

# Black Hair

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

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And in my bed, my lover, her hair was midnight black  
And all her mystery dwelled within her black hair  
And her black hair framed a happy heart-shaped face

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And heavy-hooded eyes inside her black hair  
Shined at me from the depths of her hair of deepest black  
While my fingers pushed into her straight black hair  
Pulling her black hair back from her happy heart-shaped face

To kiss her milk-white throat, a dark curtain of black hair  
Smothered me, my lover with her beautiful black hair  
The smell of it is heavy. It is charged with life  
On my fingers the smell of her deep black hair

Full of all my whispered words, her black hair  
And wet with tears and good-byes, her hair of deepest black  
All my tears cried against her milk-white throat  
Hidden behind the curtain of her beautiful black hair

As deep as ink and black, black as the deepest sea  
The smell of her black hair upon my pillow  
Where her head and all its black hair did rest  
Today she took a train to the West  
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