

# Neil Cicierega, The Scarecrow

Mama was a haystack  
Daddy was a burlap sack  
Crows on my back,  
While I'm lookin' up o'er the grain!

Crucified straw man  
Ever since I began  
God's master plan  
Never specified a brain!

And I know  
That it's my mission  
But with all  
The time I've got

Lord I'm findin'  
Myself wishin  
I could spend  
It deep in thought

Mama was a haystack  
Daddy was a burlap sack  
God take me back  
Cause there's nothing  
In my head, cept for stuffin',  
And I don't know what to think  
About that.