

Wishing Chair, Crow

A storm is coming
Can't you smell the rain
Won't you go and open the windows
I tell you children things are gonna change
Won't you listen how that wind blows
Listen how that wind blows

Big man talking way too loud
Words as empty as a pocket
Making poison like a factory
How we gonna stop it
How we gonna stop it

Tell me children how can you sleep so sound?
When all the locks are rattling
Hungry voices round and round
Who? you should be asking
Who? you should be asking

Take those apples from the tree
They tell you that you will die
Old Crow she just laughs and laughs
She knows that that's a damn lie
Knows that that's a damn lie

A storm is coming
Can't you smell the rain
Won't you go and open the windows
I tell you children things are gonna change
Won't you listen how that wind blows
Listen how that wind blows
Listen how that wind... crows