Floyd Pink "The Scarecrow Barrett"

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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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