

# 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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