

# Crow Jane

## Etta Baker

Crow Jane, Crow Jane  
Crow Jane, Crow Jane  
Crow Jane, ah hah huh  
Well, horrors in her head  
That her tongue dare not name  
She lives 'lone 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 the waters they came  
Well, twenty hard-hats and twenty eyes  
And in her clapboard shack, man  
Only six foot by five  
Oh well, 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  
Your house dogs are in the turnips  
And your yard dogs are running all over the street  
Crow Jane, Crow Jane  
Ah, Crow Jane, ah hah huh  
"O Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson  
Oh, why you close up shop so late?"  
With just fitted out a girl who looked like a bird  
Measured .32, .44, .38  
I asked that girl which road she was taking  
She said she's walking the road of hate  
But she hopped on a coal-trolley up to the New Town  
Of 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 home from the New Town  
Of population, now 28

Crow Jane, Crow Jane  
Ah, Crow Jane, ah hah huh  
Ah hah huh, ah hah huh  
Ah hah huh, ah hah huh, ah hah huh

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