

## Old Adam

Hem

Old Adam the crow  
He's building a home in your field  
Where bitter weeds grow all around the corn  
Will you be the father  
That drives the thief from your home  
Or let him run wild at your first born

Now I carried the plow  
To carve out a home in this world  
And I carried the bow to protect the corn  
Summer is over  
My hands are tired and slow  
And I can't stop loving my first born

Old Adam the crow  
He's flying away from your field  
And you will never know what makes him run  
I dreamed of my father  
Who drove me out of his home