

# To Chase Away the Birds

## Waterdeep

Black crows flying in your wheat field  
Babies cryin', all you got's a paper shield  
It don't make much sense to you  
Who said it had to? Most folks smile away the blues  
I mean I... I guess they do  
You never really know for sure  
but I'm surviving on this hunch that everybody else is hurtin' too He was crazy  
Crazy but able  
So he excused himself from cleaning up the stable  
This is the way that horses die  
This is the way you learn to lie-  
by sacrificing the real and forgetting how to feel I loved him like fire  
We both had similar burning desires  
He kept expecting it all to work out down here  
I just hang on to holy fear

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