

Shawn Mullins, The Sky's The Limit

there are blackberry brambles
down where the railroads cross
and old timer trees wearing the spanish moss
no better place for a boy
to get lost in a dream
he won't learn to tell a real lie
for another year or two
or offer any alibis just to please you
forgetting the truth
is something odd for him to do
it seems the sky's the limit for the bird on the wing
every minute now the view is changing
it's life on earth
with the ground as an optional thing
well the boy becomes a bigger boy
and that bigger boy yearns to write
so his eyeballs take a good look
at a new book every night
it's cover to cover page by page
as he reads left to right
he may learn to tell his own tale
in some summer yet to come
but for now he serves it piecemeal
never sure it's ever done
and like the color of a baby's eye
you see him change
from this to that into someone
the sky's the limit for the bird on the wing
every minute now the view is changing
it's life on earth
with the ground as an optional thing
I've been staring out this window
through last years fingerprints
studying each cloud form
as it came and as it went
slowing down the world to a crawl is a planned accident
the sky's the limit for the bird on the wing
every minute now the view is changing
it's life on earth
with the ground as an optional thing