

# 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