

Crows Counting

"Margery"

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In the still water she lies down

Shaking through the press of sunlight

We rolled into Lexington

She shakes off the drop of daylight

Water beading up her chest

Bleeding down between her knees

Rivers in Kentucky flow

Between the bluegrass wavy seas

But oh, Margery

Twists the knife once more inside of me

Breathless with anticipation

Baited reelers set their hooks

Tuck their heads beneath the high grass

And lie and wait beside the brooks

Were infants pushing slowly through

Frustration leading back along

The alleys of a childhood

That will not release us willingly

But oh, Margery ..

Sticks the knife in while I couldn't see (straight into me
baby)

Dust me off and shut me down
And dream of where I haven't been
Close the door inside my heart
Stuck in the south Atlantic wind
I have hollow eyes
Haunting only to myself
Even so, I can't stop calling
These great big hollows in my self
I took the train from California
To the far side of the continent
Woke up in Kentucky
Where a wedding was about to end
I looked up at Anna
She turned back to look at me
It's best to kill the ones that matter
Render blind the ones who see
But oh, Margery
Takes the blade and walks away from me
Oh, Margery
Love like blood is pouring out of me
Oh, Margery
My heart won't stop bleeding over me baby
Oh, I can't shut it in
It's got far too many doors to block the wind
Oh, I can't shut it in
It's got far too many doors to block the wind

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