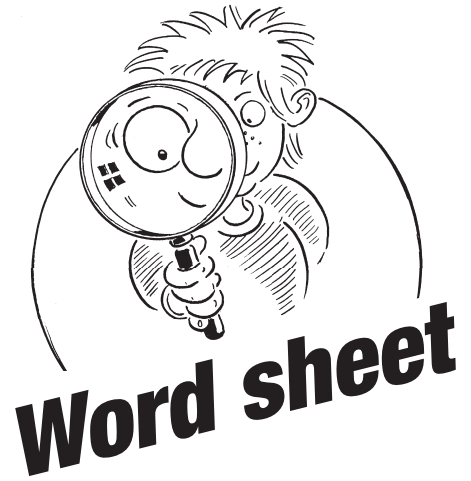


# Singing BOOK 3 Sherlock

Val Whitlock & Shirley Court



## Crop-Eating Crows

*(a menacing whisper)*

Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.  
Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.

*(sung)*

I'm just a scarecrow without any scare.  
I've got no straw and I'm losing my hair.  
I stand around in the field all day,  
Hoping to scare all the birds away.  
But they ignore me and eat all the crops,  
And they just mock me when I tell them to stop.

Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.  
Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.

I'm feeling feeble and feeling small.  
I've got no oomph to scare them at all.  
I need to find some strength inside,  
So I can hold my arms out wide.  
Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.  
Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.

Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.  
Crop-eating, crop-eating crows.

*(bold!)*

Then the farmer stuffed me with straw.  
I've never felt this brave before.  
I'm feeling fierce and I'm feeling strong.  
I dare you crows to take me on.  
I wave my arms and stand my ground,  
And shout out loud to the crows around:

"You've gotta,  
STOP EATING, crop-eating crows!  
STOP EATING, crop-eating crows!  
STOP EATING, crop-eating crows!  
STOP EATING!"

*Rebecca Lawrence*

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