

My Little Basquiat

Cowboy Junkies

My little boy on the kitchen floor
(My little Basquiat)
Stick men fighting stick dinosaurs
(My little Basquiat) Colors leaping all over the mat
(My little Basquiat)
The kitchen floor is where it's at
For my little Basquiat One day he'll be golden
Maybe chosen perhaps to lead
One day he'll be shaken
Maybe taken perhaps to bleed My big girl swinging from the bars
(My little comaniche)
Fist of stone flying above the yard
(My little comaniche) Halfway up is halfway down
(My little comaniche)
Now maybe it's the other way around
For my little comaniche One day she'll be moonlight
Maybe too bright perhaps to shine
One day she'll be found out
Maybe ground down, perhaps she'll cry My little girl on her mother's lap
(My little panchen lama)
Sucking on her fingers, surveying the road map
(My little panchen lama) Seems to be the only one around
(My little panchen lama)
That sees the red lights at the end of town
My little panchen lama One day they'll be older
Maybe bolder perhaps than me
One day they'll be rising
Maybe living perhaps in peace One day they'll be older
Maybe bolder perhaps than me
One day they'll be rising
Maybe living perhaps in peace Perhaps in peace
Perhaps in peace
Perhaps in peace

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