

## **Decemberists**

### **"The Crane Wife 1, 2, and 3"**

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It was a cold night  
And the snow lay low  
I pulled my coat tight  
Against the falling down  
And the sun was all  
And the sun was all down  
And the sun was all  
And the sun was all down  
I am a poor man  
I haven't wealth nor fame  
I have my two hands  
And a house to my name  
And the winter's so  
And the winter's so long  
And the winter's so  
And the winter's so long  
And all the stars were crashing 'round  
As I laid eyes on what I'd found  
It was a white crane  
It was a helpless thing  
Upon a red stain  
With an arrow, its wing  
And it called and cried  
And it called and cried so  
And it called and cried  
And it called and cried so  
And all the stars were crashing 'round  
As I laid eyes on what I'd found  
My crane wife, my crane wife  
My crane wife, my crane wife  
Now I helped her  
And I dressed her wounds  
And how I held her  
Beneath the rising moon  
And she stood to fly  
And she stood to fly away  
And she stood to fly  
She stood to fly away  
And all the stars crashing 'round  
As I laid eyes on what I'd found  
My crane wife, my crane wife  
My crane wife, my crane wife

My crane wife arrived at my door  
In the moonlight  
All star bright and tongue-tied  
I took her in  
We were married and bells rang sweet  
For our wedding  
And our bedding was ready  
When we fell in  
The sound of the keening bell  
To see its pain erect  
Soft as fontanel, the feathers and the thread  
When all I ever meant to do was to keep you  
My crane wife  
My crane wife  
My crane wife  
We were poorly  
Our fortunes fading hourly  
And how she loved me  
She could bring it back  
But I was greedy, I was vain  
And I forced her to weaving  
On a cold loom, in a closed room  
Down the hall  
The sound of the keening bell  
To see its pain erect  
Soft as fontanel, the feathers and a thread  
When all I ever meant to do was to keep you  
My crane wife  
My crane wife  
My crane wife  
There's a bend in the wind and it rakes at my heart  
There is blood in the thread and it rakes at my heart  
Rakes at my heart, heart  
Heart, heart  
Heart, heart  
Heart, heart  
Heart, heart  
My crane wife

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