

I think of you much more than I
Would like to admit that I
Do before strangers
But there you are

Whistling through the trees again
Rustling through the leaves my friend
A feather on my pillow
Let's me know that you're near

I remember the night that you arrived
December maybe, '95
Your hair and your breath smelled
Of John Player Specials

A stranger who I learned to love
A friend when really no one was
My Daedalus, my wings to fly
Why'd you leave me behind?

My beautiful crow
And all those black feathers
Perched deep in my soul
Won't let me let you go

I never really thanked you for
All of the light you brought
Into my mother's eyes
So many others tried

Her sadness since the day you left
She will not get out of bed
She stares out the window
Smokes a black pack of JPS

I was out on St Paul's
When I heard about your fall
Walking with Caroline
She bums smokes from time to time

I walked home alone that night
I could feel you when I closed my eyes
I looked up into the night
And watched black feathers fall from the sky

I think of you much more than I'm allowed to admit
But I do
I still do

My beautiful crow
And all those black feathers
Perched deep in my soul
Won't let me let you go

I have tried to push you down
I have tried to cut you out
You're rattling your cage

I'm rattling my cage

I have tried to drown you out
Drink till I don't hear the sound
The song's still the same
The song's still the same

My beautiful crow
And all those black feathers
Perched deep in my soul
Won't let me let you go