

## 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