

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 we lie down where the lilacs grow Your hands look small, and the skin is so cold
With your nails all cracked, like beetles backs
They cover the village like ghosts, they cover the mountain like crows
But they 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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