

Telescope

The Copyrights

I guess it's way too late for half-assed sympathy
Or to ask if there is anything you need from me
That neglected Mississippi bridge is crumbling
And I'm stuck in Missouri squinting to see Illinois

So I'm on the banks just trying
To get my message through
But my waves and jumps
Will clearly be no help to you
And any sacrifice is worthless, that's another truth
A mile-long current separates the man from the boy

So leave, put away your telescope
Or at least point it upwards to the sky
The close-ups of my face have to be getting old
And the sun will turn to stars in a little while

The gasoline may be cheaper
And the fireworks stands linger
It's getting dark and I know that you can't swim
But there's nothing here worth crossing for
Even if you could

So leave, put away your telescope
Or at least point it upwards to the sky
The close-ups of my face have to be getting old
And the sun will turn to stars in a little while

So leave, pack up your riverboat
Be thankful that you have something that's still afloat
Maybe take the muddy back towards Murphysboro
The sun will turn to stars in a little while