

Rem "Saturn Return"

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Easy to poke yourself square in the eye
Harder to like yourself, harder to try
These are espouses, postcards and Neoprene
Roses, a dollar, a stem
Everyone sleeping or pulling a long haul
The keys in the cooler it's three a.m.

And Saturn is beckoning no one
Is off on it's own
It's offering up

Late shift convenience store
Cut off the lights
Telescope roof towards the North Western sky
You pulled the ladder up
No one's the wiser
You find your sights and discover

Saturn is orbiting nothing
Is off on its own
It's breaking from home

Harder to look yourself square in the eye
Easy to take off

You found the ladder in the pattern of your wrist
You've seen and you've marked horizons
Mother was difficult, she made you cry
Cover the mirror, look to the sky
You climb into your rocket ship trying
Lift up and hold out your hands

Saturn is orbiting nothing
Is off on its own
It's breaking from home

Saturn is orbiting nothing
Is off on its own
It's breaking from home

Saturn returns when you chase down, it slows
Throw them into a new gravity

Harder to look yourself square in the eye
Easy to poke yourself, easy as pie
Easy to take off, harder to fly
Harder to wake Galileo

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