

Augie March, Tasman Awakens

Honey goes candy in the condiment cupboard,
Unwax it. unplug it,
What you discover in August nights,
Like children walled in and papers drawn up for life -
That kind of truth you can't crack with a knife.
Smoke from the wood fire, unholy spires,
And can you surmise from which well you have drawn you courage, it stings your eyes
What you saw when she stood in the yard and she let him undress her -
What happened next you have failed to understand.
What happened then as he took her by the hand...
Little lights are burning bright in you
Little lights are burning bright in you
Orphan leaves of arrested trees divide the street from the gutter
As the sunset shudders at the prospect of night
On the children malled in and mauling their brethren and like -
That kind of truth is a needle and a knife.
That kind of truth is a needle and a knife...
And you little lights are burning bright in you
And you little lights are burning bright in you
And you little lights are burning bright in you
They tell you what you have to do.