

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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