

## Canyon Wren

There's a new season's rising in these high canyon walls,  
A mother, father and two daughters wait to hear Coyote's call.

Well, the time is right for going, got to catch those waters flowing,  
As those high-country snows melt to seasonal flows.

We'll fill our heads with sage and thunder, drift back to an age of wonder,  
Hard desert rain, soak your way into my brain.

There's a new day a rising in these high canyon walls,  
Float these waters with my daughters 'til we hear Coyote's call.

I want to be your companion when that Owyhee canyon wren  
Just sends that call through these high canyon walls.  
That rising, falling song is calling, that thrilling, chilling trill is spilling,  
Just like we heard back at Whistling Bird.

A noon sun comes rising in these high canyon walls,  
Burns much hotter 'til my daughters yearn to hear Coyote's call.

At last a full moon comes rising in these high canyon walls,  
Silver waters while my daughters wait to hear Coyote's call.

I'll bring my little steel string, let the music set the feeling,  
As those juniper coals, burn their way into our souls.  
Like Orion rising in the night sky, a red side rising to a dry fly,  
Hope you're hooked, to take that second look.

There's a new hope arising in these high canyon walls,  
Watch my daughters swim like otters at last we heard Coyote's call.

Intro/V1C1/V2C2/break/C3/V3C4