

Augie March, The Baron Of Sentiment

Duty, who's your master?
Who gave you fingers?
Who gave you to me?
And why do we always dream of disaster
When we pay our dues to disaster with some loyalty?
And when its work is done, and we ought to just pick up and run, we
sleep in the place we have slept for so long...

So long, for so long, so long in the place we should run from.

And when I, when I have forgotten, when I have forgotten me how to
stand and sing,
I will raise up, raise one finger, one finger of the truth that wears no
ring,
And when its work is done, and the stitch of my smile has come
undone, I'll tell you why I wore it for so long...

And I wasn't so drunk that I didn't hear you dreaming,
All seized up and wretched and baying blue hell at the ceiling of the room we're always dying to leave

Duty, who's your master?
Who gave you fingers?
Who gave you to me?
And why are we always dreaming of disaster
When we live our lives so careless and so comfortably?
O but underneath this song, I can hear another song, it tells me I'm
not wrong to stay so long...

And I wasn't so drunk that I didn't hear you dreaming.