

Jeff Buckley, Curtains

i used to know this old scarecrow
he was my song
my joy and sorrow
cast alone between the furrows
of a field no longer sown by anyone

i held a dandelion
that said the time had come
to leave upon the wind
not to return
when summer burned the earth again

oh oh oh, oh oh oh....

cultivate the freshest flower
this garden ever grew
beneath these branches
i once wrote such childish words for you

but that's okay
there's treasure children always seek to find
and just like us
you must have had
a once upon a time

oh oh oh, oh oh oh....