

Del Amitri, Crows In The Wheatfield

Making your way through an orangepeel orchard
Tracing your day from disillusioned to debauched
and Spring passed quickly below the rotten elm tree
You weren't kissed there you were pissed in the lavatory
And shaving is something that you grew out of
and it would take a heat wave to get you to take your jacket off.
You hang around the square watching someone kick the boys in
With a hand through your hair as if to comb out the poison
Sing some stupid song about crows in the wheatfield
It's been so long since you saw crows in the wheatfield
And don't forget that day you remembered
When you saw fish swim in the sewage system river
And keep revising that picture in your mind
When you left home and the crow's behind
and the Apples were sweet and summers were long
digging in your bare feet on a short yellow lawn
You used to stifle a smile or forget not to yawn
Do all the things that men do when they're To the River Born.
With fifty-five pence between his two fingers
And a swirling head as the feeling of hunger lingers
Sing some stupid songs about crows in the wheatfield
It's been so long since you saw crows in the wheatfield
Sing some stupid song about crows in the wheatfield
You knew all along you were a crow in the wheatfield