

# Gallows

CocoRosie

It was just before the moon hung  
Her weary heavy head in the gallows and the graves of the milky milky cradle  
His tears have turned to poppies  
A shimmer in the midnight  
A flower in the twilight  
A flower in the twilight  
And our screaming  
Is in his screaming  
Our screaming in the willow  
They took him to the gallows  
He fought them all the way though  
And when they asked us how we knew his name  
We died just before him  
Our eyes are in the flowers  
Our hands are in the branches  
Our voices in the breezes  
And our screaming  
Is in his screaming  
Our screaming in the willow tree  
We're waiting by the willow  
Our milky milky cradle  
Our lockets long have rusted  
His picture worn and weathered  
Our hair is in the garden  
The roses in our toeses  
Our heart are in the blossoms  
Our eyes are in the branches  
And our screaming  
Is in his screaming  
Our screaming in the willow tree

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