

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