

Ol' Black Crow

Tony Joe White

Ol' black crow hear him calling low
See him sitting on a telephone pole
He follows me everywhere I go
Maybe he knows something that... I don't know

There's a storm in the south... and trouble in the east
Maybe I should move out west
Ain't no music in my ears... no taste in my mouth
Keep looking for a place to rest

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They say it's wrote down... a long time ago
Each one of us must follow the path
The questions are long... but the answers are slow
Sometimes you just have to laugh

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