Wishing Chair, Crow

A storm is coming
Can't you smell the rain
Won't you go and open the windows
I tell you children things are gonna change
Won't you listen how that wind blows
Listen how that wind blows

Big man talking way too loud Words as empty as a pocket Making poison like a factory How we gonna stop it How we gonna stop it

Tell me children how can you sleep so sound? When all the locks are rattling Hungry voices round and round Who? you should be asking Who? you should be asking

Take those apples from the tree They tell you that you will die Old Crow she just laughs and laughs She knows that that's a damn lie Knows that that's a damn lie

A storm is coming
Can't you smell the rain
Won't you go and open the windows
I tell you children things are gonna change
Won't you listen how that wind blows
Listen how that wind blows
Listen how that wind... crows