As The Crow Flies

Thrice

Mother crow, feels no pain
Speaks no word
Speckled egg, hatching slow
Bible black, baby birdOne day fly over mePlaced you in flanneled coat
Months fly by
Grow your bones, feather, skin
Bible black by and by You will spread your wings
One day fly over meFly over, fly over me, over me
Fly over, fly over me

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