

## WHEATFIELD WITH CROWS

©Tim Harrison and Second Avenue Songs 1990

Wheatfield with crows  
One more image as the palette overflows  
One more step before the forks in the road  
Separate us and we're gone

Young rebels in the night  
Drew thin lines around what's wrong and what is right  
Clutching fingers grasped at straws and held on tight  
Young lovers sang their songs

And there was music  
The streets came alive  
We ran into the dawn  
Dreams of freedom drove us on  
And there was glory and it was holy  
It was the moon and the stars  
It was the world blown apart

Wheatfield with crows  
Urgent talk in small cafes until they closed  
Roaring poetry 'round corners rolling home  
Roof-tops echoed buildings rang

And in the darkened rooms  
Streams of streetlight bathed their bodies as they moved  
Slowly tracing Aphrodite's pas-de-deux  
Through the starry nights

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