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Wooden Wand "Southern Colorado Song"

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Catch me sleeping at your back door Lying prone beneath the dawn I was ready to leave When the sprinkles turned on

A day of reckoning's upon me But right now I need some rest A little campground in San Isabel Just to the vest

Life goes by so fast But its minutes drag on slow Sometimes nowhere seems the only place to go

Bank job somewhere in Bumf*ck, Georgia We filled that ceiling full of holes 120 miles an hour Sounds like thunder rolls

In a Canyon City Wal-Mart Cops and cameras all around Stop sticks down along the asphalt Slowed us down

And if it weren't for that guardrail We'd be laughing at y'all now We were dead set on getting Away somehow

Life goes by so fast But its minutes drag on slow Sometimes nowhere seems the only place to go

If you ever think of me and wonder Ask yourself where I might be Keep your eyes fixed on the shadows You'll find me

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