CROWS FLY LOW

Crows fly low in Oklahoma

The oil fields have gone dry

They look below for their next meal

Floating like black crude in the sky

Drilling pipes laying all around

Like unwanted memories that can’t be found

They rust as they lay upon the ground

Like hope lost in the air

Crows fly low in Oklahoma

The oil fields have gone dry

They look below for their next meal

Floating like black crude in the sky

The ground in rest waits for the next

Who will drill for glory and fame

Sadness is that too will pass

And we won’t remember their names

Crows fly low in Oklahoma

The oil fields have gone dry

They look below for their next meal

Floating like black crude in the sky

The earth will wait she plays no game

Gives what she can to any man

Who has the patience and strength

Like a crow with a hungry eye

Crows fly low in Oklahoma

The oil fields have gone dry

They look below for their next meal

Floating like black crude in the sky (2X)