

# Augie March, The Night Is A Blackbird

Well it tastes like a Sunday,  
There should be music in the front room,  
and the markets a'milling with the people in the afternoon.  
And there's a question to be asked if you're drinking alone,  
It's what horse were you thrown from which riderless goes on?

O it must have been a near thing,  
But no novelty to you,  
all the trains and the buses and the cinemas too,  
Breaking down, the bloody town, all reared up like a snake,  
For goodness sake don't touch it or you'll never wake up...

His father misses him, His mother misses him,  
His lady dreams of kissing him,  
Bring the sun back, Bring the sun back,  
It's been dark, now it's cold,  
When the night falls, Bring the sun back, Bring the sun back,  
It's a blackbird, he's in the belly.

Well it's cold, it's cold, it's cold and it's cold,  
But you've a roof over your head and a comfortable bed,  
Now I'll better, I'll be true, doing things like I ought to,  
If this bird lands in the black lands of Tulla when it's due...

His father misses him, His mother misses him,  
His lady dreams of kissing him,  
Bring the sun back, Bring the sun back,  
It's been dark, now it's cold,  
When the night falls,  
Bring the sun back, Bring the sun back,  
It's a blackbird, he's in the belly,  
It's a blackbird, he's in the belly,  
The night's a blackbird, We're in the belly.