

# Jupiter

Patrick Wolf

No straw to gold  
'Round parts like these here  
A burnt out bus sticks up  
Sundial in the weir

Losing a game  
We were not playing  
Gone to seed  
Twisting in the wind

Autumn to autumn  
They slowly  
Disappear  
Abandoning a boat  
That got too hard to steer

Losing a game they were  
Not playing  
Gone to seed  
Twisting in the wind

But on the darkest night  
I see most clear  
The way to anywhere  
But here  
I'm blinded  
To the big picture  
But just before morning Jupiter

The circus used to stop by  
In the banner years  
Nothing sacred  
Left to sober  
The sightseer here

I'm losing a game  
I'm not playing  
Gone to seed  
Twisting in the wind

But on the darkest night  
I see most clear  
The way to anywhere  
But here  
I'm blinded  
To the big picture  
But just before morning Jupiter

Surely it can't get any worse  
90 days on this earth  
The healing comes with admitting  
I hear, so just before morning  
Clear

On the darkest night  
I see most clear  
The way to anywhere

But here

Jupiter...

Uninterrupted between us and the heavens