

Crazy Man Michael

Natalie Merchant

Within the fire
And out upon the sea
Crazy man Michael was walking
He met with a raven
With eyes black as coal
And shortly they were talking

"your future, your future
I will tell to you
Your future
You often have asked me
Your true love will die
By your own right hand
And crazy man Michael
Will cursed be"

Michael he ranted
And Michael he raved
And he beat at the four winds
With his fists-o
He laughed and he cried
He shouted and he swore
For his mad mind
Entrapped him with a fist-hold

"you speak with an evil
You speak with a hate
You speak for the devil
That haunts me
For is she not the fairest
In all the broad land?
Your sorcerer's words
Are to taunt me"

He took out his dagger
Of fine and broad steel
And he struck down the raven
Through the heart-o
The bird fluttered long
And the sky it did spin
And this cold earth did
Wander 'round startled

Oh where is the raven
That I struck down dead
And here did lye
On the ground-o?
I see my true love
With a wound so red
Where her lover's heart
It did pound-o

Crazy man Michael
He wanders I'm told
And he talks through
The night and the day-o
But his eyes they are sane

And his speech is plain
But he longs to be far away-o

Michael he whistles
The simplest of tunes
As he asks of the wild wolves
Their pardon
But his true love has flown
Into every flower grown
And he must be keeper
Of the garden