

Augie March, Mugged By The Mob

Strange paradise that you're living in,
Strangers talk to you in hissing tongues, fictioning.
I've gone inside some, you don't see me none,
I don't speak with the fear you secretly like to hear.

You get stuck out past the toll chains
And your heart begins its boiling in the cavern
Of your missing shame,
You hear those flapping buds?
You got your values plucked.
Know it's the end of conviction.

You see them walk the streets in packs
Like so many chimpanzees,
Those mental amputees,
No culture only liberties.

If I could wipe them out,
Like never born nor seen,
But it's always been this way,
But I think you know what I mean.

I'm willing to go now,
I'm ready to feel no pain,
Just a sharp red rip,
Then the lights go out on my trip,
One more death in the prison.

Hear the crows speak, know the crow's tongue,
Crows don't eat their own meat, they don't brook no carry on.
So they can speak their bit the Mob, but I can't cop that kind of gob,
Babble and spit the evening long, make a right out of being always wrong.

I'm willing to go now,
I'm ready to feel no pain,
Just a short, sharp rip,
Then the lights go out on my trip,
One more death in the prison.

O for the Mobility get what the Mobility seek,
Though not one of it knows what it means,
You paint it a picture its eyes roll back,
You sing it a song it screams.

O the demise of diction,
Know it's the end of conviction,
Just another death in the prison.