

# The Gothic Archies, Crows

It gets dark around here early  
Because of all the crows  
What they want and where they came from  
No one really knows  
Crows are sour and surly  
With reason, I suppose

There are crows, crows, crows in the trees  
Saying crow things, doing as they please  
There are crows, crows, crows everywhere  
But when I think of you, dear, I don't care

It gets light around here slowly  
Because of how it goes  
Every day we hear the same dumb  
list of those crows' woes  
Thinking they're so holy  
while leaving mementos

There are crows, crows, crows in the trees  
Saying crow things, doing as they please  
There are crows, crows, crows everywhere  
But when I think of you, dear, I don't care

I don't care  
because I know you love me  
Unlike all crows lurking above me...

There are crows, crows, crows in the trees  
Saying crow things, doing as they please  
There are crows, crows, crows everywhere  
But when I think of you, dear, I don't care