

# The Good Son

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

One more man gone  
One more man gone  
One more man is gone

The good son walks into the field  
He is a tiller, he has a tiller's hands  
But down in his heart now  
He lays down his queer plans  
Against his brother and against his family  
Yet he worships his brother  
And he worships his mother  
But it's his father, he says, is an unfair man  
The good son  
The good son  
The good son

The good son has sat and often wept  
Beneath a malign star by which he's kept  
And the night-time in which he's wrapped  
Speaks of good and speaks of evil  
And he calls to his mother  
And he calls to his father  
But they are deaf in the shadows  
Of his brother's truancy  
The good son  
The good son  
The good son  
The good son

And he curses his mother  
And he curses his father  
And he curses his virtue like an unclean thing  
The good son  
The good son  
The good son

One more man gone  
One more man gone  
One more man  
One more man gone  
One more man gone  
One more man  
One more man gone  
One more man gone  
One more man