Kitty Jay

Seth Lakeman

Poor Kitty Jay
Such a beauty cast away
This silent prayer
It should paint some peace
On her grave
Something broke her sleep

Poor Kitty Jay
Such a beauty thrown away
So young and fair
Now she's turned to dust
And clay
Terror broke her sleep

Never guessed unto her cold end
Called the Devil her only friend
Never guessed it with his bare hands
Called the Devil the mark of man

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