

Black Crow

Brent Cobb

Black crow laughing on a fenced porch
Far as I can tell
There gotta be something behind me
Lord, cause I feel I'm doing well
I ain't been staying up late
Making folks wait like I've done before
For me to get on track
Make up for what I lack
Black crow, I ain't a joke no more

Cold, cold empty home
What's a man to do when he ain't got no dough?
And his door's been kicked in
By the damn tax man two days ago
Well, he gets a case of the fools
Wants to break all the rules
So he pulls out his gun
Corner store's a good aim
To make a little change
But it's a shame to blame an innocent one

Lord, I can feel them spirits pulling me down
And a hundred and ten in the pen
Is a long time when you did no crime
They got the wrong man on that chain
A hundred and ten in the shade
I'm a different man

I guess I'll say old crow
It is funny how it goes
I do confess
What good is freedom outside these walls
If you're living dead

I'm gonna pay my dues
Make up no excuse like I did before
Make it right with the Lord
I told the sheriff so
Black crow I ain't a joke no more