

The Sidewalk Astronomer

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On a clear San Francisco night
When the fog's way out past the Farallons
And there's a big full moon rising over Berkeley
John Lowry Dobson calls to me
From the sidewalk he says:

"Come see the moon tonight."
"Come see the Universe and all the light."
"It's traveled for so long."
"Oh please don't turn away."
"Come see the turning of the Milky Way."

"It's playing like a song...
It's playing like a song...
Just like a song."

He shows me the mountains on the Moon... he says:

"They're as high as the Rockies..."
And though it's cold tonight he's alright
There's a light inside him burning bright
I feel it, then I say goodnight
And to the next curious eyes he says:

"Come see the moon tonight."
"Come see the Universe and all the light."
"It's traveled for so long."
"Oh please don't turn away."
"Come see the turning of the Milky Way."

"It's playing like a song...
It's playing like a song...
Just like a song."

On a clear San Franciscan night
I saw the shadows of the mountains
The mountains on the Moon.