

Augie March, Mother Greer

Well versed I am in the taint of my birth, my diminishing role in this sphere, But sometimes I require a communiqum from the Mother to make it clear,

Well England is pretty in the summer time, boys are beautiful till the age of nine, and certainly women begin to pine for usurping their leaden fear,

But after making love we hear nothing Mother Greer.

Tiptoe, tiptoe with me...

O no tiptoe of tiny feet may sound or tiny heartbeat pound in our ears, waking up with the sweats a
Who after making love he hears nothing Mother Greer,
Yes after making love we hear nothing Mother Greer.

Rise, rise, rise and tune your pianos, I hear the wind whistle through their teeth, you cheating sons from your deep, your dreamless, endless, arse-facing, walking sleep (you cheating sons of deceit while I'm breaking melodies every time I breathe...)

After making love we hear nothing Mother Greer,
Why are there so many of you over there when you can't even get over here?
After making tracks we hear nothing Mother Greer.