

## Crow Jane

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Crow jane crow jane crow jane  
Horrors in her head  
That her tongue dare not name  
She lives alone by the river  
The rolling rivers of pain  
Crow jane crow jane  
Crow jane ah hah huh  
There is one shining eye on a hard-hat  
The company closed down the mine  
Winking on waters they came  
Twenty hard-hats, twenty eyes  
In her clapboard shack  
Only six foot by five  
They killed all her whiskey  
And poured their pistols dry  
Crow jane crow jane  
Crow jane ah hah huh  
Seems you've remembered  
How to sleep, how to sleep  
The house dogs are in your turnips  
And your yard dogs are running all over the street  
Crow jane crow jane  
Crow jane ah hah huh  
O mr. smith and mr. wesson  
Why you close up shop so late?  
Just fitted out a girl who looked like a bird  
Measured .32, .44, .38  
I asked that girl which road she was taking  
Said she was walking the road of hate  
But she stopped on a coal-trolley up to new haven  
Population: 48  
Crow jane crow jane  
Crow jane ah hah huh  
Your guns are drunk and smoking  
They've followed you right back to your gate  
Laughing all the way back from the new town  
Population, now, 28  
Crow jane crow jane  
Crow jane ah hah huh