

Scarecrow

Pink Floyd

The black and green scarecrow as everyone knows
Stood with a bird on his hat and straw everywhere.

He didn't care.

He stood in a field where barley grows.

His head did no thinking

His arms didn't move except then the wind cut up

Rough and mice ran around on the ground

He stood in a field where barley grows.

The black and green scarecrow is sadder than me

But now he's resigned to his fate

'cause life's not unkind - he doesn't mind.

He stood in a field where barley grows.

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