

Crows Counting

"Omaha"

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Start tearing the old man down

Run past the heather and down to the old road

Start turning the grain into the ground Roll a new leaf
over

In the middle of the night,

there's an old man treading around in the gathered
rain

Well mister, if you're going to walk on water

Could you drop a line my way?

Omaha Somewhere in middle America

Get right to the heart of matters

It's the heart that matters more

I think you better turn your ticket in

And get your money back at the door

Start threading a needle

Brush past the shuttle that slides through the cold
room

Start turning the wool across the wire Roll a new life
over

In the middle of the night,

there's an old man threading his toes through a bucket
of rain

Hey mister, you don't want to walk on water

you're only going to walk all over me
Omaha Somewhere in middle America
Get right to the heart of the matters
It's the heart that matters more
I think you better turn your ticket in
And get your money back at the door
Start running the banner down
Drop past the color come up through the summer rain
Start turning the girl into the ground Roll a new love
over
In the middle of the day,
there's a young man rolling around in the earth and
rain
Hey Mister, if you're going to walk on water
You know you're only going to walk all over me.
Omaha Somewhere in middle America
Get right to the heart of matters
It's the heart that matters more
I think you better turn your ticket in
And get your money back at the door

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