

## Angus Stone

### "Grand Canyon"

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I love my country  
By which I mean  
I am indebted joyfully  
To all the people throughout it's history  
Who have fought the government to make right  
Where so many cunning sons and daughters  
Our foremothers and forefathers  
Came singing through slaughter  
Came through hell and high water  
So that we could stand here  
And behold breathlessly the sight  
How a raging river of tears  
Cut a grand canyon of light

Yes, I've bin so many places  
Flown through vast empty spaces  
With stewardesses whose hands  
Look much older than their faces  
I've tossed so many napkins  
Into that big hole in the sky  
Bin at the bottom of the Atlantic  
Seething in a two-ply  
Looking up through all that water  
And the fishes swimming by  
And I don't always feel lucky  
But I'm smart enough to try  
Cuz humility has buoyancy  
And above us only sky  
So I lean in  
Breathe deeper that brutal burning smell  
That surrounds the smoldering wreckage  
That I've come to love so well  
Yes, color me stunned and dazzled  
By all the red white and blue flashing lights  
In the American intersection  
Where black crashed head on with white  
Comes a melody  
Comes a rhythm  
A particular resonance  
That is us and only us  
Comes a screaming ambulance

A hand that you can trust  
Laid steady on your chest  
Working for the better good  
(Which is good at it's best)  
And too, bearing witness  
Like a woman bears a child...  
With all her might

Born of the greatest pain  
Into a grand canyon of light

I mean, no song has gone unsung here  
And this joint is strung crazy tight  
And people bin raising up their voices  
Since it just ain't bin right  
With all the righteous rage  
And all the bitter spite  
That will accompany us out  
Of this long night  
That will grab us by the hand  
When we are ready to take flight  
Seatback and traytable  
In the upright and locked position  
Shocked to tears by each new vision  
Of all that my ancestors have done

Like, say, the women who gave their lives  
So that I could have one

People, we are standing at ground zero  
Of the feminist revolution  
Yeah, it was an inside job  
Stoic and sly  
One we're supposed to forget  
And downplay and deny  
But I think the time is nothing  
If not nigh  
To let the truth out  
Coolest f-word ever deserves a fucking shout!  
I mean  
Why can't all decent men and women  
Call themselves feminists?  
Out of respect  
For those who fought for this  
I mean, look around  
We have this

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I am indebted joyfully

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