

Dig Lazarus Dig
Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

E-----
B-----
G-----2-----2-----2---44-----
D--222--2---222--2---222--2---44-----
A--222--0---222--0---222--0---22-2-2-0-----
E--000---3-000---3-000---3-----3-2-----

Or just simply:

E E E A G
Dig yourself, Lazarus
E E E A G
Dig yourself, Lazarus
E E E A G
Dig yourself, Lazarus
B
Dig yourself, back in that hole

E E E A G (repeat
throughout verses)
Larry made his nest up in the autumn branches
Built from nothing but high hopes and thin air
Collected up some baby blasted mothers
They took their chances and for a while
They lived quite happily up there

He came from New York City Man
But he couldn t take the pace
He thought it was like a dog eat dog world
But he went to San Francisco
Spent a year in outer space
With a sweet little San Franciscan girl

I can hear my mother wailing
And a whole lot of scraping of chairs

C
I don t know what it is,
C D A
But there s definitely something going on upstairs
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, back in that hole
(I want you to dig

I want you to dig)

Yeah, New York City, he had to get out of there
And San Francisco, well, I don t know
And then to LA, where he spent about a day
He thought even the pale sky-stars were smart enough to keep well away from LA

Meanwhile Larry made up names for the ladies
Like Ms Boo and Ms Quick
He stockpiled weapons and took pot shots in the air
He feasted on their lovely bodies like a lunatic
And wrapped himself up in their soft yellow hair

I can hear chants and incantations
And some guy is mentioning me in his prayers

I don t know what it is, but there s definitely something going on upstairs
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, back in that hole
(I want you to dig
I want you to dig
I want you to dig)

Well New York City Man,
San Francisco, LA, I don t know
But Larry grew increasing neurotic and obscene
I mean: he, he never asked to be raised up from the tomb
I mean no one ever actually asked him to forsake his dreams

Anyway, to cut a long story short
Fame finally found him
Mirrors became his torturers
Cameras snapped him at every chance
The women all went back to their homes
And their husbands
Secret smiles in the corners of their mouths

He ended up, like so many of them do, back in the streets of New York City
In a soup queue
A dope fiend
A slave
Then prison
Then the mad house
Then the grave
Oh poor Larry

But what do we really know of the dead
And who actually cares?

Well I don t know what it is, but there s definitely something going on upstairs
Dig yourself, Lazarus

Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, Lazarus
Dig yourself, back in that hole
(I want you to dig
I want you to dig
I want you to dig)