

# Canaan

## Portfolio

Yeah, yeah, I went walking on the avenue  
Listen to low riders who may, yeah, listen to you  
And my footsteps tangle with perfume And the sound of lovemaking  
Coming out of some room  
And the Indians sing How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy?  
How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy? There's a woman leaning on the corner  
She waits for her gambler  
Yeah, dressing babies up in cotton  
On the front seat of her rambler Low down  
While she says that she remembers, yeah, mmm  
Of a prayer that mama used to sing  
Yeah, and the battered wife sing How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy?  
How far am I from joy, from joy? How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy?  
How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy? How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy?  
How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy? How far am I from Canaan?  
How far am I from joy, from joy, from joy?

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