Snow-Hen of Austerlitz

Rasputina

They say not far away, In fact upon that hill They say that there's a little girl there still She wasn't raised like the other kids Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

The mother's blind and keeps some birds as pets That her baby is a human she forgets In a tiny wire pen that little girl still sits Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

She must be ten or eleven now
I heard she's pretty but she don't have all her wits
She is the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

Not having really neither wings nor beak
She never learned to walk or speak
To the child, the mother never says a word
To communicate, this little girl, she chirps like a bird

All the birds around they taught the little girl their language When she's not understood she starts to get real angry So she waves her hands around just like they were her wings Hope it when she's happy, you should hear her sing!

I'll leave the cage door open
We'll see how far she gets
She's known as the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

Kept like a pet in an old hen coop
The mother didn't beat her and she gave her food
Still pitiful no care shown but it's
The life of the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

A skinny thing with brittle glass-like bones Was it wind in the trees or the Snow Hen's moans? From pursed perch from that attic she flits Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

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