

# Shawn Mullins, Canyons & Caverns

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, stick in my right  
There are canyons there are caverns  
There are boarder 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 pappy's lawn  
I play alone in the little room upstairs  
There are Lincoln logs and cookie tins  
Colored blocks and wars to win  
I draw and I dream and beat my drums up there  
There are circus lights and maple leaves  
There are daffodils and dogwood trees  
I am held captive by the big blue sky above me  
Now the coffee's strong  
And the fruit's all wrong  
And my wakeup call's for somebody else  
And the TV's hoax and neurosis jokes  
Always keep my laughing at myself  
And I laugh a lot that's what I do  
And I learn the things I never knew  
And I see canyons I see caverns  
I see border roadside taverns  
And I am held captive by the big blue sky above me  
I am held captive only by the big blue sky  
I am held captive by the big blue sky above me