

## **The Decemberists**

### **"The Crane Wife 3"**

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

Each feather it fell from skin  
'Til threadbare, 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 grey sky, a bitter sting  
A raincloud, a crane on the wing  
All out beyond horizon, oh  
A grey sky, a bitter sting

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

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