

The Scarecrow

Ulrik Munther

On a grey October night
My father sat me down
Whispered in the firelight
The legend of our town
Fifty years ago he said
A boy ran off they feared
But he had a know instead
He simply disappeared

He walked into a cold field
His head a mess up dreams
Awakening in a graveyard
That swallowed up his screams

Something rose from the black
Lashing out with it's claws
Something rose to attack
Jagged teeth in its jaws
Something no one could picture
Imagine or draw
That's what the scarecrow saw

Once an autumn miller since
The story's been retold
People going missing in
That field of tarnished gold
I don't mean to frighten you
My father sworn and still
Whether he intended to
He gave my soul a chill

I walked into a cold field
And open was a dream
Afraid to find the graveyard
Would swallow in my screams

Something rose from the black
Lashing out with it's claws
Something rose to attack
Jagged teeth in its claws
Something no one could picture
Imagine or draw
That's what the scarecrow saw
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Lala lala what the scarecrow saw [repeat]