

Decemberists

"The Crane Wife 3"

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And under the boughs unbowed
All clothed in the snowy shroud
She had no heart so hardened
All under the boughs unbowed

Each feather, it fell from skin
'Til thread bare while 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, a bitter sting

A rain cloud, a crane on wing
All out beyond horizon
A gray sky, a bitter sting

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

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

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

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