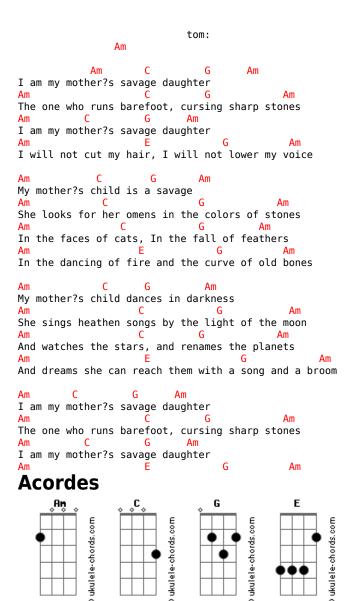


Sarah Hester Ross - Savage Daughter



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I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my voice
My mother?s child is a savage
She looks for her omens in the colors of stones
In the faces of cats, In the fall of feathers \ensuremath{\mathsf{Am}} \ensuremath{\mathsf{E}} \ensuremath{\mathsf{G}} \ensuremath{\mathsf{A}} \ensuremath{\mathsf{A}}
In the dancing of fire and the curve of old bones
My mother?s child curses too loud and too often
My mother?s child laughs too hard and too long
                   C G
And howls at the moon and sleeps in ditches
Am E G Am
And clumsily raises her voice in this song
I am my mother?s savage daughter
The one who runs barefoot, cursing sharp stones
Am C G I am my mother?s savage daughter
fence{Am} fence{E} fence{G} fence{Am} I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my voice
My mother?s child is a savage
She looks for her omens in the colors of stones
In the faces of cats, In the fall of feathers

Am

E

G

Am
In the dancing of fire and the curve of old bones
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