Crazy Man Michael

Fairport Convention

Within the fire and out upon the sea
Crazy Man Michael was walking
He met with a raven with eyes black as coals
And shortly they were a-talkingYour future, your future, I would tell to you
Your future, you often have asked me
Your true love will die by your own right hand
And Crazy Man Michael will cursed beMichael he ranted and Michael he raved
And beat at the four winds with his fists, oh
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and he swore
For his mad mind had trapped him with a kiss, ohYou speak with an evil, you speak with a hate
You speak for the devil that haunts me
For is she not the fairest in all the broad land?
Your sorcerer's words are to taunt meHe took out his dagger of fire and of steel
And struck down the raven through the heart, oh
The bird fluttered long and the sky it did spin
And the cold earth did wonder and start, ohOh, where is the raven that I struck down dead
That here'd lie on the ground, oh?
I see but my true love with a wound so red
Her lover's heart it did pound, ohCrazy Man Michael, he wanders and walks
And talks to the night and the day, oh
But his eyes they are sane and his speech it is clear
And he longs to be far away, ohMichael he whistles the simplest of tunes
And asks the wild woods their pardon
For his true love is flown into every flower grown
And he must be keeper of the garden

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