

## The Scarecrow

Pink Floyd

The black and green scarecrow as everyone knows  
Stood with a bird on his hat and straw everywhere.  
He didn't care.  
He stood in a field where barley grows.  
His head did no thinking  
His arms didn't move except then the wind cut up  
Rough and mice ran around on the ground  
He stood in a field where barley grows.  
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.