

# Black Crow King

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm

I am the black crow king

Mmmmm Mmmmm Mmmmm

I am the black crow king

Keeper of the nodding corn

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

All the hammers are a-talking

All the nails are a-singing

So sweet and low

You can hear it in the valley

Where live the lame and the blind

They climb the hill out of its belly

They leave with mean black boots on

"I just made a simple gesture

They jumped up and nailed it to my shadow

My gesture was a hooker

You know, my shadow's made of timber."

And the storm is a-rolling

And the storm is a-rolling

All down on me

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone

Ah'm still here rolling and I'm left on my own

The blackbirds have all gone!

Everyone's rolled on!

I am the black crow king

Keeper of the trodden corn

I am the king

Won't say it again

And the rain, it raineth daily

Lord

And wash away my clothes

I surrender up my arms

To a company of crows

I am the black crow king

I won't say it again

And all the thorns are a-crowning

King ruby on each spine

And the spears are a-sailing

O my o my

And the storm is a-rolling

And the storm is a-rolling

All down on me

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone

And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone

I'm still here rolling and left on my own

Those blackbirds they have all flown and

I am on my own

I am the black crow king  
Keeper of the forgotten corn  
The King! The King!  
I'm the king of nuthin' at all  
The hammers are a-talking  
The nails are a-singing  
The thorns are a-crowning him  
The spears are a-sailing  
The crows are a-mocking  
The corn is a-nodding  
The storm is a-rolling  
The storm is a-rolling  
The storm is a-rolling down  
The storm is a-rolling down  
The storm is a-rolling  
Down on me  
Rolling down on me  
Rolling down on me