

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 west

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

