

Mew

"The Fox, The Crow, And The Cookie"

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Through mostly vacant streets, a baker from the
outskirts of his town
Earned his living peddling sweets from the ragged cart
he dragged around.
The clever fox crept close behind, kept an ever-
watchful eye
For a chance to steal a ginger spice cake or a
boysenberry pie.

Looking down was the hungry crow, "When the time is
right, I'll strike
And condescend to the earth below and take whichever
treat I'd like."
The moment the baker turned around to shoo the fox
off from his cart,
The crow swooped down and snatched a shortbread
cookie and a German chocolate tart.

Using most unfriendly words that the village children
had not yet heard,
The baker shouted threats by canzonette to curse the
crafty bird.
"You rotten wooden mixing spoon! Why you midnight
winged racoon!
You better bring those pastries back, you no-good
burned-black macaroon!"

The fox approached the tree where the bird was
perched, delighted in his nest.
"Brother Crow, don't you remember me? It's your old
friend Fox with a humble request.
If you could share just a modest piece, seeing as I
distracted that awful man."
This failed to persuade the crow in the least, so the fox
rethought his plan.

"Then if your lovely song would grace my ears, or to
even hear you speak,
Would ease my pains and fears." The crow looked
down with a candy in his beak.
"Your poems of wisdom, my good crow, what a

paradise they bring!"

This flattery pleased the proud bird, so he opened his mouth and began to sing:

"Your subtle acclamation's true! Best to give praise where praise is due.

Every rook and jay in the Corvidae's been raving about me too.

They admire me, one and all. Must be the passion in my caw!

My slender bill known through the escadrille, my fierce commanding claw!"

I got a walnut brownie brain, and molasses in my veins,
Crushed graham cracker crust, my powdered sugared
funnel cake cocaine.

Let the crescent cookie rise. These carob colored
almond eyes

Will rest to see my cashewed princess in the swirling
marble sky.

Will rest upon the knee, where all the visions cease to
be

A root beer float in our banana boat across the tapioca
sea.

When letting all attachments go, is the only prayer we
know,

May it be so, may it be so, may it be so, oh

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