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## The Decemberists "The Crane Wife 1 & 2"

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[1]

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

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 long
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 it's wing
And it called and cried
And it called and cried so
And it called and cried
And it called and cried

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 were crashing 'round As I laid eyes on what I'd found My crane wife, my crane wife My crane wife, my crane wife

[2]

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 it's pain erect
Soft as fontenelle
The feathers and the thread
And 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
And to see it's pain erect
Soft as fontenelle
The feathers and the thread
And all I ever meant to do was to keep you
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 It rakes at my heart

My crane wife

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