

The Garden

The Crane Wives

Tear it down, tear it down around my head
I need you to bury this beneath my bed
The crows in the garden are laughing at my expense
Drowning out all the lies that I might have told instead

My stone, my shield, my steady hand
Hold your light to the darkness in my head
Put your ear to my heart or set your teeth against my throat
Give me something pretty to wear beneath my blood-
stained clothes

My darling, the devil knows my name
(Oh...)

Lay me down, pour the dirt into our bed
Tell the crows they can have their pound of flesh
The ghosts at the window echo all our quiet prayers
When they come for us, they'll come with hammers and nails

My darling, the devil knows my name
My name
My name

Get on your knees and dig up the garden
Won't you throw down that spade and
Dig up the garden, darling?
Get your hands dirty and rip up the garden
Won't you cut down that apple tree for me?