

The Honey Month

Augie March

This honey month I'm telling you don't go turning your radio on
,
A one and a two, should I talk to you, like the others do?

Get yr knees up beneath the bar,
I'm leaving now but I won't go far...

This honey month I'm telling you don't go turning your radio on
,
And this honey month, with the wine on your breath, and singing
the same stolen song,
I want you to know,
I want you to know,
What you don't want to know.

Beneath the revving of a car,
The evensong of the abattoir...

Moo, you bloody choir,
Moo and lo, lo and moan.
Moo, you huddled choir,
Moo and lo,
How the night arrives with a blow.

This honey month I'm telling you don't go turning your radio on
,
And this honey month, already married enough, and wondering whe
re it went wrong,
I'll make you come,
I'll make you go,
I'll make you come apart again.