

Current 93, Oh Coal Black Smith

Oh she looked out of the window
As white as any milk
But he looked in the window
As black as any silk
"Hello hello hello hello
Hello you coal black smith
Oh what is your silly song?
You shall never change my maiden name
That I have kept so long
I'd rather die a maid, yes"
But then she said
"And be buried in my grave, yes"
And then she said
"That I'd have such a nasty
Husky, dusky, musty, funky
Coal black smith,
A maiden will I die"
Then she became a duck
A duck all on the stream
And he became a water dog
And fetched her back again
Then she became a hare
A hare all on the plain
And he became a greyhound dog
And fetched her back again
Then she became a fly
A fly all in the air
And he became a spider
And fetched her to his lair
And she became a corpse,
A corpse all in the ground
And he became the cold grey clay
And smothered her all around