

Men Who Follow Spring The Planet 'round

Augie March

"Well met, well met" said an old true love, "well met, well met"
" said he,
"I have just returned from the salt salt sea, and all for the love of thee."
From pole to pole I've spread my soul o'er sea to august sea,
In body, bankroll and bedded sin, I've liked to spread it thin.
I saw you in the German eye, I caught you in the head,
In hearts beset by Winter's debt, I heard you wonder why -
O why, o why do the tender sigh at first with the breath of me,
Then at my leave remember grief and clouds to fill the sky?
I'll tell you why your majesty, I'll join you in your balcony,
Your lofty arboreal grace, and in my hand your crumbling face -
It's for they know that when you go the anger does awake
And the babies that you bred will grow to armies in your wake!
That's why the tender in their few do seek to touch the heart of you,
And round the planet do oft do sing, to make a final honest ring...
For love or lack thereof, turn back - All for the love of thee!
For love, or thereof, turn back - All for the love...
"Well met, well met," the English said, and sailing set for free land,
Albeit chained and with a pent up greed, they killed a family,
And all before your pretty face, not once or twice or three.
Have men been stirred, and thick, and furred as beasts and all for thee,
And all for the love of thee
And all for the love of thee