

Augie March "Bottle Baby"

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Your issue may walk among fine moral spires,
But if they went up somebody else built them.
Your store is a small one, your goods have no buyers
Your parents are raising your children.
O, I could have told you, the vices wont hold you warm
in a coil where you lay
but high up behind you, seized by the temple
and bid you obey and obey

A heinous, heinous law of an endless, endless love,
that governs your poor heart
in its velvety chambers
where fellows foul me engage in exchanges
whose ends are to put out your lights
Who know from the inside you won't put up a fight

To a heinous, heinous law of an endless, endless love,
that governs your poor heart

it's winter in my bedroom, I stir the broken spring,
and I have in my head to go crawling
when the hounds come around, I go to the bottle
like every wet shadow before me

Now are you angry at me, 'cause I'm no longer free?
I don't sound it or say it or feel it
But out on the street, somebody told me
it happens to everyone.
so I don't blame you, it's my foot in my shoe,
and I seem to have easily filled it.
While the thing in my charge, whether tiny or large
I fear I may slowly have killed it

Obeying a heinous, heinous law

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