

Canyons & Caverns

Shawn Mullins

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 and stick in my right

And there are canyons, there are caverns
There are border 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 pappys lawn
I play alone in the little room upstairs, hey, hey, hey

There are Lincoln logs and cookie tins
And colored blocks and wars to win
I draw and I dream and beat my drums up there

There are circus lights and maple leaves
And there are daffodils and dogwood trees
And I am held captive by the big blue sky above me, yeah

Now the coffee's strong and the fruit's all wrong
And my, my wakeup call's for somebody else
And now the TV's hoax and neurosis jokes

Always keep my laughing at myself
I laugh a lot and that's what I do
And I learn the things that I never knew

I see canyons, I see caverns
And I see border roadside taverns
And I am held captive by the big blue sky above me

I'm captive only by the big blue sky
I am held captive by the big blue sky above me