

This End Of The Telescope

Jakob Dylan

I was born in the summer of Sam
Smaller and sooner than planned
Oh, in the spitting image of a man
Raised by wolves on the fat of the land

Clear of romance, beauty and damned
Tomorrow will come if she can
Just want a woman who can walk on a wire
With a trembling glass in her hand

Over the hilltops the fire engine rolls
Down the valley deeper still it goes
Got my weapons out, I'm laying low
On this end of the telescope

Alone you ramble the whole of the world
Through black water jungles for bliss
It's feast or famine you eat what you kill
There's no need to bring God into this

My heart is heavy and pressed to the bone
Some people too heavy to hold
Salutations take me as I am
You can have me or leave me alone

Sun kissed lemons in the graveyard below
Here in death you see new adventures grow
I see you at last but mostly a ghost
On this end of the telescope

This will not be easy
Word's out, the doctor is not coming in
This genie's too angry to go back
Into the bottle again

Closer than ever and covered in birds
A bone colored moon fills the west
Now, throats will be slashed and flags will unfurl
As time will divide us in gangs

Now, years of progress digging the sand
Companions we made didn't last
Lousy lovers do well with their hands
But I'll reach you like nobody can

Now, slow and easy you let your paddle go
Down at the bottom there's more hell to row
I see clear at last, I love, I loathe
On this end of the telescope