

Swing Lo Magellan

Unknown Mortal Orchestra

Last night all my attention
squinting westward at the sunset
with a map and a compass
When a man reached up, said something
There, against the sky, a ball of light
too invisible to give itself to the naked eye
On the shore, people yelling
In their eyes a great reflection
In the griddle where they're positioned
Unconcerned with intuition
There could never be not a sympathy
from that wilderness
so let it be arrested
Swing low, oh Magellan
9 by 6 or 8 by 7
Post a sentinel at the border
of what you attempt, what you ignore
I saw my friend in a pool of light
all drowned in doubt and shame
and I knew that I had lost my sight

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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