

Augie March, Slant

Pity the boy in front of me
He was only 16
Lifted up my axe then down
Split his head like a cord of wood
Not for me the huon pine
Not for me the ankle iron
A'resting in the rope'll do me fine
So they sent me down to Bellerive
Strung me up to my relief
I was just a petty thief
Of no account, no import
Send my love to my sister
In the Female Factory
Remind her of the day
When we drank wine
May a slant of winter light
Break upon my stone before the night
Ushers in the chill
I have no sight, I have no sight
But did they pave the streets of Hobart town?
Lop the old wood forests down?
For the press of King and Crown
For honey? Milk and honey?
My arse