

Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge, Crippled Crow

Beggar standin' on the corner sing your song sing it for a dime
Give them all the pain you carried down the line
Music's flying past their ears rising like a burble those who herd will follow
The out of tune ravings of the crippled crow movin' down the ladder slow
Where your friends on knee will help you
And the cup of tin you carry is just the ticket to get you in

Beggar standin' on the corner dry your eyes your time is nigh
The tears your tastin' are only salty time
Your music's lasted through the years
Goin' through your troubles for the herd to follow
The out of tune ravings...
The crown of thorns you're wearin' is just the ticket to get you in
The out of tune ravings...
The out of tune ravings...