

# Theory Of The Crows

## The National

Where crybabies cry  
In the united states  
Bright white on both sides  
Like a plate  
Nobody listens  
Nobody should  
It'd be a waste of attention  
Not enough money  
To buy a PC  
So I come in this weekend  
Asleep on my feet  
And if I forget you  
Ill have nobody left to forget  
I guess thats what assholes get  
Traded my day light  
For a career  
But I need you to disprove  
My theory of the crows  
Pouring my fingers across the keys

Will someone review my salary please?  
Im selling my time to the man who sells style  
That time should be mine to waste on you  
Ill suck off investors  
Ill suck off VCs  
Im losing my posture from time on my knees  
They treat me so well  
Cause I'll do anything  
Its in my nature of service  
But ill need you to disprove  
My theory of the crows  
Kids of the wealthy are raised by the poor  
You send daughters to los angelos and new york  
I need mine to see me  
When I wake up  
I need mine to know  
That im what they come to  
When they come home

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