

Poor, Poor Lenore

The Handsome Family

Poor, poor Lenore
Carried off by crows
As she wandered alone
Where the red oaks grow

Black, black were their beaks
Twisted in her hair
And black were their wings
Whipping up through the air

Fly, fly into the breeze
Lenore and the crows
To the top of a dead tree
Where the heartbroken go

Love, she fell in love
With a gravedigger's son
Who was thin as the bow
Of his black violin

Kiss, he kissed so hard
Her mouth filled with blood
But he left her to cry
Where the red oaks die

Fly, fly into the breeze
Lenore and the crows
To the top of a dead tree
Where the heartbroken go