

The Observations of a Crow

[Marty Stuart](#)

Newspaper boy makin' his rounds
Spreadin' the word all over town
Drivin' his car just as fast as it will go
There's papers in the driveway, papers in the yard
Paper broke a window, he didn't throw it that hard
But it shattered like a dream down in the valley below
Hey, quarter moon, well how was your night?
Yeah well, any minute now God's gonna hit them brights
So if you stick around, don't you say that you weren't told
Well, take it from me, you better grab your shades
If He looks at you, ooh, well try not to look so afraid
Just do the best that you can, but don't you think that He won't know
Creosote's drippin' from the high line poles
Fast as you can count 'em, 12 in a row
Blessed accommodations for the daily observations of a crow
Well, that cat down there, yeah, well he's Louie
the flea
He's married to a waitress by the name of Lora Lee
When they scream and they holler, man they put on a show
He's a protected witness from a Detroit job
Turned his best friend in, his name is Bob
I know who got the time, but who do you think got the dough?
Take a look at that pilgrim passin' by
He's lookin' for love, I can see it in his eyes
He's runnin' 'round in circles, you can take it from me
His shadow begs for mercy that every lost and found
In city after city, town after town
Tortured by the memory of a love he thought was supposed to be
Creosote's drippin' from the high line poles
Fast as you can count 'em, 12 in a row
Blessed accommodations for the daily observations of a crow
Well, I'm a genuine scoopologist, the name is
Crow
Sitting up here, watching the show
In this one horse drive-through, forsaken, dried up piece of the world
Well, it ain't much but it's my kingdom,
it's my home
Even had a queen till that parakeet came along
Fast talking, loud squawking, green feathered scrak took my girl, later

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