Palomar

Matt Kivel

There he is on the top of a mount
Sharing biscuits with his dog
Meaning he in the general sense of the word,
As he is all of us here.
And his dog asks him why he's alone,
He replies, Well, I'm with my friend.
Or are you leaving me to join in the blur?
'Cause I don't need you around.

Palomar,
What's wrong? Where'd your dog go?
Well, he's gone for fresh meat and supplies.
'Cause he's done this before.

He arrives in town an hour later,
As he's much quicker on four legs than Pal is on two.
He takes his usual spot out back of the butcher shop,
Waiting patiently for closing time.

Meanwhile back on the mount,
Palomar is cleaning his lenses with saline waters.
He reassembles his kaleidoscope,
And waits patiently for dog.

Palomar,
Why not... take this chance
To reflect on things that you done did
And make it better?
Why don't you just try without asking why?

What could be better than a room with a view
And a lovely little doggie to share it with?
When he gets back we will share in our meat.
There's always something good to eat.

Mmmm

So let's leave him alone in his observatory,
Rejoin the little dog in our story.
He's run off with some cur who's bearing his pups.

That's the last of his tale.

Palomar,
What's wrong? Where'd your dog go?
Well, he's gone for good,
And that goes to show you
That love is thicker than brains in a man
Or a dog.
It's the same thing.

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