

Valley Of The Low Sun

Jakob Dylan

We'd feel much better if we sunk this treasure
And we laid our armor down
Now these precious metals, these captain's letters
Are no use to us now

Oh, in the day we struggle with fatigue
Much greater than any offer was
We bow down and worship these bandits and cowboys Unable to hold their own guns

Now, I know that soldiers are not paid to think
But something is making us sick
Onward and steady, able and the young
In the valley of the low, low sun

Oh, in the shade we wander along a highway's shoulder
Out into the back of beyond
Burning the daylight into a pastime
That's too wise to come more than once

It's boom, boom thunder, ain't no sleep coming
Out mining a slippery world
Of snow covered beaches, junkyards of diesel
And bombers named after girls

On bridges of black ice not built for the rush
There's a new kind of beast getting up
Stranger than fiction, speaking in tongue
In the valley of the low, low sun

I'll hold on for the slow turning, smoke if you've got 'em boys This is bottom hiding out, down under the stairs
Tomorrow has come like it's drunk on the blood
Of the men who have dared to be there

The earth's still climbing as it keeps on grinding
It's way up around the sun
As cool water crashes down to the masses
Bootlegged and bottled like rum

My dreams are humble and lean as arrows
And streetwise, ready and fair
As we bum rush the ages tied to the rails
On high seas not fit to be sailed

Whatever we've taken does feel like heaven
But baby, we just look like hell
Now act like you mean it where paradise was
In the valley of the low, low sun

Act like you mean it where paradise was
In the valley of low, low sun