

# Big Canal

## Jon Dee Graham

Up on the bank, of the Big Canal  
Watch the water roll by, all by myself  
The only sound when the hot wind blows  
Is a tracking rattling in the wind like a box of bones  
    Roll water roll, deep and slow  
She was mine for a little while, but I let her go  
    I can watch the road from where I sit  
Scratching pictures in the dirt with a pointed stick  
    Like a rabbit run, like a Bobwhite fly  
    Like a blackbird drawing circles in the sky  
    Roll water roll, clean and deep  
She was mine for a little while, now she's yours to keep  
    Roll water roll, clean and deep  
She was mine for a little while, now she's yours to keep

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