## **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!
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