

# Crow

## PigPen Theatre Co.

Best to post a guard upon the yard you take as yours  
I know the art, the drill, the door, and how  
to make a welcome sore  
It's sure to spill, and still it's warm  
from every hand that draped its form

Laid a claim on a cold frontier  
and aren't you one to scoff and sneer  
I'll be a stone and a path to clear  
for every craft that gathers here

Now, you see, I've built this garden,  
fallen 'long the way  
overgrown and poorly guarded  
Darling-- finish what you started

May I suggest a jester clown  
to pick you up when ups are down  
I'll be the first to drag him 'round  
(He lives with me across the town)

Charmed their way from out the cold  
to run their hands along the fold  
and I have seen the shadows roll  
across they eyes of every soul  
and linger  
long enough to pull  
a liar from his hiding hole

No shame in scratching where  
we've picked them to the bone  
Four legs have made an easy chair,  
but two will see you home. If you  
were sorry when we made them share  
what wouldn't go around,  
it didn't show, though you were always  
loathe to give it sound

And now you see, I've built this garden,  
fallen 'long the way

overgrown and poorly guarded  
Darling, finish what you started

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Lyrics submitted by Melissa Frazee.

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