

Augie March, Sunset Studies

You are the queen of a dust bowl,
Ex to a crier in a town of ashes,
This is what happens when a great love crashes.
Tonight you let me see you,
For the first time, in a long time,
For the first time, in a time
Without the fear of going blind,
without the fear of going blind...
In a den of quitters in a hall of hosts,
Between worn out waltzes and wedding toasts
I heard a man confess that what he struggles with most
is the freedom for so long.
Without a strong enough voice to tell him what's wrong,
Without a will, without a prayer, without a passionate song to sing...
Our favourite sons, our polished metal guns,
Plagues, mermaids, setting suns
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Well all by and by and all through and through,
this is the only thing that comes back to you,
how you banged her on a cannon in a World War Two park in Gundagai,
O come on guy, O come on, you were born red-eyed and screaming,
You mother was beaming, she trembled,
and dabbed your eyes with mercury and rained on you the blessings three.
You were a babe of Spring now what's it going to be.
Sunshine

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Plagues, mermaids, setting suns
Our favourite sons, our polished metal guns,
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Upon all brave new breeds of old disease
on rotten roots of family trees,
on sold out universities,
Other sunset studies and these.