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.