Acordesweb.com

Crazy Man Michael
Fairport Convention

```
Bm          D        A           Fm
Within the fire and out upon the sea
Bm          A            Bm
Crazy Man Michael was walking
Bm              D         A              Fm
He met with a raven with eyes black as coals
Bm           A            Bm
And shortly they were a-talking


Fm                            Bm
 Your future, your future, I would tell to you
Fm                            A
Your future, you often have asked me
Bm                    A          Bm         Fm
Your true love will die by your own right hand
Bm              A            Bm
And Crazy Man Michael will cursed be


Bm          D        A           Fm
Michael he ranted and Michael he raved
Bm                      A             Bm
And beat at the four winds with his fists-oh
Bm                  D         A             Fm
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and he swore
Bm                      A                Bm
For his mad mind had trapped him with a kiss-oh


       Fm                      Bm
 You speak with an evil, you speak with a hate
     Fm                        A
You speak for the devil that haunts me
    Bm               A        Bm             Fm
For is she not the fairest in all the broad land?
        Bm        A            Bm
Your sorceror s words are to taunt me


Bm                D        A           Fm
He took out his dagger of fire and of steel
      Fm                                A
And struck down the raven through the heart-oh
```

Bm **D** **A** **Fm**
The bird fluttered long and the sky it did spin
Fm **A** **Bm**
And the cold earth did wonder and start-oh

Fm **Bm**
Oh, where is the raven that I struck down dead
Fm **A**
That here d lie here on the ground-oh?
Bm **A** **Bm** **Fm**
I see but my true love with a wound so red
Bm **A** **Bm**
Her lover s heart it did pound-oh

Bm **D** **A** **Fm**
Crazy Man Michael, he wanders and walks

And talks to the night and the day-oh
Bm **D** **A** **Fm**
But his eyes they are sane and his speech it is clear
Bm **A** **Bm**
And he longs to be far away-oh

Fm **Bm**
Michael he whistles the simplest of tunes
Fm **A**
And asks the wild woods their pardon
Bm **A** **Bm** **Fm**
For his true love is flown into every flower grown
Bm **A** **Bm**
And he must be keeper of the garden