

## 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