

John Hiatt, Hangin' Around The Observatory

Hangin' around the observatory.

We were waitin' to see the moon.

Well we thought that we was all gypsies,

Come to escape these lousy ruins.

Well that telescope; that mighty eye.

It's bigger, Jack, that you or I.

Oh, it sees the stars, it sees the moon.

You might as well stay in the room.

Professor, Professor, I forgot how it looks.

Could I just take another peak?

Is there really a man who lives up there?

Is it all green cheese so to speak?

Well now listen boy. These are the facts.

The moon is white. The sky is black.

And you are a speck on this crummy Earth,

And a dollar and a half is all you're worth.

Why did I come here?

Let all the tender scientist,

Get lost in poetry.

And let all these moist romantic guys,

Turn back to history.

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