

# Annie Lennox, Ladies Of The Canyon

Trina wears her wampam beads  
She fills her drawing book with line  
Sewing lace on widow's weeds  
And filagree on leaf and vine  
Vine and leaf are filagree  
And her coat's a second-hand one  
Sewn in antique luxury,  
She is a lady of the canyon

Annie sits you down to eat  
She always makes you welcome in  
Cats and babies around her feet  
And all are fat and none are thin  
None are thin and all are fat  
She may bake some brownies today  
Saying you are welcome back  
She is another canyon lady

Esterella, circus girl,  
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shawls  
Songs like tiny hammers hurled  
At bevelled mirrors in empty halls  
Empty halls and bevelled mirrors  
Sailing seas and climbing banyans  
Come out for a visit here  
To be a lady of the canyon

Trina takes her paints and thread  
And weaves a pattern all her own  
Annie bakes her cakes and bread  
And gathers flowers for her home  
For her home she gathers flowers  
And Esterella, dear companion  
Colours up the sunshine hours  
Pouring music down the canyon

Colouring the sunshine hours  
They are the ladies of the canyon