

Gravedigress dig me a hole I can bury  
All of my love and all of my holy

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Old gravedigress by the dried out brook  
Whose babble turns to gravel  
And my company too  
I used to watch the butterflies,  
Pretend that its spring  
When December can't remember  
Not a damn cold thing

Old gravedigger-r by the burnt out tree  
Who held the hive a murmur  
But no more bees  
I used to hear the wind  
Made speak and sing the leaves  
Seems so long I've felt but a shy and tender breeze

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Old scarecrow wounded at the knee  
Lost your button eyes  
And most of your stuffing  
Hay for a heart  
And hay for a brain  
If your momma was sweeter then you might be sane

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