

Crows Counting

"40 Years"

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I was born in the jungle

With the sickening smell of cinnamon in the air

I was born in a white hole and

I can't believe the colors here today

Stalk on a circle

Well I've never been blessed with elephant's memory

Riding a red line nowhere

If it takes 40 years for the gun to be paid for

If it takes 40 years I'll put the money away

If it takes 40 years to get the things that I need sir

If it takes 40 years I'll walk the thunder and the rain

I was born in a good home

Where the rising cost of raising children

Was not a factor and

You can't believe the things it does to me

I'm filled with the white noise

Well I never did much of anything anyway

Jump on a big train nowhere

CHORUS

I wanna buy me a good heart, and a conscience,
and maybe raise some children

I wanna get me a good wife,

and a garden, garden, garden, garden.

Wanna start me a new life with a six foot color
television-

Wanna start me a new life somewhere.

I was born on a warm night

On the right coast, of southeastern America.

Dead on arrival,

but you can't believe the things you hear today.

I'll fly me a white plane over

water -over blue and green and land in the ocean
somewhere.

CHORUS

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