

# Ladies of the Canyon

## Annie Lennox

Trina wears her wampum beads  
She fills her drawing book with line  
Sewing lace on widow's weeds  
And filigree on leaf and vine  
Vine and leaf are filigree  
And her coat's a second-hand one  
Sewn in antique luxury  
She is a lady of the canyon  
Annie sits you down to eat  
She always makes you welcome in  
Cats and babies around her feet  
And all are fat and none are thin  
None are thin and all are fat  
She may bake some brownies today  
Saying you are welcome back  
She is another canyon lady  
Estrella, circus girl  
Comes wrapped in songs and gypsy shawls  
Songs like tiny hammers hurled  
At beveled mirrors in empty halls  
Empty halls and beveled mirrors  
Sailing seas and climbing banyans  
Come out for a visit here  
To be a lady of the canyon  
Trina takes her paints and thread  
And weaves a pattern all her own  
Annie bakes her cakes and breads  
And gathers flowers for her home  
For her home she gathers flowers  
And Estrella, dear companion  
Colors up the sunshine hours  
Pouring music down the canyon  
Coloring the sunshine hours  
They are the ladies of the canyon

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