

The crows the crows
Sitting on a fence
Voices disappear behind a bank of clouds
It's a dismal forecast
Her torn up skirt a backdrop
And drop she does
The crows the crows
Oh no the crows
The crows the crows
The crows the crows
Lawnmower Joe
Cut himself up on stones
The crows the crows
A little too close for comfort
A park boy curious about a homeless halfway house
Crying crumpled
Oh no the crows
The crows the crows
She might shape up real nice
One of those
The crows the crows
Oh no the crows
The crows the crows
Oh no the crows
She's not intimidated
A used up rag wasted
The crows scratch out my errant thoughts
Into some order
Line them up on a fence
I look around
They've flown
Oh no the crows
The crows the crows
Oh no the crows
The crows the crows