

Pink Floyd

"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 then the wind cut up
Rough and mice ran 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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