View From Home

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(Bryan Bowers)

Black crow sitting on a red roof, house on a hill
Old yellow truck in the driveway got some miles on her still
Out front the pavement's buckled where the roots have taken hold
To the south lies the mountain, a glory to behold

Down on the lake, countless boats are sailing
Up on the shoreline, a single figure runs
And off in the distance, the Cascades rise fiery
Burned in gold by the setting sun

Up north lies Alaska, our last true frontier
Out west lies the ocean, and Olympics so near
Back east lies madness, say what you will
Say I'm a maniac, singing on a hill

Out on the road, we tell all the turkeys
Yes it's always raining and the sun never shines
But all the natives know when the mountain lifts her skirts
The view from home will flat-out melt your mind

MC