

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