

Jim Carroll

"Crow"

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It must be strange to just fall from the stage
And snap a bone that is so close to the brain
And be attended to by so many down below
I saw a doctor tie you up from so far above
And you start singing just like light through a black
floor
You start sliding like burned skin to a side door

Refrain:

But crow, when you throw yourself under
Singins hard when you cant loose control
They dont know, to them in the dark you dont whisper
nothin
And theyre all gonna try and rip the wind from your
soul

It must have been hard to be a cashier in a bookstore
And to be surrounded by the history of your true loves
And youd get naked between the deep shelves in the
backroom
And have your brain get tan by sharp fluorescent light
tubes
And you start spinning like the pillars in the temple
Youd start screaming just like sister aimee simple

But crow, when you throw yourself under
The streets are hard when you cannot lose control
They dont know, to them the dark dont whisper nothin
And theyre all gonna try and rip the wind from your
soul
Crow

It was so sweet when you brought donuts to the junkies
Hey, youd give us something wed go slip into our
coffee
And wed start reading lines from poems that didnt
matter
You covered me with blankets in the chelsea hotel
lobby
And Id start reachin for the scar along your belly
Theyd start takin us cause winning is their hobby

Repeat refrain

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