

Opium Tea

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

This is a simple and groovy song. Here s how I play it.

F Dm

(pause)

F

Here I sleep the morning through

Dm

Til the wail of the call to prayer awakes me

F

And there ain t nothing at all to do but rise and follow

Dm

The day wherever it takes me

F

I stand at the window and I look at the sea

Dm

And I am what I am, and what will be will be

F

I stand at the window and I look at the sea

Dm

And I make me a pot of opium tea

(p a u s e) **F**

Down at the port I watch the boats come in

Dm

Watch the boats come in can do something to you

F

And the kids gather around with an outstretched hand

Dm

And I toss them a dirham or two

F

Well, I wonder if my children are thinking of me

Dm

Cause I am what I am, and what will be will be

F

I wonder if my kids are thinking of me

Dm

And I smile and I sip my opium tea

(pause)

F

At night the sea lashes the rust red ramparts

Dm

And the shapes of hooded men who pass me

F

And the moan of the wind laughs and laughs and laughs

Dm

The strange luck that fate has cast me

F

Well, the cats on the rampart sing merrily

Dm

That he is what he is and what will be will be

F

Yeah, the cats on the rampart sing merrily

Dm

And I sit and I drink of my opium tea

F

I m a prisoner here, I can never go home

Dm

There is nothing here to win or lose

F

There are no choices needed to be made at all

Dm

Not even the choice of having to choose

F

Well, I m a prisoner here, yes, but I m also free

Dm

Cause I am what I am and what will be will be

F

I m a prisoner here, yeah, but I m also free

Dm

And I smile and I sip my opium tea.

Someone should figure out the melody bit, the part the organ plays after the choruses.

Figure it out then post it, that d be nifty.