

# Beck, Scarecrow

I'm walkin to the other side  
With the devil tryin to take my mind  
And my soul's just a silhouette  
In the ashes of a cigarette

Illusions never fake their lies  
Trick cards fool the eye  
Carry zeros over till they add up  
Bury tears in the chapters you shut  
Sometimes the jail can't chain the cell  
And the rain's too plain to tell  
All alone by a barren well  
The scarecrow's only scarin himself

I've been diggin the ground  
Thru the dust and the clouds  
I see miles and miles  
And the junkyard piles  
I wanted hope from a grave  
I wanted strength from a slave  
What gives you comfort now  
Might be the end of you then  
Crows are pullin at my clothes  
The wind got my fingers froze  
Standing all day keepin watch  
Over all the treasures we lost  
Sometimes the jail can't chain the cell  
And the rain's too plain to tell  
All alone by a barren well  
The scarecrow's only scarin himself