

Shawn McDonald

"Canyons And Caverns"

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On a mantle made of oakwood
There's a photograph from my childhood
It was taken in the desert early light
I look a lot like a leprechaun
With a mexican vest and a red hippie hat on
Maracas in my left hand, stick in my right
There are canyons there are caverns
There are boarder roadside taverns
I am held captive by the big blue sky above me
She naps with the tv on
I smell the june cut grass from my pappy's lawn
I play alone in the little room upstairs
There are lincoln logs and cookie tins
Colored blocks and wars to win
I draw and i dream and beat my drums up there
There are circus lights and maple leaves
There are daffodils and dogwood trees
I am held captive by the big blue sky above me
Now the coffee's strong
And the fruit's all wrong
And my wakeup call's for somebody else
And the tv's hoax and neurosis jokes
Always keep my laughing at myself
And i laugh a lot that's what i do
And i learn the things i never knew
And i see canyons i see caverns
I see border roadside taverns
And i am held captive by the big blue sky above me
I am held captive only by the big blue sky
I am held captive by the big blue sky above me

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