

Gathering "Kevin's Telescope"

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His hands hide inside a sleeve
And little feet play with the ground
beneath him
While up in the sky is where he wants to be

Time will fly
And the wind plays with him
The night will give him its charm

While he walks home
His head's up in a cloud

He feels his pores fill up with fresh air
And there's no doubt
That one day he will be
Where the eye of his telescope has already been

Night will pass
But he's a lot faster
No one can do him any harm

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