

Cocorosie

"Gravedigress"

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Gravedigress dig me a hole I can bury
All of my love and all of my holy

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Old gravedigress by the dried out brook
Whose babble turns to gravel
And my company too
I used to watch the butterflies,
Pretend that its spring
When December can't remember
Not a damn cold thing

Old gravedigger-r by the burnt out tree
Who held the hive a murmur
But no more bees
I used to hear the wind
Made speak and sing the leaves
Seems so long I've felt but a shy and tender breeze

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Old scarecrow wounded at the knee
Lost your button eyes
And most of your stuffing
Hay for a heart
And hay for a brain
If your momma was sweeter then you might be sane

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