

Marianne Faithfull

"The Crane Wife"

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And under the boughs unbowed
All holding a snowy shroud
She had no heart, so hardened
All under the boughs unbowed

Each feather, it fell from skin
'Til threadbare and she grew thin
How were my eyes so blinded?
Each feather, it fell from skin

And I will hang my head
Hang my head low
And I will hang my head
Hang my head low

A gray sky with bitter skin
A rain cloud would rain on me
All out behind horizon, ohh
A gray sky of bitter skin

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Hang my head low
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