

Hanna, My Ophelia

Justin Vernon

All our lives we've been here
Close to the center of the largest grinding gear
Things we knew, we know 'cause we stayed near
You were my love for all of my best years

Rifles crack; their lonesome sound
For 20 miles outside of town
Tears fall on my muddy feet
I quiver as the pulleys squeak
As they lower you so slowly in the ground

Your niece she sang an angel's song
and, Love, I hope it won't be long
Hannah, I hope it won't be long