

## Robyn Hitchcock

### "The Black Crow Knows"

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In the middle of the winter, in the middle of a wood  
Standing in a clearing with a tiny leather hood

So you want to know, so you want to know  
If you want to know what the future holds  
The Black Crow knows

Telephones and viruses and the passion of it all  
Ground up in a porridge and written on the wall

So you want to know, so you want to know  
If you want to know what the future holds  
The Black Crow knows

Hovering above you like the speck in someone's eye  
Measuring the distance between now and when you die

Everything that happens makes sense to someone else  
So far away above you you'll never know yourself

So you want to know, so you want to know  
If you want to know what the future holds  
The Black Crow knows

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