## Deanna

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

O Deanna O Deanna! O Deanna Sweet Deanna! O Deanna You know you are my friend, yeah O Deanna And I ain't down here for your money I ain't down here for your love I ain't down here for your love or money I'm down here for your soul No carpet on the floor

And the winding cloth holds many moths Around your Ku Klux furniture I cum of death-head in your frock We discuss the murder plan We discuss murder and the murder act Murder takes the wheel of your Cadillac And death climbs in the back

O Deanna This is a car O Deanna This is a gun O Deanna And this a day number one O Deanna Our little crimeworn histories Black and smoking christmas trees And honey, it ain't mystery Why you're a mystery to me

We will eat out of their pantries And their parlours Ashy leaving in their beds And we'll unload into their heads On this mean season This little angel that I squeezin' She ain't been mean to me

O Deanna O Deanna! O Deanna You are my friend and my partner O Deanna On this house on the hill O Deanna And I ain't down here for your money I ain't down here for your love I ain't down here for your love or money I'm down here for your soul

O Deanna I am a-knocking O Deanna With my toolbox and my stocking

O Deanna And I'll meet you on the corner O Deanna Yes, you point it like a finger O Deanna And squeeze its little thing O Deanna Feel its kick, hear its bang And let no worry about its issue Don't worry about where its been and don't worry about where it hits Cause it just ain't yours to sin O Deanna No it just ain't your to sin O Deanna Sweet Deanna O Deanna And we ain't getting any younger O Deanna And I don't intend gettin' any older O Deanna The sun a hump at my shoulder O Deanna O Deanna! O Deanna Sweet Deanna O Deanna And I ain't down here for your money I ain't down here for your love I ain't down here for your love of money I'm down here for your soul