

# 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

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Listen how that wind blows  
Listen how that wind... crows