

Old Adam

Hem

Old Adam the crow
He's building a home in your field
Where bitter weeds grow all around the corn
Will you be the father
That drives the thief from your home
Or let him run wild at your first born

Now I carried the plow
To carve out a home in this world
And I carried the bow to protect the corn
Summer is over
My hands are tired and slow
And I can't stop loving my first born

Old Adam the crow
He's flying away from your field
And you will never know what makes him run
I dreamed of my father
Who drove me out of his home