

## 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