

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 grow Your 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.

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