

Tull Jethro

"Astronomy"

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The middle lane has trapped my car
in red-light claustrophobia.

I slip the shackles, cut the rope--
stand naked with a telescope
as the cat walks alone
under a big sky.

Against the dark so thin and white--
gonna be a big sky night.

Miss Galileo, come with me
and view the new Astronomy.

Black hole dressing on salad plate--
Quasar at the kissing gate.

Now the cat, he walks alone
under a big sky.

Umbrella dome pin-pricked in lights--
gonna be a big sky night.

My spectacles, my white lab coat--
my coffee, thermos and my notes.

I pat my pocket. I got the keys
to the secrets of the observatory.

And closing the door,

I feel a new dawn
as the darker slides align--
you to yours and me to mine.
And now you stand, assisting me--
I can touch what I can see, see, see.
I look in wonder, I feel no shame--
see the consequences of the game.
Expand my universe.
Head for the Big Bang.
Reach for my switch and shout--
gonna turn the big sky out.
There's got to be astronomy.
Astronomy

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