

# The Six Strings That Drew Blood

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Guitar thug blew into town  
His eyes like wheels spinnin' round  
Jerkin-off at every sound  
Layin' all his crosses down  
O yeah  
He got Six Strings  
The Six Strings that drew blood

The bar is full of Holy-Joes  
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Around the neck of our consumptive rose  
is the root of all his sorrows  
O yeah  
He got Six Strings  
Six Strings that drew blood  
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Six Strings that drew blood

In the bathroom under cover  
He turns on one tap to discover  
He's smashed his teeth out on the other  
Well he look in the mirror and say  
don't fuck me brother  
Cause I got Six Strings  
Six Strings that drew blood

Numbin' the runt of reputation they call rat fame  
Top-E as a tourniquet  
A low tune whistles across his grave  
Forever the master and the slave of his Six Strings  
A Holy-hole-a-whole-aria  
Six Strings that drew blood.