

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Scarecrow

He trembles in the bitter wind
Until it's time for us to speak
Whilst others here are sleeping sound
I'll slip away by floorboard creak

Upon the hill he'll hear my secrets
Shock the colours to bleach inside
Whilst others there are sleeping sound
Just we two will confide

Listen to his body moan
Make a wish and send us home
To spin the gold and silver stitches
We can turn his rags to riches

With frosty jack on fingernail
Thro' shoe black smile he'll tell-a-tale
Come whisper thro' your lips of straw
A moment torn forevermore

Listen to his body groan
Make a wish to send us home
To spin the gold and silver stitches
We can turn his rags to riches

My so-called friends say you're not alive
I'll bake their bones for telling lies
Then pull the pastry from the pie
And pour the gravy in their eye

Listen to his body moan
Make a wish and send us home
To spin the gold and silver stitches
We can turn his rags to riches