

# Scarecrow

## Counting Crows

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Mary steers clear of the men from space  
Back alley kid with an American face  
She wants the wine  
He brings a case to carry them on through  
I said you know what I now  
About the bedroom boys  
Undercover Russians in a pink Rolls Royce  
They bang the drum, she sets the beat  
They carry Miss America out into the street  
She sings Snowman! Scarecrow! John Doe! Buffalo!  
I wish you wouldn't go  
I got the arms to reach you  
I am the scarecrow  
Oh, guess you oughta know  
I got the hands to teach you  
I am the scarecrow  
Snowman sideshow  
I fell out of love  
In the snowbound days  
Riding the subway in a Valium haze  
I need the white, she gets the blues  
It carries us on through  
All these American boys  
At the park 'n' shop  
Selling their memories for a dollar a pop  
Ivan the ancient spaceman  
race fan  
Corners the market on American tastes  
And says Spaceman! Scarecrow! Peepshow! Freakshow!  
I wish you wouldn't go  
But I got the arms to reach you  
I am a scarecrow  
Oh I guess you oughta know  
That I got the hands to teach you  
I am a scarecrow  
Hmm Punk rock video  
All the sudden light inside you dies  
Maybe you're going on alone  
Maybe you're going all alone  
She dreams of sunlight, sings of smaller things  
White sugar bowls and wedding rings

And you're going on from me alone  
You're going on, you're on your own  
She was married alive in a Moscow surgery  
Hoping to die in a cold war nursery  
All of the kids back home  
Believe in much more than we do  
It's a memory play, where the memory fades  
Into pictures you took  
Into records we played  
Spy vs. Spy, Scarecrow and I  
Out across the darkness where the bomber jets fly  
Singing Spaceman! Smokeshow! Scarecrow! Geronimo!  
I wish you wouldn't go  
I got the arms to reach you  
I am the scarecrow  
Oh, no no no no no no no  
Oh, I guess you oughta know  
That I got the hands to teach you  
I am a scarecrow  
Snowman freakshow  
Come one, come on, come on  
Oh, I wish you wouldn't go  
But I got the arms to reach you  
I am the scarecrow  
Oh, hell no  
Oh, I guess you oughta know  
That I got the hands to teach you  
I am the scarecrow  
Listen on the midnight radio  
radio station go!

Lyrics provided by

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