

# Augie March, Sunstroke House

O fraudulent mirror, O rank rainbow toad,  
I'd break apart too, if I knowed what you knowed,  
I'd fall from the wall, I'd leap from the road,  
You take cover in the clover, you don't shoulder the load.

Wagner and wife, drama and strife,  
Their syphilitic friend Dionysus is wise not to ask "Where's Sunstroke House?"  
Where's a crow on the far fence?  
Where's a mill by the pond?

Pale with horror I saw you when your bird flew,  
Now who in the whole low world has been kind to you,  
Save for a kindly, ugly few?  
Don't read it, don't watch it, don't do what they do.

From the wind in the Winter, no mercy, no quarter,  
From the Summer no mercy, and little goes well,  
That's where you'll live, that's where you'll live,  
Till a gale rips ya sail, till a will kills ya mill...

Where have you been, my heat, my shadow?  
How well did you like the song?  
I filled it so full of nonsense and unrule  
you feel like there's something forgotten or fell.

Pale with horror I saw you when your bird flew,  
Now who in the whole low world has been kind to you,  
Save for a kindly, ugly few?  
Don't read it, don't watch it, don't do what they do.

Pink lipped bub, golden haired sitting,  
Portraits of withering roots -  
Pretty diversions, pointless excursions, pleasant distractions,  
Underground mutes.