

Skip James, Crow Jane

Crow Janie, Crow Janie, Crow Jane, don't you hold your head high,
Someday, Baby, you know you got to die.
You got to lay down, and. . ., you got to die, you got to. . .

And I want to buy me a pistol, "wolf me forty rounds of ball",
Shoot Crow Jane just to see her fall.
She got to fall, she got to. . ., she got to fall, she got to. . .,

-Refrain-

"You know I begged Crow Jane, not to hold her head too high,
Someday, Baby, you know you got to die.
You got to lay down, and. . ., you got to die, you got to. . ."

And I dug her a grave, with a silver spade,
Ain't nobody going to take my Crow Jane's place.
no you can't take her, . . . no you can't take her. . .

-Refrain-

You know I let her down, with a golden chain,
And every link I would call my Crow Jane's name.
Crow Jane, . . .Crow, . . . Crow Jane, . . .Crow

You know I never missin' my water, til my well ran dry,
Didn't miss Crow jane until the day she died.
til the day,she, . . . til the day, she, . . .

-Refrain-

You know I dug her grave, eight feet in the ground,
Didn't feel sorry til they let her down.
they had, . . . to let her down, they had, . . . to let her down,

-Refrain-