

The Shadow of a Black Crow

Melissa Etheridge

I am levitating somewhere down the road
With a price on my head and the shadow of a black crow
He's been on my tail for close to three days
Just a little souvenir of my wicked ways

I would rather die fast than to ever live slow
Father forgive me what my mother don't know
The scratch marks on my soul
From the shadow of a black crow

I've got a box of reds and a bottle of the blues
Comes a time in your life honey you've gotta choose
My belly's on fire from the acid of the truth
All the untold lies of my misspent youth

I would rather die fast than to ever live slow
Father forgive me what my mother don't know
The scratch marks on my soul
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It's pretty when you're young just a pity when you're old, yeah
Am I running away or am I closer to home
The lines and the signs and the miles go by
No one ever bothered to even ask me why
So I am disappearing into this road
With a six pack of sorrow and the shadow of a black crow

I would rather die fast than to ever live slow
Father forgive me what my mother don't know
The scratch marks on my soul
From the shadow of a black crow