

The Decemberists, The Crane Wife 1 and 2

[1]

It was a cold night
And the snow lay around
I pulled my coat tight
Against the falling down
And the sun was all
And the sun was all down
And the sun was all
And the sun was all down
I am a poor man
I haven't wealth nor fame
I have my two hands
And a house to my name
And the winter's so
And the winter's so long
And the winter's so
And the winter's so long
And all the stars were crashing 'round
As I laid eyes on what I'd found
It was a white crane
It was a helpless thing
Upon a red stain
With an arrow in its wing
And it called and cried
And it called and cried so
And it called and cried
And it called and cried so
And all the stars were crashing 'round
As I laid eyes on what I'd found
My crane wife, my crane wife
My crane wife, my crane wife
Now I helped her
And I dressed her wounds
And how I held her
Beneath the rising moon
And she stood to fly
And she stood to fly away
And she stood to fly
She stood to fly away
And all the stars were crashing 'round
As I laid eyes on what I'd found
My crane wife, my crane wife
My crane wife, my crane wife

[2]

My crane wife arrived at my door in the moonlight
All star bright and tongue-tied, I took her in
We were married and bells rang sweet for our wedding
And our bedding was ready, we fell in
Sound the keening bell
And see it's painted red
Soft as fontenelle
The feathers in the thread
And all I ever meant to do was to keep you
My crane wife
My crane wife
My crane wife
We were poorly, our fortunes fading hourly
And how she avowed me, she could bring it back
But I was greedy, I was vain and I forced her to weaving
On a cold loom, in a closed room with down and wool
Sound the keening bell
And see it's painted red
Soft as fontenelle
The feathers in the thread

And all I ever meant to do was to keep you
My crane wife
My crane wife
There's a bend in the wind and it rakes at my heart
There is blood in the thread and it rakes at my heart
It rakes at my heart