

# 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 instead  
My 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 name  
Lay 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 nails.  
My darling, the devil knows my name  
Get 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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