

# Augie March, Clockwork

It's too hot babe, pull the covers back,  
Don't touch me babe, I don't remember ever liking that,  
Don't touch me babe, roll over.

O brother, you don't know what you've got, only time flies...

You've gotta do some clockwork.

Sometimes you hear the broken bell sound up on the whore's hill,  
The ladies clamor for the Salvo's sale, bickering like little girls  
For second hand womens' things, for countless prying mans' hands.

O working girl, you don't get round enough, it's like yr daddy says...

You gotta do some clockwork.

(in a berth of the port wharf the song of the penitent sailor... upon  
what stage? A slab in the gut of a Japanese whaler... a material blue  
and tailored and time is a tailor... both brief and slow.)

Now I can hear the broken bell,  
Now I can hear the clockwork,  
It has me reaching for the hidden rail,  
It has me listening for the song bird,  
But I hear it very minor,  
But I hear it very minor...

O singer, I don't believe your song, or your lying lines,  
O singer, I don't believe your song, or your lying lines...

You've gotta do some clockwork:

The Pneuma, Cecilian, the Metzler, Angelus, Virtuos, Apollo, Paragon, Minerva, Stella

Clockwork, all clockwork.

O but I didn't write this song with a machine,  
And I don't know how to stop it from its accidental purpose.