

Scallcrows

Christy Moore

Sunday morning you've a page to fill
You gather grist to grind your mill
Seek a pot to dip your quill
Sacrifice all candour

Your pointed beaks as sharp as knives
As you tear strips off peoples lives
Buzzing like bluebottle flies
Among the dead and wounded

Scallcrows
You're only Scallcrows
Scallcrows
Vultures, Dirtbirds and Scallcrows

Attracted by the lure of stars
You lurk around expensive bars
Seeking rumours swapping jars
Down among the posers

Sunday morning I can hear the sound
It's the Scallcrows flocking around
Seeking prey that must be found
To satisfy the hunger