Scarecrow

I see the barley moving as the mowers find their pace
I see the line advancing with a steady timeless grace
And there's passion in their eyes and there's honour in their face
As they scythe down the castles and the courts

Blame it on the fathers, blame it on the sons
Blame it on the poppies and the pain
Blame it on the generals, blame it on their guns
Blame it on the scarecrow in the rain

I smell the smoke of stubble when the harvest is brought down
I see the fire burning as it purges all around
And the field is turned to ashes and the only living sound
Are the skylarks as they try to reach the sun

Blame it on the fathers....

I see the barbed wire growing like a bramble on the land
I see a farm turned to a fortress and a future turn to sand
I see a meadow turn to mud and from it grows a hand
Like a scarecrow that is fallen in the rain

Blame it on the fathers....
Blame it on the scarecrows and rows and rows....

John Tams
poppies and the pain: blame it on the generals, blame it on their guns

blame it on the scarecrow in the rain.

I smell the smoke of

stubble when the harvest is brought down, I see the fire burning as it purges all a-

I see the fire burning

round, and the field is turned to ashes, and the only living sound are the sky-larks as they

sky -

try to reach the sun. Aa - Blame it on the fathers, blame it on the sons -

larks Aa -
blame it on the poppies and the pain
blame it on the gen’ral

blame it on their guns
blame it on the scarecrow in the rain

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I see a meadow turned to mud, and from it grows a

hand, like a scarecrow that is fallen in the rain.
Blame it on the fathers,

blame it on the sons
blame it on the poppies and the pain,
blame it on the sons
blame it on the poppies and the pain,
blame it on the scarecrow in the rain,
blame it on the scarecrows and rows and rows and rows.