

# Water's Edge

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

They take apart their bodies like toys for the local boys  
Because they're always there at the edge of the water  
They come from the capitol, these city girls go way down  
Where the stones meet the sea  
And all you young girls where do you hide  
Down by the water, in the restless tide

And the local boys hide on the mound and watch  
Reaching for the speech and the word to be heard  
And the boys grow hard, hard to be heard  
Hard to be heard as they reach for the speech  
And search for the word on the water's edge  
But you grow old and you grow cold  
Yea you grow old and you grow cold

They would come in their hordes, these city girls  
With white strings flowing from their ears  
As the local boys behind the mound  
Think long and hard about the girls from the capitol  
Who dance at the water's edge, shaking their asses  
And all you young lovers where do you hide  
Down by the water, in the restless tide

With a bible of tricks they do with their legs  
The girls reach for the speech and the speech to be heard  
To be hard, the local boys teem down the mound  
And seize the girls from the capitol  
Who shriek at the edge of the water  
Shriek to speak, and reach for the speech  
Reach for the speech to be heard  
But you grow old and you grow cold  
Yea you grow old and you grow cold  
You grow old

Their legs wide to the world like bibles open  
To be speared and taking their bodies apart like toys  
They dismantle themselves by the water's edge  
And reach for the speech and the wide wide world  
Ah, God knows our local boys

It's the will of love  
It's the thrill of love  
Ah, but the chill of love is coming on

It's the will of love  
It's the thrill of love  
Ah but the chill of love is coming on

It's the will of love  
It's the thrill of love  
Ah but the chill of love is coming down, people