

## **Hine Rupert**

### **"Scarecrow"**

Visit "[Scarecrow](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Take a beanpole that has felt the seasons change

He's known the wind against its face

And place it firmly on the softest ground.

Throw around the pole a cloak of patterns curious

That catch the sun

And turn the eye away from what is true.

Paint upon its face a smile

That never questions why

And crown it with a high hat made of straw.

And when the evening creeps into your eyes

You leave it for the world to see

This sad reflection name it vanity.

Hear the voices talking

Though their lips are barely moving

Yet their words are cutting quick

To find the softest ground.

Twisting in their broken flight

To catch the dreams you cast aside

To bring them once again before your eyes.

Raise the Scarecrow to their lips

That stiffen

And then turn away  
To leave you thankful  
Breathless if alone.  
And though you are too real to disappear  
You sink again into your bones  
And leave the Scarecrow to the World.  
Take a beanpole that has felt the seasons change  
He's known the wind against its face  
And place it firmly on the softest ground.  
Throw around the pole a cloak of patterns curious  
That catch the sun  
And turn the eye away from what is true.  
In its hands you place your bitter tears  
Its legs will be your broken dreams  
Swaying from the gibbert of contempt.  
And when you seek for gentle words  
You'll find its shadow reappears  
To shield you from  
The tenderness of love

Visit [Hine Rupert](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.