

# Nick Cave, Let The Bells Ring

C'mon, kind Sir, let's walk outside  
And breathe the autumn air  
See the many that have lived and died  
See the unending golden stair  
See all of us that have come behind  
Clutching at your hem  
All the way from Arkansas  
To your sweet and last amen

Let the bells ring  
He is the real thing  
Let the bells ring  
He is the real, real thing

Take this deafening thunder down  
Take this bread and take this wine  
Your passing is not what we mourn  
But the world you left behind  
Well, do not breathe, nor make a sound  
And behold your mighty work  
That towers over the uncaring ground  
Of a lesser, darker world

Let the bells ring  
He is the real thing  
Let the bells ring  
He is the real, real thing

There are those of us not fit to tie  
The laces of your shoes  
Must remain behind to testify  
Through an elementary blues  
So, let's walk outside, the hour is late  
Through your crumbs and scattered shells  
Where the awed and the mediocre wait  
Barely fit to ring the bells

Let the bells ring  
He is the real thing  
Let the bells ring  
He is the real, real thing