

# Snow-Hen of Austerlitz

Rasputina

They say not far away, In fact upon that hill  
They say that there's a little girl there still  
She wasn't raised like the other kids  
Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

The mother's blind and keeps some birds as pets  
That her baby is a human she forgets  
In a tiny wire pen that little girl still sits  
Miss Lynn, the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

She must be ten or eleven now  
I heard she's pretty but she don't have all her wits  
She is the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

Not having really neither wings nor beak  
She never learned to walk or speak  
To the child, the mother never says a word  
To communicate, this little girl, she chirps like a bird

All the birds around they taught the little girl their language  
When she's not understood she starts to get real angry  
So she waves her hands around just like they were her wings  
Hope it when she's happy, you should hear her sing!

I'll leave the cage door open  
We'll see how far she gets  
She's known as the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

Kept like a pet in an old hen coop  
The mother didn't beat her and she gave her food  
Still pitiful no care shown but it's  
The life of the Snow Hen of Austerlitz

A skinny thing with brittle glass-like bones  
Was it wind in the trees or the Snow Hen's moans?  
From pursed perch from that attic she flits  
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