

# 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