

Pink

"The Scarecrow"

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The black and green scarecrow as everyone knows
Stood with a bird on his hat and straw everywhere
He didn't care
He stood in a field where barley grows

His head did no thinking
His arms didn't move except when the wind cut up
About his head and mice spun around on the ground
He stood in a field where barley grows

The black and green scarecrow is sadder than me
But now he's resigned to his fate
'Cause life's not unkind
He doesn't mind
He stood in a field where barley grows

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