

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.