

(I'll Love You) Till the End of the World

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

It was a miracle I even got outta longwood alive,
This town fulla men with big mouths and no guts,
I mean, if you can just picture it,
The whole third floor of the hotel gutted by the blast,
And the street below showered in shards of broken glass,
And all the drunks pourin' outta the dance halls,
Starin' up at the smoke and the flames,
And the blind pencil seller wavin' his stick,
Shoutin' for his dog that lay dead on the side of the road,
And me, if you can believe this, at the wheel of the car
Closin my eyes and actually prayin',
Not to god above, but to you, sayin',

Help me girl, help me girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal and your long dark curls

Some things we plan, we sit and we invent and we plot and cook
up,
Others are works of inspiration, of poetry,
And it was this genius hand that pushed me up the hotel stairs
To say my last goodbye,
To her hair white as snow, and her pale blue eyes,
Saying "I gotta go, I gotta go, the bomb and the bread basket
Are ready to blow,"
In this town of men with big mouths and no guts,
The pencil seller's dog spooked by the explosion
And leapin' under my wheels as I careered outta longwood on my
way to you,
Waiting in your dress, in your dress of blue

I said thank you girl, thank you girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal and your long dark curls

And with the horses prancin' through the fields,
With my knife in my jeans and the rain on the shield,
I sang a song for the glory of the beauty of you,
Waiting for me in your dress of blue

Thank you girl, thank you girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal and your long dark curls