

Munly & The Lee Lewis Harlots, Amen Corner

It's glorious today so you know it will pass away.
The doves and snapping turtles bite at me.
Catatonic ash, don't bump against them tender wounds.
This petunia land smells of timothy.

I have read the maps of the Patron Saint of Haggard.
Arm the minds of midwives who deliver thee
My hands are not enough; I will swing a hammer
Amen Corner's where they'll gather and meet.

On Amen Corner is where they gather,
All them midwives who delivered me.
Their looks are unwashed, ashamed, and haggard,
Seeing my hand empty of offerings.

They took my rolled map, ripped it to tatters,
Turned their backs, and they commenced to sing.
I stroke my dark dove, I pat my turtle,
But their response is as cold as charity.

Snapping turtles hide, Scrape their teeth against their hide,
Doves stumble 'round turned dark from timothy.
The midwives turn to saints swinging what's delivered.
On Amen Corner the haggard hammer sings.

My snapping turtle it still be snapping,
My dark dove can only bark at me.
I pull his dark down, rip it to tatters,
Glue the feathers to my turtle's covering.

I will swing it, my soft-hard hammer,
To my midwives this is my offering.
On Amen Corner, I'll be delivered,
My soft-hard hammer will sing as it swings.