

Old Adam

Hem

(Bob Hoffnar/Dan Messe)Old Adam the crow
He's building a home in your field
Where bitter weeds grow all around the corn
Will you be the father
Who drives the thief from your home
Or let him run wild as your first bornWell I carried the plow
To carve out a home in this world
And I carried the bow to protect the corn
Now summer is over
My hands are tired and slow
And I can't stop loving my first bornOld Adam the crow
He's flying away from your field
And you'll never know what makes him run
I dreamed of my father
Who drove me out of his home
And I dreamed of forgiving my wild son

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