

Crazy Man Michael

[Natalie Merchant](#)

Within the fire and out upon the sea
Crazy man, Michael was walking
He met with a raven with eyes black as coal
And shortly they were talking Your future, your future, I will 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 be Michael, he ranted, and Michael, he raved
And he beat at the four winds with his fists-o
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and he swore
For his mad mind entrapped him with a fist-hold You 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 sorcerers words are to taunt me

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