

Scarecrow

Scarecrow, scarecrow Out in the field
He's made out of straw
And you know he's not real
But the crows won't come near
Now that doesn't seem right
Just you wait 'til the stroke of midnight

He moves one arm
He moves the other arm
He moves one leg
He moves the other leg
He shakes his head all around
And he wiggles his toes
Then it's 1, 2, 3, and away... he goes!

Scarecrow, scarecrow running so fast
Scarecrow running forward and back
Well he runs to the left and he runs to the right
He runs and runs 'til he sees daylight
Then it's back to the field because he knows
He'll move no more when the rooster crows

Scarecrow, scarecrow
Out in the corn
Why are your clothes so tattered and torn?
When you can't move an inch, now that doesn't seem right
But now we know what you do at midnight

You move one arm
You move the other arm
You move one leg
You move the other leg
You shake your head all around
And you wiggle your toes
Then it's 1, 2, 3, and away... you GO!