# Crow Jane

## Nick Cave

Crow jane crow jane crow jane
Horrors in her head
That her tongue dare not name
She lives alone by the river
The rolling rivers of pain
Crow jane crow jane
Crow jane ah hah huh
There is one shining eye on a hard-hat
The company closed down the mine
Winking on waters they came
Twenty hard-hats, twenty eyes
In her clapboard shack
Only six foot by five
They killed all her whiskey
And poured their pistols dry
Crow jane crow jane
Crow jane ah hah huh
Seems you've remembered
How to sleep, how to sleep
The house dogs are in your turnips
And your yard dogs are running all over the street
Crow jane crow jane
Crow jane ah hah huh
O mr. smith and mr. wesson
Why you close up shop so late?
Just fitted out a girl who looked like a bird
Measured .32, .44, .38
I asked that girl which road she was taking
Said she was walking the road of hate
But she stopped on a coal-trolley up to new haven
Population: 48
Crow jane crow jane
Crow jane ah hah huh
Your guns are drunk and smoking
They've followed you right back to your gate
Laughing all the way back from the new town
Population, now, 28
Crow jane crow jane

Crow jane ah hah huh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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