Scarecrows And Lilacs

Brett Anderson

The scarecrow waits on the hill all day, and a sparrow calls as the evening falls
We covered the mountain like snow; we covered the forest like crows
But were lie down where the lilacs growYour hands look small, and the skin is so cold
With your nails all cracked, like beetles backs
Their cover the village like ghosts, their cover the mountain like crows
But their find us where our blood meets the snow
Where the lilacs grow
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/