

# Alasdair Roberts, Let Me Lie And Bleed Awhile

You know this is a good place,  
A seemly place to summer,  
But you should find another,  
Another one to winter.

For I am like a chimney,  
A chimney in the snow,  
White as any lily,  
Yet blacker than the coal.

There's a raven on the gable, a raven on the gable,  
A raven on the gable, so brazenly crowing.

But you know he only crows so, you know he only crows so,  
You know he only crows so, for he knows no other way of crowing.

So my tongue is not the one  
You are scolded and o'erlulled in,  
But the one that I was schooled in  
Is the only one I know.

That's why you hear me crowing,  
"My love, you should be going,"  
That's why you hear me crowing,  
"You should be on your way."

So loosen off your mooring, loosen off your mooring,  
Loosen off your mooring, and sail, sail away.

Let me lie and bleed awhile, let me lie and bleed a while,  
Let me lie and bleed awhile, I will rise and fight again.

Let me lie and bleed awhile, let me lie and bleed a while,  
Let me lie and bleed awhile, I will rise and fight again.