

The Coral, Song Of The Corn

Out in the field when the first has been born
Folks sing a song, song of the corn
Late in the day when the secrets are sworn
Folks tell a tale, tale of the corn
I heard a commotion one late afternoon
Someone was singing a funeral tune
As I lay watching them hoist up the cross
Something was burning, something was lost

Could you believe what the scarecrow had seen
Folks come to fall down to their knees
Rumours of strangers been buried alive
Black bats and barnyards send chills at my spine