

Jim Carroll

"Crow"

Visit "[Crow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

But Crow, when you throw yourself under
Singing's hard when you can't lose control
They don't know, to them in the dark you don't whisper
nothing
And they're 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 you'd get naked between deep shelves in the back
room
And have your brain get tan by sharp fluorescent light
tubes
And you start spinning like the pillars in the temple
You'd start screaming just like Sister Aimee Semple

But Crow, when you throw yourself under
The streets are hard when you cannot lose control
They don't know, to them in the dark don't whisper
nothing
And they're all gonna try and rip the wind from your
soul Crow

It was so sweet when you brought donuts to the junkies
Hey, you'd give us something we'd go slip into our
coffee
And we'd start reading lines from poems that didn't
matter
You covered me with blankets in the Chelsea Hotel
lobby
And I'd start reaching for the scar along your belly
They'd start taking us 'cause winning is their hobby

But Crow, when you throw yourself under

The streets are hard when you cannot lose control
They don't know, to them in the dark don't whisper
nothing
And they're all gonna try and rip the wind from your
soul Crow

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.