

## **Dirty Projectors**

# **"Swing Lo Magellan"**

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Last night all my attention  
Squinting westward at the sunset  
With a map and a compass  
When a man reached up said something

There  
Against the sky  
A point of light  
Too  
Invisible  
To give itself  
To the naked eye

On the shore people yellin'  
In their eyes a great reflection  
In the grid oh where their position  
Unconcerned with intuition

There  
Could never be  
No sympathy  
From  
That wilderness  
So let it be  
Arrested

Swing low oh magellan  
Nine by six or eight by seven  
Post a sentinel at the border  
Of what what you attend  
What you ignore

I saw my friend  
In a pool of light  
Oh drown  
In doubt and shame  
But I knew that I  
Had lost my sight

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