

# Black Crow

## Shemekia Copeland

There's a crow flying, dark and ragged, tree to tree

He's black as the highway that's leading me

Now he's diving down to pick up on something shiny

I feel like that black crow flying in a blue skyI took a ferry to the highway then I drove to a pontoon plane

I took a plane to a taxi and a taxi to a train

I've been traveling so long

How am I ever gonna know my home when I see it again?

I'm like a black crow flying in a blue, blue skyIn search of love and music my whole life has been

Illumination, corruption and diving, diving, diving, diving

Diving down to pick up on every shiny thing

Just like that black crow flying in a blue skyI looked at the morning after being up all night

I looked at my haggard face in the bathroom light

I looked out the window and I

I saw that ragged soul take flight

I saw a back crow flying in a blue sky

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