

# Augie March, Lupus

As the cold comes to claim up I take the air and know your pink aroma,  
And I should haunt your very vestibules and hover like the smoke over Tecoma,  
If I could dive my hands to the roots of your tallest trees,  
And it was all I ever do  
And it was all I ever do  
Never feed from the hand, never beg, never stand on two feet.

I see your memory is starved and smell your history it doesn't raise an appetite,  
I haze the rill up with my steam, the fishes scream, the lilies dream my eyes to black,  
If I could sink my teeth into the dreams of ordinary people,  
And it was all I ever do  
And it was all I ever do  
Never feed from the hand, never beg, never stand on two feet.

Now the fire's come to reap I've got to raise you from your sleep and speak the iron in my teeth and  
I have a memory of soul, of trusted hand, of twining blood  
I have my step there at the top of the hill  
If I could hitch my hind to the wagon of sighs you get around with,  
And it was all I ever do  
And it was all I ever do  
Never feed from the hand, never beg, never stand on two feet.