

Babe, You Turn Me On (Paris 2)

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Stay by me, stay by me
You are the one, my only true love
The butcher bird makes it's noise
And it asks you to agree
With it's brutal nesting habits
And it's pointless savagery
Now, the nightingale, it sings to you
And it raises up the ante
I put one hand on your round ripe heart
And the other down your panties
Everything is falling, dear
Everything is wrong
It's just history repeating itself
And babe, babe, you turn me on
Like a light bulb, babe, like a song
Well, you race naked through the wilderness
And you torment the birds and the bees
And you leapt into the abyss but find
It only goes up to your knees
I move stealthily from tree to tree
And I shadow you for hours
I make like I'm a little deer
Grazing on the flowers
Everything is collapsing, dear
All moral sense has gone
And it's just history repeating itself
And babe, babe, you turn me on
Like an idea, babe, like an Atom bomb
We stand awed inside a clearing
We do not make a sound
The crimson snow falls all about
Carpeting the ground
'Cause everything is falling, dear
All rhyme and reason gone
It's just history repeating itself
And babe, babe, you turn me on
Like an idea, babe, like an Atom bomb

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

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