

Augie March, Rich Girl

When I asked about your forefathers,
"Were they murderous too?"
You said it hadn't any bearing
Upon the likes of me and you
So we buried them to neck height
And we kicked off all their heads
Funny little questions, better left, better never, ever said

So I asked about your dead mother
"Was she beautiful too?"
"Just a little bit warmer,
Than the likes of me and you"
Well I'm no F. Scott Fitzgerald
But I know a champagne birth
So was she light or heavy handed
When she delivered you your worth?

I asked if you were lonely
You said it didn't matter
These are old emotions,
We need to bury them and leave them
Move on to something new
We need to bury them and leave them
Like I'm leaving you

So are they making everybody happy
Writing songs about shit?
Well I know I'm not supposed to be serious about it, but I'm serious about it
But I don't wanna fight no battle
And I don't want to feel no lovers arms
But if the stuff comes better when I'm on my own
Then I'll make it so I'm on my own

You asked me if I'm lonely
But I guess it doesn't matter
It's an old emotion
I need to bury them and leave them all

From the last romantic year
And I grow ol-ol-ol-ol-ol-old
You were the first sign of vanity
But then I tremble at the sight of you
All the things that fortify me
Are all the things that petrify you
So you bury them and leave them
And I dig them up anew
I only asked if you were lonely
And you said it didn't matter
These are old emotions
We need to bury them and leave them
Move on to something new
We need to bury them and leave them
Little bodies in the backyard
We need to bury them and leave them
Like I'm leaving you

(I might be near you
Or passing down)