

The Offer

Augie March

This is a song, not like the other ones,
Secret and selfish and somewhat hollow.
In the middle of this song there seemed to grow another
Of indeterminate length and origin.
To populate a people's song, first you must do something wrong,
If you've never been infirm you can never be strong.
Prune your rose bushes, Glenn
Or you'll never see your home again.

Country and city, kingdom of the well, of the unwell,
You dwell in them both like a ghost -
When old King George said to my long dead kin
"Ten summers and winters in Arthur will do you in"
He cut out his heart and he buried the sin there in England.

Prune your rose bushes Glenn
Oh they'll grow up again,
There may still be a next year, who knows?
If you're lonely take a drink,
There are better things to think,
Think on ancient cities, sunsets and girls in Spring.

You needed a song, I needed one too,
So keep listening
For my offer to you
Take it with good grace and humour too

First came the golden age
When there was no need of proof,
When lions ate flowers
And your house didn't need a roof.
Then came the silver days
When a boy saw himself for the first time
In the reflection of a blade
Then he saw the way
To populate a people's song.
First he must do something wrong.
If you've never heard the music you never will

Prune your rose bushes Glenn
So they'll soon grow up again,
There may still be a next year, who knows?
If you're lonely, take a drink,
There are better things to think
Think on ancient cities, sunsets and girls in Spring.
Because all the tears that you mend,
They will open up again.
And weren't you suppose to call your friends this evening?

It rained all night the day I left.
The weather it was fine,
It rained all night the day I left