

Canyon Moon

Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness

The sun ran out on a cold October
Somewhere under the canyon moon
Camera jammed in a slow exposure
California in her rear view

She couldn't handle another season
Another ocean of fiction blue
Said a prayer to a dashboard Jesus
Death Valley and worn out shoes

Then the road turned into desert everywhere
The sun ran out on a cold October
She disappeared, she disappeared

Take all your troubles, put them to bed
Burn down the mission, the maps in your head
Shot like a bullet, don't know the way
The ricochet, kind of got away from you

The leaves are falling, the church bells ringing
Marching band in a high school dream
Little town and a faded beauty
They still remember when she was queen

Then the road turned into desert everywhere
The leaves are falling, the church bells ringing
She disappeared, she disappeared

Somewhere out on a cold October
And where she ended no one knew

Take all your troubles, put them to bed
Burn down the mission, the maps in your head
Shot like a bullet, don't know the way
With shame

Take all your troubles, put them to bed
Burn down the mission, the maps in your head
Shot like a bullet, don't know the way
The ricochet, kind of got away from you