

Augie March, Here Comes The Night

Here comes the night.
Roll on you careless evening,
When we unite
Not a force concurs,
Not hell nor heaven,
So let it come, let it rain,
Let it burn though you and me again
In the slums without name,
and it isn't only poverty to blame.
Here comes your man.
Rolling down the street the callous field,
He puts it in your hand
And all the world is but a whilst and a milkshake.

O how can you breathe little blue?
You have hooks, you have holes in you,
In absentium and in lieu of all the things that have been promised you...

But o my sweet how incomplete you are,
in your eyes a smile so sweet
A silly soldiers scar
Splits you face from ear to ear,
You pretend that you simply cannot hear
The bells and the bombs going off in the galleria.

Here comes the night.
Roll on you careless evening,
When we unite
Not a force concurs,
Not hell nor heaven,
Let it come, let it rain
Let it burn through you and me again
In the alums without name,
And it isn't only poverty to blame -

My sweet how incomplete we are,
In their eyes am I from dust
You from my bones imparted.
And if that don't make you laugh at nature's rough replacement.

Too late in all : Here comes the night
Here comes the night
Here comes the night
Here comes the night
Roll on you night. the night good night. roll on.