

Augie March, One Crowded Hours

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Moo, You Bloody Choir
One Crowded Hours
But one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin

Now I know you like your boys to take their medicine
From the bowl with a silver spoon
Run away with the dish and scare the fish by the silvery light of the moon
Who were taught from the womb to believe to the tune
In as far as their bleeding eyes see
Is a pleasure pen, meant for them, built for and rent for them
Not for the likes of me
Not for the like of you and me

And for one crowded hour, you were the only one in the room
And I sailed around all those bumps in the night to your beacon in the gloom
I thought I had found my golden September in the middle of that purple June
But one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin

Oh but the green-eyed harpy of the songland
She takes into hers my hand
She says, "Boy I know you're lying
Oh but then, so am I,"
And to that I said "Oh well."

They put me in a cage full of lions, I learned to speak lion
In fact I know the language well
I picked it up while I was versing myself in the languages they speak in hell
That night, the silence gave birth to a baby
They took it away to her silent dismay
And they raised it to be lady
Now she can't keep her mouth shut

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And I sailed around all those bumps in the night to your beacon in the gloom
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One crowded hour, you were the only one in the room
Well I played a few songs for those bumps in the night
In fact I played this very tune
You said, "What is this six-stringed instrument but an adolescent doom?"
And one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin.