

The Decemberists, The Crane Wife 3

And under the boughs unbowed
All clothed in a snowy shroud
She had no heart so hardened
All under the boughs unbowed

Each feather it fell from skin
'Til threadbare well she grew thin
How were my eyes so blinded?
Each feather it fell from skin

And I will hang my head,
Hang my head low
And I will hang my head,
Hang my head low

A gray sky, a bitter sting
A rain cloud, a crane on wing
All out beyond horizon
A gray sky, a bitter sting

And I will hang my head,
Hang my head low
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Hang my head low

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