

Cowboy Junkies, My Little Basquiat

My little boy on the kitchen floor
(my little basquiat)
Stick men fighting stick dinosaurs
(my little basquiat)
Colours leaping all over the mat
(my little basquiat)
The kitchen floor is where it's at
For my little basquiat

One day
He'll be golden
Maybe chosen
Perhaps to lead
One day
He'll be shaken
Maybe taken
Perhaps to bleed

My big girl swinging from the bars
(my little comaniche)
Fist of stone flying above the yard.
(my little comaniche)
Halfway up is halfway down
(my little comaniche)
Or maybe it's the other way around
For my little comaniche

One day
She'll be moonlight
Maybe too bright
Perhaps, to shine
One day
She'll be found out
Maybe ground down
Perhaps she'll cry

My little girl on her mothers lap
(my little panchen lama)
Sucking on her fingers, surveying the roadmap
(my little panchen lama)
Seems to be the only one around
(my little panchen lama)
That sees the red lights at the end of town
(my little panchen lama)

One day
They'll be older
Maybe bolder
Perhaps, than me
One day
They'll be rising
Maybe living
Perhaps, in peace