

Canyon Moon

Andrew McMahon

The sun ran out on a cold October
Somewhere under the canyon moon
Camera jammed in a slow exposure
California in her rear view

She couldn't handle another season
Another ocean of fiction blue
Said a prayer to a dashboard Jesus
Death Valley and worn out shoes

Then the road turned into desert everywhere
The sun ran out on a cold October
She disappeared, she disappeared

Take all your troubles, put them to bed
Burn down the mission, the maps in your head
Shot like a bullet, don't know the way
The ricochet, kind of got away from you

The leaves are falling, the church bells ringing
Marching band in a high school dream
Little town and a faded beauty
They still remember when she was queen

Then the road turned into desert everywhere
The leaves are falling, the church bells ringing
She disappeared, she disappeared