

## Devil Wears Prada, The "The Crow"

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that old crow came back today  
sitting in my window like a prophet  
out on the fire escape, to say  
anger is just love, left out, gone to vinegar  
you wake up a stranger to yourself then you  
learn to live with her  
sit in her clothing 'til you fill out her figure  
you know life's no bella telanovela  
the tightrope bows with your weight in the center  
the slide show don't put all the pictures together  
you try to do it right though  
right though, until you let the kite go  
death and romance, the riddles of our lifetimes  
tryna get a slow dance, middle of a knife fight  
you get up and you, you give blood  
even on a good night even on a good night out  
you send signal, you listen for an echo  
at the first splinters you run to tell Geppetto  
and in the worst winters the whole thing feels  
untenable  
Crow took me by the shoulder  
and he told me honey, don't let go

nobody fears the height, you all just fear the fall  
go to the edge sometime  
and prove your body wrong  
you land badly, but you crash standing  
you land badly, but you crash

he took me to the workshop  
showed me where the built the bodies  
a blacksmith, a mason, a carpenter  
and in the darkroom, where the whole assembly  
started  
all the clothesline where the hearts hung to harden  
you come as fragile, soft machines  
and you're bound to fast, you're bound to grieve  
but you're built to balance on two feet  
so why you living this last year from your knees  
  
oh please put me down again

I know you lost a bet  
g'head and catch your breath  
but when the worst relents  
you learn to live on less  
you duck some, you take some square  
your luck runs out, you're there in midair  
and when the big one comes  
you'll know by the snare roll  
you can be too careful  
ignore all the scarecrows  
time flys like the crow does  
no regard for the grid  
I can't ask you to show love  
but would it kill you if you did

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