

## Crow Jane

Skip James

Crow Janie, Crow Janie, Crow Jane  
Don't you hold your head high  
Someday baby, you know  
You got to die  
You got to lay down an -  
You got to die, you got to -

You know, I wanna buy me a pistol  
Wants me forty rounds of ball  
Shoot Crow Jane, just to see her fall  
She got to fall, she got to -  
She got to fall, she got to-

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane  
Not to hold her head, so high  
Someday baby, you know  
You got to die  
You got to lay down an -

When I dug her grave  
With a silver spade  
Ain't nobody gon' take  
My Crow Jane place  
You can't take her place  
No, you can't take her -

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane  
Not to hold her head, too high  
Someday baby, you know  
You got to die  
You got to lay down an -

You know, I let her down  
With a golden chain  
An ev'ry link  
I would call my, Crow Jane name  
Crow Jane, Crow -  
Crow Jane, Crow -

You know I never missed my water  
'Till my well went dry  
Didn't miss Crow Jane  
Until the day she died  
'Till the day-ay-ay-ay she -

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane  
Not to hold her head, too high  
Someday baby, you know you got to die  
You got to lay down and -  
You got to die, you got to -

You know, I dug her grave  
Eight feet in the ground  
Didn't feel sorry  
Until they let her down

They had to let her down

Had-a -  
They had to let her down

That's the reason I begged, Crow Jane  
Not to hold her head, too high  
Someday baby, you know you got to die  
You got to lay down and.