

Don't Wake The Scarecrow

The Felice Brothers

Would you love me
If I told you I was born upstream
If I told you I come from money
White money
Would you love me
Would you love me

Well, I was born down
By a bad little river in a poor town
Where an indian-giver put a board out
It said "Boarding House"
Call him Scarecrow
He kept whores around

And I'd go there
I'd wait my turn on the broke stairs
And get me the girl with the gold hair
Aw yeah, leave your clothes there
On the folding chair

In that cold room
Your breath would twist just like ghosts do
You said, "Call me Dorothy in red shoes"
And the bed moved
The bed moved
The bed moved

Tracy, don't you wake that scarecrow tonight

Well, the man would come in
It's hard living right giving head when
The sad days of winter have set in
And the medicine for an addict is heroin

I'd find you there in the bath
We'd cook up your shit in a tin can
And you started calling me Tin Man

And we started making plans to begin again
Begin again

You saved a C note
Told me you felt like a seagull
Told me to meet at the depot
With the needle, then maybe we'd go
To Reno

Where you'd be my desert dove
And we'd find a way to make better love
Said, "Baby, that's how the West was won"
And the blood-red sun
Yeah, the blood-red sun
And the blood-red sun

Tracy, don't you wake that scarecrow tonight

Well, the man cries,

"Who gives a damn when a tramp dies?"
But I loved you there in the lamp light
With your bare thighs
And the halo of your hair alive

And all my lifelong
I'll never shake off your siren song
And all of your talk about dying young
With an iron lung and that crazy way

You said, "Simon,
I think I might stay here with Scarecrow tonight
Simon, I think I'm gonna stay here with Scarecrow
Tonight."