

## Poor, Poor Lenore

### The Handsome Family

Poor, poor Lenore  
Carried off by crows  
As she wandered alone  
Where the red oaks grow

Black, black were their beaks  
Twisted in her hair  
And black were their wings  
Whipping up through the air

Fly, fly into the breeze  
Lenore and the crows  
To the top of a dead tree  
Where the heartbroken go

Love, she fell in love  
With a gravedigger's son  
Who was thin as the bow  
Of his black violin

Kiss, he kissed so hard  
Her mouth filled with blood  
But he left her to cry  
Where the red oaks die

Fly, fly into the breeze  
Lenore and the crows  
To the top of a dead tree  
Where the heartbroken go