

# Augie March, Bottle Baby

Your issue may walk among fine moral spires  
But if they went up somebody else built them  
Your store is a small one, your goods have no buyers  
Your parents are raising your children.  
O I could have told you the vices won't hold you warm in a coil where you lay  
But high up they hang you, seized by the temple  
And bid you obey and obey...

A heinous, heinous law  
Of an endless, endless love  
That governs your poor heart

In its velvety chambers, where fellows foul met  
Engage in exchanges  
Whose ends are to put out your lights  
Who know from the inside you'd put up a fight

To a heinous, heinous law...

It's winter in my bedroom and I stir the broken spring  
And I have in my head to go crawling  
When the hounds come around I go to the bottle  
Like every wet shadow before me.  
Now are you angry at me 'cos I'm no longer free?  
I don't sound it or say it or feel it.  
But out on the street somebody told me  
It happens to everyone.  
So I don't blame you, it's my foot in my shoe  
And I seem to have easily filled it  
While the thing in my charge, whether tiny or large  
I fear I may slowly have killed it

Obeying a heinous, heinous law...