

Mr. Powell

The Ozark Mountain Daredevils

Just about a hundred years or so ago
Ten men rode their way down the mighty Colorado
And as I read about their journey
I couldn't help but feel a very similar yearning to Mr. Powell

And I wish that I could have been there with him
The way he talked about the river, I could tell
The revelations he must have felt within himself
The realization of what man's supposed to do, I feel it too

As they would ride over the waves
As they would glide over the waves

The river forged its way through canyons
That were so high that the clouds would float within them
Cascade fountains moss surrounded
On through a gorge grand beyond description and the river rolls

And like a whirlpool it sets my mind to spinnin'
Can you imagine walls that went so high
The sky would be nothing more than a single thin blue line
And rocks would rainbow their way up to the sky

As they would ride over the waves
As they would glide over the waves
You'd hear them singing, singing