

Rings of Saturn

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Upside down and inside out and on all eights
You're like a funnel-web
Like a black fly on the ceiling
Skinny, white haunches high in the sky
And a black oily gash crawling backwards across the carpet to s
mash all over everything
Wet, black fur against the sun going down
Over the shops and the cars and the crowds in the town

And this is the moment, this is exactly where she is born to be
Now this is what she does and this is what she is
And this is the moment, this is exactly where she is born to be
This is what she does and this is what she is
Her eyes that look at me through a rainy hair
Two round holes where the air buckles and rushes in
Her body, moon blue, was a jellyfish
And I'm breathing deep and I'm there and I'm also not there
And spurting ink over the sheets but she remains, completely un
explained
Or maybe I'm just too tongue-
tied to drink it up and swallow back the pain
I thought slavery had been abolished
How come it's gone and reared its ugly head again?

And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is born to be
And this is what she does and this is what she is
And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is born to be
This is what she is and this is what she does

And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is born to be
And this is what she does and this is what she is
And this is the moment, this is exactly what she is born to be
Then this is what she does and this is what she is

And now she's jumping up with her leaping brain
Stepping over heaps of sleeping children
Disappearing and further up and spinning out again
Up and further up she goes, up and out of the bed
Up and out of the bed and down the hall where she stops for mom
ent and turns and says
"Are you still here?"
And then reaches high and dangles herself like a child's dream
from the rings of Saturn