

Where The Wild Roses Grow

Words & Music by Nick Cave

Capo 3rd fret



They

§



call me the wild rose, but my



name was E - li - sa Day. Why they call me it, I do not

To Coda

Cm Gm F5

know for my name was E - li - sa

Gm Bb

MALE:

Day. 1. From the first day I saw her I knew she was the one as she
(Verses 2 & 3 see block lyric)



Cm D Gm

stared in my eyes and smiled, for her lips were the col - our of the


Bb Cm D



FEMALE:

ro - ses that grew down the riv - er all blood - y and wild. When he


Gm  Bb 




knocked on my door and en - tered the room, my




Cm  D 

tremb - ling sub - si - ded in his sure em - brace, he would



Gm  Bb  Cm 

be the first man and with a care - ful hand, he wiped at the tears that



D 

ran down my face. They They

1. 2. 3.

D.S. al Coda



Coda

Gm



F5



Day. My name was E - li - sa

Gm



F5



Gm



Day. For my name was E - li - sa Day.