

Nehemiah Curtis 'Skip' James "Crow Jane"

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Crow Janie, Crow Janie, Crow Jane, don't you hold you
head high
Someday, baby, you know you got to die
You got to lay down and...
You got to die, you got to...

And 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 and...

And I dug her grave with s silver spade
Ain't nobody gonna take my Crow Jane place
You can't take her place no, you can't take her...

You know, I dug her grave eight feet in the ground
I didn't feel sorry until they let her down
They had to let her down, let her...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...

You know, I let her down with a golden chain
And every link I would call my Crow Jane's 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 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...

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...

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