

# Mercy

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I stood in the water  
In the middle month of winter  
My camel skin was torture  
I was in a state of nature  
The wind, sir, it was wicked  
I was so alone  
Just as I predicted  
My followers were gone

And I cried 'Mercy'  
Have mercy upon me  
And I got down on my knees

Thrown into a dungeon  
Bread and water was my portion  
Faith - my only weapon  
To rest the devil's legion  
The speak-hole would slide open  
A viper's voice would plead  
Thick with innuendo  
Syphilis and Greed

And she cried 'Mercy'  
Have mercy upon me  
And I told her to get down on her knees

In a garden full of roses  
My hands, tied behind me  
My cousin was working miracles  
I wondered if he'd find me  
The moon was turned toward me  
Like a platter made of gold  
My death, it almost bored me  
So often was it told

And I cried 'Mercy'  
I cried mercy on me  
Cryind 'Mercy'  
Have mercy on me