Nick Cave Lyrics

# “There She Goes, My Beautiful World”

The wintergreen, the juniper

The cornflower and the chicory

All the words you said to me

Still vibrating in the air

The elm, the ash and the linden tree

The dark and deep, enchanted sea

The trembling moon and the stars unfurled

There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world (×3)

There she goes again

John Willmot penned his poetry

Riddled with the pox

Nabakov wrote on index cards,

At a lectern, in his socks

St. John of the Cross did his best stuff

Imprisoned in a box

And JohnnyThunders was half alive

When he wrote Chinese Rocks

Well, me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears

Me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears

Me, I'm lying here, for what seems years

I'm just lying on my bed with nothing in my head

Send that stuff on down to me (×4)

There she goes again

Karl Marx squeezed his carbuncles

while writing Das Kapital

And Gaugin, he buggered off, man,

And went all tropical

While Philip Larkin stuck it out

In a library in Hull

And Dylan Thomas died drunk in

St. Vincent's hospital

I will kneel at your feet

I will lie at your door

I will rock you to sleep

I will roll on the floor

And I'll ask for nothing

Nothing in this life

I'll ask for nothing

Give me ever-lasting life

I just want to move the world (×3)

I just want to move

There she goes, my beautiful world (×3)

There she goes again

So if you got a trumpet, get on your feet,

Brother, and blow it

If you've got a field, that don't yield,

Well get up and hoe it

I look at you and you look at me and

Deep in our hearts know it

That you weren't much of a muse,

But then I weren't much of a poet

I will be your slave

I will peel you grapes

Up on your pedestal

With your ivory and apes

With your book of ideas

With your alchemy

O Come on

Send that stuff on down to me

Send that stuff on down to me (×4)

Send it all around the world

Cause here she comes, my beautiful girl

There she goes, my beautiful world (×3)

There she goes again

# “Into My Arms”

I don’t believe in an interventionist God

But I know, darling, that you do

But if I did I would kneel down and ask Him

Not to intervene when it came to you

Not to touch a hair on your head

To leave you as you are

And if He felt He had to direct you

Then direct you into my arms

Into my arms, O Lord (×3)

Into my arms

And I don’t believe in the existence of angels

But looking at you I wonder if that’s true

But if I did I would summon them together

And ask them to watch over you

To each burn a candle for you

To make bright and clear your path

And to walk, like Christ, in grace and love

And guide you into my arms

Into my arms, O Lord (×3)

Into my arms

But I believe in Love

And I know that you do too

And I believe in some kind of path

That we can walk down, me and you

So keep your candles burning

And make her journey bright and pure

That she will keep returning

Always and evermore

Into my arms, O Lord (×3)

Into my arms