

# Augie March, The Keepa

What's wrong, sad Prince?  
The body is soft, the heart is cold,  
You were tongue-in' for danger, but danger bites back,  
It only lays down for the reckless and you weren't never bold

- Think of all you'd never do...  
Now it sits next to you on the bus, it joins you in the elevator,  
Nothing good is kept for later,  
You should never have let it through to the Keepa.

In old Brazil there is a breach upon the earth they call &quot;The Sigh&quot;,  
where the gods all hang their washing out to dry,  
where strange birds fly, and giants go to die,  
I heard you went there for the quiet,  
Well I wasn't asking why

- It was all that you could do...  
Now it sits next to you on the bus, it joins you in the elevator,  
Nothing good is kept for later,  
You should never have let it through to the Keepa.

In the afternoon a weary sun beats a pallor too soon  
about the broken tooth hell-mouth of your room,  
You slide into a sleep, O to dreaming of a sweet talk,  
To wilt beneath a whisper - &quot;No regrets sad Prince&quot;

- Not for all you'll never do...  
Now it sits next to you on the bus, it joins you in the elevator,  
Nothing good is kept for later,  
You should never have let it through to the Keepa.