

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Crow Jane Blues

Crow Jane Blues

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 "

recorded by Nick Cave  
ED  
OCT98