

The Garden

The Crane Wives

Tear it down,
Tear it down around my head
I need you
To bury this beneath my bed.
The crows in the garden
Are laughing at my expense,
Drowning out all the lies
That I might've told insteadMy stone,
My shield, my steady hand--
Hold your light
To the darkness in my head.
Put your ear to my heart
Or set your teeth against my throat,
Give me something pretty to wear
Beneath my bloodstained clothes.My darling, the devil knows my nameLay me down,
Pour the dirt into our bed
Tell the crows
They can have their pound of flesh.
The ghosts at the window
Echo all our quiet prayers.
When they come for us
They'll come with hammers and nailsMy darling, the devil knows my nameGet on your knees and
Dig up the garden,
Won't you throw down that spade and
Dig up the garden, darling.
Get your hands dirty and
Rip up the garden,
Won't you cut down that apple tree for me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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