

As the Crow Flies

Thrice

Mother crow, feels no pain
Speaks no word
Speckled egg, hatching slow
Bible black, baby bird
One day fly over me
Placed you in flanneled coat
Months fly by
Grow your bones, feather, skin
Bible black by and by
You will spread your wings
One day fly over me
Fly over, fly over me, over me
Fly over, fly over me

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