

Scavenger Bird

The Low Anthem

I saw a crow, feeding a crow
A small scrap of metal from a toilet hole

I've seen the birds, circling your big Southern eyes
What could they want, it's no big surprise

I've seen the birds parting your cracked country mouth
There's no wonder my love what this is about

Our nature's a monster, we pull and we pry
What will you find?
A crowbar, a hammer, a delicate word
Will open the door to the scavenger bird

Accept no presents for each is a lie
Whose depth you will know by the strength of the shine
The ring on your finger it ain't worth the change
You send down the wishing well, bring me some rain
The fields have gone dry, blackbirds are starving for love
Of any old kind
Run your long fingers through the powdered earth
It's you who brings the rain

I saw a crow with the cock of his head
He solved a great puzzle and hustled for bread
A crowbar, a hammer, a delicate word
Opens the door to the scavenger bird