

Augie March, Just Passing Through

At ten o'clock is when I rise from my grave, and cast my eyes over the ideas that I couldn't save, be

A strange appeal is in the magazine zodiac, what inspiration are the
women of the dog track, now there's a wheel and there's a well and there's a big rack, the perfume

I don't know enough to know not to show it
Or tell it like I know more,
I'm sorry darling but your roving poet's just a bank balance troubadour, who can't sing the song any

At ten o'clock is when you open up your apple eyes, and drink a cup into the one of earth the other
A strange appeal unto a pocket where a body lay, I saw a dream of
such a couple only yesterday, when the one did leave the other went to war Enola Gay, she had a

Well I know I'm not loathe to show it, I smile like a bandsaw, I'm sorry baby but your roving poet's ju
can't talk the talk anymore..

We're just passing through

At ten o'clock is when I rise from my grave, and cast my eyes over the ideas that I couldn't save, be

When time doesn't tear you pay a fee to make it rip, the ditch witch, the back hoe, the bobcat, the t
weakness any clearer?

We were winding up the road to the site with the windows down and
the cigarettes alight, singing some rubbish about "my soul's alright",
I didn't know what I could do...
It's just you and I and some other guy forever passing through?

We're just passing through

Like a: (gall stone)
(rat through a snake)
(little rubbish through a rake)

We're just passing through.