

Everything Beautiful Is Far Away

Grandaddy

He just finished eating dinner
And stepped outside the cave to smoke
A cigarette he made from rolled up photo paper
They were pictures of things back on earth
He looked out on a grayish white expanse
On uninhabited terrain he now called home
He'd seen plenty of mirages and imaginary visitors
Up until then, so he wasn't sure what to think when
He saw swans and they were wading on the shores of a pale white lake
That he'd never seen before
And it was quite beautiful and it was far away
'Cause everything beautiful is far away
He knew he was as good as gone
Gone was somewhere he really didn't mind going to
Since the shuttle had crashed many years had passed
And the pictures of his loved ones
That he drew on the walls of the cave had finally faded
He put out his smoke and proceeded toward the lake repeating to himself
Everything beautiful is far away

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