# 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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