

# Mr. Powell

## 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

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