

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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