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## Decemberists, The "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 thredbare 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

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