

The Crows Were Talking

Danny Vera

Scattered words I don't understand
Don't know where they come from
Sometimes I feel like another man
While you're holding my hand
While you're holding my hand

Fighting the riddle that's inside of my mind
Like a blind man trying to read a flashing neon sign
Don't know what's left or what's right
Don't know what's black or what's white

Some nights it seems as if crows are talking in my sleep
That morning crows were really talking to me
They were talking to me

I keep searching for the golden key
The piece that is missing
I will find it in me
Filling the gaps with a sin
But don't know where to begin

I'm hearing this melody
Got some words ready
Don't know why I do as I do
But it's in C-sharp minor key
Don't know what's ugly or nice
Don't know what's wrong or what's right

Some nights it seems as if crows are talking in my sleep
That morning crows were really talking to me
They were talking to me

Don't know what's going on lately
Pictures don't fit the sound
Is it my heartbeat maybe
Feels like I'm running 'round
Feels like I'm going down

Some nights it seems as if crows are talking in my sleep
That morning crows were really talking to me
They were talking to me