Snow-Hen of Austerlitz

Rasputina

They say not far away, In fact upon that hill
They say that there's a little girl there still
She wasn't raised like the other kids
Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of AusterlitzThe mother's blind and keeps some birds as pets
That her baby is a human she forgets
In a tiny wire pen that little girl still sits
Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of AusterlitzShe must be ten or eleven now
I heard she's pretty but she don't have all her wits
She is the Snow Hen of AusterlitzNot having really neither wings nor beak
She never learned to walk or speak
To the child, the mother never says a word
To communicate, this little girl, she chirps like a birdAll the birds around they taught the little girl their language
When she's not understood she starts to get real angry
So she waves her hands around just like they were her wings
Hope it when she's happy, you should hear her sing!I'll leave the cage door open
We'll see how far she gets
She's known as the Snow Hen of AusterlitzKept like a pet in an old hen coop
The mother didn't beat her and she gave her food
Still pitiful no care shown but it's
The life of the Snow Hen of AusterlitzA skinny thing with brittle glass-like bones
Was it wind in the trees or the Snow Hen's moans?
From pursed perch from that attic she flits
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