

Definitive History

Augie March

Definitive history
splinters of foundation
Weaving of our horrors into pig silks full of glory holes
And fabrics of contrition.
Curtsey to your betters,
Who picked you for a nothing,
tried to knock out your stuffing,
Bold in their beers,
straw between their ears.
The same smug expression,
same false cheer,
Same air of predation -
"Stranger welcome..."
just not here,
just not here,
just not here.
All men are mice,
all men are mice,
it doesn't pay to be nice,
Take all before you.
Definitive history.
Pay respect to the common folk,
it's an obligation,
Let common sense commandeer you,
Take up all the hard work,
Steer your thoughts in a circle jerk.
Make abominable children,
vicious little animals,
Reared up like pit bull dogs
By the ordinary Australians...
O one for the mother,
one for the dad,
One for treasurer,
one for the plasma screen,

and don't forget
The developer's dream,
A tumour for them all in the belly of the sprawl -
Definitive history.
Two young men took a Chinese girl
Early one Thursday morning,
Brick to her head
and a cord round her neck,
Hands on her body...
Drowned her in a bathtub,
rolled her in a sheet,
Dumped her in the river,
Tragedy crowed the newspaper letters...
"In our own backyard!"
In our own backyard,
Oh how could it be with all we've taught them?
O one for the mother,
one for the dad,
One for treasurer,
one for the plasma screen,
and don't forget
The developer's dream

A tumour for them all in the belly of the sprawl
O one for the mother,
one for the dad,
One for treasurer,
one for the plasma screen,
and don't forget
The developer's dream,
A plot to bury them all at the edge of the sprawl -
Definitive history.