

The Sky's The Limit

Shawn Mullins

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 fingerprin
ts
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