

## Crows

### The Mountain Goats

Well I went way out North Carolina way  
To that old graveyard where my great grandmother lay  
And the day was bright and I hadn't slept all night  
And they sold the place to some guys who were building  
graduate student housing  
No one raised any objections  
They were knocking the headstones down  
And the sun was high when I rolled into town  
Stood by a nameless hole in the ground  
The air was sweet and hot  
Maybe it was the right grave  
Maybe not  
But the crows crows crows  
Rose, rose, rose from the grave  
Yeah the crows crows crows  
Rose, rose, rose from the grave