

Gravedigress

Cocorosie

Gravedigress dig me a hole I can bury
All of my love and all of my holyGravedigress dig me a hole I can bury
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All of my love and all of my holy
All of my love and all of my holyOld gravedigress by the dried out brook
Whose babble turns to gravel
And my company too
I used to watch the butterflies,
Pretend that its spring
When December can't remember
Not a damn cold thingOld gravedigger-r by the burnt out tree
Who held the hive a murmur
But no more bees
I used to hear the wind-
Made speak and sing the leaves
Seems so long I've felt but a shy and tender breezeGravedigress dig me a hole I can bury
All of my love and all of my holyOld scarecrow wounded at the knee
Lost your button eyes
And most of your stuffing
Hay for a heart
And hay for a brain
If your momma was sweeter then you might be saneGravedigress dig me a hole I can bury
All of my love and all of my holy

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