Caleb Stine
"Daniel Boone"

I set out in the world with no keys on my ring
I was young, I was restless, and eager to sing
And I hollered out at life just to see what it might bring
It brought me flowers and canyons; Highways and
companions
And a burning for everything

If everybody rambled and everybody roamed
There'd be nobody left to welcome you back home
So grateful that my journey wasn't always alone
There were houses and families; There were hostels
and buddies
And always some couch space I could loan

In an alley in Morocco in the middle of the night
Our guide was leading downward, and I knew
something wasn't right
All his cronies gathered 'round us, I got ready for a
fight
I felt calm but scared; Intense but prepared
Then somehow safe we walked into the light

See the rancher on his horse, see the dude up in his
Ford
See the miles that tick away on my Honda Accord
And I've seen more through these windows than Bill
Gates can afford
I've seen bison and an eagle; I've seen forest so regal
Where the pitcher of life gets poured

Well many of my travels have been done on a page
Of some book that I've borrowed while working
minimum wage
And those words they led me back to some mythic
bygone age
Filled with blacksmiths and jailors; Highwaymen and
whalers
The butcher, the preacher and the sage

And this chemical inside me, it'll burn until I die
It keeps reaching with it's hands for all it's gotta try
And it always leads me onward, never asking why

It keeps expanding, contracting; Always bonding, and splitting
And it flows from an endless supply, yeah

It was foggy in the morning, oh and raining soft by noon
I sat here in this sweater and carved you out a tune
I look over at the dog and know you'd be back soon
And I smiled and blink; I closed my eyes to think
I'll head west again with Daniel Boone
Saddle up! Alright!