

Skeleton Tree

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Sunday morning, skeleton tree
Oh, nothing is for free
In the window, a candle
Well, maybe you can see
Fallen leaves thrown across the sky
A jittery TV
Glowing white like fire
Nothing is for free
I called out, I called out
Right across the sea
But the echo comes back in, dear
And nothing is for free

Sunday morning, skeleton tree
Pressed against the sky
The jittery TV
Glowing white like fire
And I called out, I called out
Right across the sea
I called out, I called out
That nothing is for free

And it's alright now
And it's alright now
And it's alright now