

## Song of the Corn

The Coral

Out in the field when the first has been born  
Folks sing a song, song of the corn  
Late in the day when the secrets are sworn  
Folks tell a tale, tale of the corn

I heard a commotion one late afternoon  
Someone was singing a funeral tune  
As I lay watching them hoist up the cross  
Something was burning, something was lost

Could you believe what the scarecrow had seen  
Folks come to fall down to their knees  
Rumours of strangers been buried alive  
Black bats and ... send chills at my spine