

Jamiroquai, Black Crow

He sees the stormy anger of the world
And wants no part of it at all
And as the weeping leaves of Autumn curl
He feels the savage winter call
See far below the dust of conflict settles on the hill
Where there was no escape before
And as he spreads his wings and soars up to another level
He brings the icy prophecies of war

Black crow, black crow, tell me where you really go
When you fly into the sunset, high in evening sky,
Black crow, black crow, tell me what you really know
Will we flourish in this hurricane, or will we fall and die?

While children lose their souls and so much more
To ragged armies of the field
A vicious fanfare cries appeasing hungry savages
To trigger that their fate is surely sealed
I wonder if that black crow sleeps as day beckons the night
Or if he even sleeps at all
I wonder what he thinks of all the human traffic passing far below
That's struggled on the road for so, so long