

# Crazy Man Michael

Natalie Merchant

Within the fire  
And out upon the sea  
Crazy man Michael was walking  
He met with a raven  
With eyes black as coal  
And shortly they were talking

"your future, your future  
I will tell to you  
Your future  
You often have asked me  
Your true love will die  
By your own right hand  
And crazy man Michael  
Will cursed be"

Michael he ranted  
And Michael he raved  
And he beat at the four winds  
With his fists-o  
He laughed and he cried  
He shouted and he swore  
For his mad mind  
Entrapped him with a fist-hold

"you speak with an evil  
You speak with a hate  
You speak for the devil  
That haunts me  
For is she not the fairest  
In all the broad land?  
Your sorcerer's words  
Are to taunt me"

He took out his dagger  
Of fine and broad steel  
And he struck down the raven  
Through the heart-o  
The bird fluttered long  
And the sky it did spin  
And this cold earth did  
Wander 'round startled

Oh where is the raven  
That I struck down dead  
And here did lye  
On the ground-o?  
I see my true love  
With a wound so red  
Where her lover's heart  
It did pound-o

Crazy man Michael  
He wanders I'm told  
And he talks through  
The night and the day-o  
But his eyes they are sane

And his speech is plain  
But he longs to be far away-o

Michael he whistles  
The simplest of tunes  
As he asks of the wild wolves  
Their pardon  
But his true love has flown  
Into every flower grown  
And he must be keeper  
Of the garden