

# Crows In The Wheatfield

Del Amitri

Making your way through an orangepeel orchard  
Tracing your day from disillusioned to debauched  
And Spring passed quickly below the rotten elm tree  
You weren't kissed there you were pissed in the lavatory  
And shaving is something that you grew out of  
And it would take a heat wave to get you to take your jacket off.

You hang around the square watching someone kick the boys in  
With a hand through your hair as if to comb out the poison  
Sing some stupid song about crows in the wheatfield  
It's been so long since you saw crows in the wheatfield

And don't forget that day you remember  
When you saw fish swim in the sewage system river  
And keep revising that picture in your mind  
When you left home and the crows behind

And the Apples were sweet and summers were long  
Digging in your bare feet on a short yellow lawn  
You used to stifle a smile or forget not to yawn  
Do all the things that men do when they're To the River Born.

With fifty-five pence between his two fingers  
And a swirling head as the feeling of hunger lingers  
Sing some stupid songs about crows in the wheatfield  
It's been so long since you saw crows in the wheatfield  
Sing some stupid song about crows in the wheatfield  
You knew all along you were a crow in the wheatfield