I'm totally innocent, you know I began to warm and chill  
To objects and their fields  
A ragged cup, a twisted mop  
The face of Jesus in my soup  
Those sinister dinner deals  
The meal trolley's wicked wheels  
A hooked bone rising from my food  
And all things either good or ungood And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning  
And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this weighing of the truth  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And, anyway, I told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die. I hear stories from the chamber  
Christ was born into a manger  
And like some ragged stranger  
He died upon the cross  
Might I say it seems so fitting in its way  
He was a carpenter by trade  
Or at least that's what I'm told My killed hands tattooed E.V.I.L.  
across it's brother's fist  
That filthy five!  
They did nothing to challenge or resist In Heaven His throne is made of gold  
The ark of His Testament is stowed  
A throne from which I'm told  
All history does unfold.  
It's made of wood and wire  
And my body is on fire  
And God is never far away Into the mercy seat I climb  
My head is shaved, my head is wired  
And like a moth that tries  
To enter the bright eye  
I go shuffling out of life  
Just to hide in death awhile  
And, anyway, I never lied And the mercy seat is waiting  
And I think my head is burning

And in a way I'm yearning  
To be done with all this weighing of the truth  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And, anyway, I told the truth  
And I'm not afraid to die. And the mercy seat is burning  
And I think my head is glowing  
And in a way I'm hoping  
To be done with all this twistin' of the truth  
An eye for an eye  
And a tooth for a tooth  
And, anyway, there was no proof  
And I'm not afraid to die. And the mercy seat is glowing  
And I think my head is smokin'  
And in a way I'm hoping  
To be done with all these looks of disbelief.  
A life for a life  
And a truth for a truth  
And I've got nothing left to lose  
And I'm not afraid to die. And the mercy seat is smokin'  
And I think my head is melting  
And in a way that's helping  
To be done with all this twistin' of the truth  
An eye for an eye  
And a truth for a truth  
And, anyway, I told the truth  
But I'm afraid I told a lie.

Songwriters

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