

## Nebakanezer

### The Black Crows

Nebakanezer never knew  
He left his needle outside in the rain  
And it rusted through

He kept twenty nine blackbirds  
But only one flew  
Spent most of his time making holes  
And licking his wounds

Nebakanezer lost his wife  
She took her diamond rings  
And was gone before the light  
She left one satin shoe and a very dull knife  
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So tell us what the sorry singer might do  
All of his friends complain that they got the flu  
They ain't sick in the head  
They look like the living dead and that's not cool

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