

# The Crows Are Hungry

Typecast

I'll be watching and waiting on the side  
That's where you want me, I'll wear my big fake smile  
Go on ahead and use your so-  
call intellect, but you'll never last  
Collect the arrows and knives, you will never stand a chance

There's a grave waiting for you on the other side  
Your riches are meaningless, your influence won't work

I'll be watching and laughing on the side  
That's where you want me, I'll draw a big fake smile  
When you're crawling, when your intellect destroys you  
When the crows pluck out your eyes - how your influence betrays  
you

Go on ahead it's worth your arrogance, go and get the prize  
Your grave on the other side

They are watching, hovering above, waiting for you to fall and  
give up  
You're no loss - good riddance