

# R.E.M., Saturn Return

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 the long haul and  
Keys/caves(?) in the cooler it's three A.M.  
And saturn is beckoning no-one  
It's offering up.

Late shift convenience store, burn out the lights  
Telescope roof towards the north-western sky  
You pulled the ladder and no-ones the wiser  
You find your sights and discover

Saturn is orbiting nothing  
He's off on its own,  
He'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  
He's off on its own  
He's breaking from home

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

Saturn returns when you chased 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.