

Stone the Crow

Down

A bout of deep depression.
Can't seem to move it forward.
My lying eyes lie awake.
Not sure what I am after.
I never died before.
Can't live what happened yesterday.
I never stoned the crow, no.
Flip through endless stories.
A life of hand-written pain.
No one can share this hurt that is mine, mine, mine.
I never died before.
Can't be what happened yesterday.
I shouldn't stone the crow, no.
Ride on!
Same old city, same old pain.
No matter how I try,
No matter what I say,
I'm blamed, I'm shamed,
I'm judged unfairly.
So now I've died before.
It feels as bad as yesterday.
I never stoned the crow, no.
You too have died before.
It's more than less of yesterday.
I never stoned the crow, stoned the crow, no, no.