

Oh My Lord (2011 Remastered Edition)

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I thought I'd take a walk today
It's a mistake I sometimes make
My kids lay asleep in bed
My wife lay wide-awake
Kissed her softly on the brow
Tried not to make a sound
But with stony eyes she looked at me
And gently squeezed my hand
Call it a premonition, call it a crazy vision
Call it intuition, or something learned from mother
But when she looked up at me, I could clearly see
The Sword of Damocles hanging directly above her
Oh Lord
Oh my Lord
Oh Lord
How have I offended thee?
Wrap your tender arms around me
Oh Lord
Oh Lord
Oh My Lord They called at me through the fence
They were not making any sense
They claimed that I'd lost the plot
Kept saying that I was not
The man I used to be
They held their babes aloft
Threw marsh mellows at the Security
And said that I'd grown soft
Call it intuition, call it a creeping suspicion,
But their words of derision meant they hardly knew me
For even I could see, the way they stared at me
The Spear of Destiny are sticking right through me
Oh Lord
Oh my lord
Oh Lord
How have I offended thee?
Wrap your tender arms round me
Oh Lord
Oh lord
Oh My Lord Now I'm at the hairdresser's

People watch me as they move past
A guy wearing plastic antlers
Presses his bum against the glass
Now I'm down on my hands and knees
And it's so fucking hot!
Someone cries, "What are you looking for?"
I scream, "The plot, the plot!"
I grab my telephone, I call my wife at home
She screams, "Leave us alone!" I say "Hey, it's only me"
The hairdresser with his scissors, he holds up the mirror
I look back and shiver; I can't even believe what I can see
Be mindful of the prayers you send
Pray hard but to pray with care
For the tears you are crying now
Are just your answered prayers
The ladders of life we scale merrily
Move mysteriously around
So that when you think you're climbing up, man
In fact you're climbing down
Into the hollows of glamour, o where the spike and hammer
With telescopic camera, they chose to turn the screw
Oh I hate them, Ma!
Oh I hate them, Pa!
Oh I hate them all!
For what they went and done to you
Oh Lord Oh my Lord
Oh Lord
How have I offended thee?
Wrap your tender arms round me
Oh Lord Oh Lord
Oh My Lord

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

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