Two Crows

David Yazbek

Two crows
sitting on a pile of wood
Someone's in the snow
Someone's eyes are good
Two crows look exactly
like they should
in the middle of December

First crow couldn't see
the field of white
Stone woman gives birth
to a child at night
Blind crow bragging
about his power of sight
in the middle of December

And I can see
and you can see the crows
and hear, hear
Happiness here. Happiness.

Second crow couldn't find
the pile of wood
Couldn't feel his feet
on the place they stood
Blind crow making like
he knew he could
in the middle of the winter

Two crows sitting
on a broken tree
Just a pile of you
and a pile of me
Two crows thinking
of what used to be
in the middle of December

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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