

Blackest Crow

Tim O'Brien

As time draws near my dearest dear when you and I must part
How little you know of the grief and woe in my poor and my poor
aching heart

Tis' but I suffer for your sake believe me dear it's true
I wish that you were staying here or I was going with you

I wish my breast were made of glass wherein you might behold
Upon my heart your name lies wrote in letters made of gold
In letters made of gold my love, believe me when I say
You are the one that I will adore until my dying day

The blackest crow that ever flew would surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you bright day will turn to night
Bright day will turn to day my love, the elements will mourn
If ever I prove false to you the seas will rage and burn