

# The Scarecrow

Ulrik Munther

On a grey October night  
My father sat me down  
Whispered in the firelight  
The legend of our town  
Fifty years ago he said  
A boy ran off they feared  
But he had a know instead  
He simply disappeared

He walked into a cold field  
His head a mess up dreams  
Awakening in a graveyard  
That swallowed up his screams

Something rose from the black  
Lashing out with it's claws  
Something rose to attack  
Jagged teeth in its jaws  
Something no one could picture  
Imagine or draw  
That's what the scarecrow saw

Once an autumn miller since  
The story's been retold  
People going missing in  
That field of tarnished gold  
I don't mean to frighten you  
My father sworn and still  
Whether he intended to  
He gave my soul a chill

I walked into a cold field  
And open was a dream  
Afraid to find the graveyard  
Would swallow in my screams

Something rose from the black  
Lashing out with it's claws  
Something rose to attack  
Jagged teeth in its claws  
Something no one could picture  
Imagine or draw  
That's what the scarecrow saw  
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Lala lala what the scarecrow saw [repeat]