

# Grand Canyon

Timber Timbre

From the Phoenix liftoff  
Somewhere over Blackfoot reserve  
High above Drumheller  
Sky hostess starts to serve

Cloud shadows on the mountain  
And our shadow on the mountainside  
After Salt Lake City  
I have time to close my eyes

Before the Grand Canyon  
Swallows us as we move south  
I pray the Grand Canyon  
Take our plane inside its mouth

We know the material  
And these songs, the serious lines  
Under palms ethereal  
In Hollywood's mysterious wild

These are coarse imaginings  
Where cannibal inspectors thrive  
On delirious ramblings  
Now in real and troubling times

In the warm confusion  
Of the looming foliage outside  
The motel room obscura  
A divining by Venetian blinds