

# Ozark Mountain Daredevils, Mr. Powell

(HARPSICHORD INTRO)

just about a hundred years or so ago  
ten men rode their way down the mighty colorado  
and as I read about their journey  
I couldn't help but feel a very similar yearning  
to mr. powell

and I wish that I could have been there with him  
the way he talked about the river, I could tell  
the revelations he must have felt within himself,  
the realization of what man's supposed to do,  
I feel it too

(FLUTE SOLO)

as they would ride over the waves  
as they would glide over the waves

the river forged its way through canyons  
that were so high that the clouds would float within them  
cascade fountains moss surrounded  
on through a gorge grand beyond description  
and the river rolls

and like a whirlpool it sets my mind to spinnin'  
can you imagine walls that went so high  
the sky would be nothing more than a single thin blue line  
and rocks would rainbow their way up to the sky

as they would ride over the waves  
as they would glide over the waves  
you'd hear them singing, singing

ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh,  
ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh...

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