

Scarecrow

Pink Floyd

1. The black and green scarecrow as everyone knows,
Stood with a bird on his hat, and straw every where
He didn't care,
He stood in a field where barley grows.
2. His head did no thinking his arms didn't move,
Except when the wind cut up rough,
And mice ran around on the ground.
He stood in a field where barley grows.
- 3 The black and green scarecrow is sadder than me,
But now he's resigned to his fate,
Cause life's not unkind he doesn't mind.
He stood in a field where barley grows.

Závěrečný riff:

A/----6/4-3/1---1-3/1-

E/2-4-----4-----2