

Augie March, Brundisium

They married, a dandy and a back alley tough,
on the foreshore while kids in the needling rough,
stayed low, in, and laid till they'd had enough
of the somersaulting hot roll of revolting September.

By thickets beneath the hot halo above,
the plague bodies bathed in their talentless love.
It's hot in the town with its back to the sea,
O darling don't put your veil over me.

From thinking a life was about them when, long,
they were the thorn in its side,
The hard men got plucked and by measures were gone,
at pride it plucked and out, out it pried.

Where's the shame in a gentle man? Stand him next to me.
It's hot in the town with its back to the sea,
O darling don't put your veil over me.

Honey we'll go without, honey grow old and thin,
I love you like I love my own skin.

From thinking a life was about them but stranger,
The soft women lowed and came in and were in,
to swoon "O welcome hot united sailor"
Welcome from unsteady decks and from danger,

Did you see a new sun in the sky?
The sun is blood and blood is a lie.
It's hot in the town with its back to the sea,
O darling don't put your veil over me...

Honey we'll go without, honey grow old and thin,
I love you like I love my own skin,
O my bonny lies over the ocean,
My bonny grows old and thin,
I love her like I love my own skin...