

## Scallcrows

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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