

Nick Cave - Loom of the land

The Loom of the Land

Fm

It was the dirty end of winter

G#

Along the loom of the land

Eb C#

When I walked with sweet Henry

C# Fm

Hand upon hand

Fm

And the wind it bit bitter

G#

For a girl of no means

Eb C#

With no shoes on her feet

C# Fm

And a knife in her jeans

Along the loom of the land

The mission bells peeled

From the tower at Saint Mary's

Down to Reprobate Fields

And I saw (that) the world

(Was) all blessed and bright
And Henry breathed softly
In the majestic night

Fm Eb
O baby please don't cry

Fm
And try to keep

Eb C#
Your little head upon my shoulder

Fm
Now we'll go to sleep

The elms and the poplars
Were turning their backs
Past the rumbling station
We followed their tracks

My hands they burned
In the folds of his coat
Breathing milky white air
From deep in his throat

O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little head upon my shoulder
Now we'll go to sleep

I told him the moon
Was a magical thing
That it shone gold in winter
And silver in spring

And we walked and we walked
Across the endless sands
Just me and my Henry

Along the loom of the land

O baby please don't cry

And try to keep

O baby please don't cry

And try to keep

Your little head upon my shoulder

Now we'll go to sleep