

Skip James "Crow Jane"

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Note: hyphen=unsung word
Crow Janie, Crow Janie, Crow Jane
Don't you hold your head high
Someday baby, you know
You got to die
You got to lay down an -
You got to die, you got to -

You know, I wanna buy me a pistol
Wants me forty rounds of ball
Shoot Crow Jane, just to see her fall
She got to fall, she got to -
She got to fall, she got to-

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane
Not to hold her head, so high
Someday baby, you know
You got to die
You got to lay down an -

When I dug her grave
With a silver spade
Ain't nobody gon' take
My Crow Jane place
You can't take her place
No, you can't take her -

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane
Not to hold her head, too high
Someday baby, you know
You got to die
You got to lay down an -

You know, I let her down
With a golden chain
An ev'ry link
I would call my, Crow Jane name
Crow Jane, Crow -
Crow Jane, Crow -

You know I never missed my water
'Till my well went dry

Didn't miss Crow Jane
Until the day she died
'Till the day-ay-ay-ay she -

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane
Not to hold her head, too high
Someday baby, you know you got to die
You got to lay down and -
You got to die, you got to -

You know, I dug her grave
Eight feet in the ground
Didn't feel sorry
Until they let her down

They had to let her down
Had-a -
They had to let her down

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane
Not to hold her head, too high
Someday baby, you know you got to die
You got to lay down and. -

(guitar to end)

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