

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds, Rings Of Saturn

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

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 with 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 unexplained

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 does and this is what she is

/2x

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 moment 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