

Augie March, City Of Rescue

Shining city on the plain,
No more sorrow, no more pain,
City of Rescue I don't know,
Is that where all good people go?
If that's where all good people go,
Leave me here I tell you no,
All good people in one place?
Nary there an honest face.

The seer and the imbecile there in the garden meet,
What comes about as they nut it out there in the bower seat,
One of them picks the others brain, the other picks his feet,
The city enters into night, the day is fleet.

Well I already know how to walk the line,
I already know how to read the signs,
I've been in the business of pleasing somebody all of the fucking time,
So now I'm gonna run.

Wealthy city by the sea,
Got no room for people like me,
Can't see half what they can see,
City of Rescue by the

Semen and ovum there in the oven meet,
What comes about I have my doubt in that infernal heat,
It's not a billionth miracle that's brought up to the teat
If it's sucking for the rest of its life and never free.

All alone outside of the city,
I don't even have it now,
With the burning rain of someone's pity
Pattering on my brow.
It's a long, long way to Rescue,
I didn't say goodbye to you,
Or make an empty gesture too,
Though many people showed me how
Well I already know how to walk the line,
I already know how to read the sign,
I've been in the business of pleasing somebody all of the fucking time,
So now I'm gonna run.

I don't know what I've been told
I don't know what I've been told
I don't know what I've been told
I don't care what I've been told.