

# There She Goes, My Beautiful World

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

The wintergreen, the juniper  
The cornflower and the chicory  
All the words you said to me  
Still vibrating in the air  
The elm, the ash and the linden tree  
The dark and deep, enchanted sea  
The trembling moon and the stars unfurled  
There she goes, my beautiful world

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes again

John Willmot penned his poetry  
riddled with the pox  
Nabakov wrote on index cards,  
at a lectern, in his socks  
St. John of the Cross did his best stuff  
imprisoned in a box  
And JohnnyThunders was half alive  
when he wrote Chinese Rocks

Well, me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears  
Me, I'm lying here, with nothing in my ears  
Me, I'm lying here, for what seems years  
I'm just lying on my bed with nothing in my head

Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes again

Karl Marx squeezed his carbuncles  
while writing Das Kapital  
And Gauguin, he buggered off, man,  
and went all tropical  
While Philip Larkin stuck it out  
in a library in Hull  
And Dylan Thomas died drunk in  
St. Vincent's hospital

I will kneel at your feet  
I will lie at your door  
I will rock you to sleep  
I will roll on the floor  
And I'll ask for nothing  
Nothing in this life  
I'll ask for nothing  
Give me ever-lasting life

I just want to move the world

I just want to move the world  
I just want to move the world  
I just want to move

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes again

So if you got a trumpet, get on your feet,  
brother, and blow it  
If you've got a field, that don't yield,  
well get up and hoe it  
I look at you and you look at me and  
deep in our hearts know it  
That you weren't much of a muse,  
but then I weren't much of a poet

I will be your slave  
I will peel you grapes  
Up on your pedestal  
With your ivory and apes  
With your book of ideas  
With your alchemy  
O Come on  
Send that stuff on down to me

Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send that stuff on down to me  
Send it all around the world  
Cause here she comes, my beautiful girl

There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes, my beautiful world  
There she goes again