

## Augie March "Just Passing Through"

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At ten o'clock is when I rise from my grave,  
and cast my eyes over the ideas that I couldn't save,  
become regret and break upon me now wave after  
wave,  
bid me remember what I done.

A strange appeal is in the magazine zodiac, what  
inspiration are the  
women of the dog track, now there's a wheel  
and there's a well and there's a big rack,  
the perfumed killers from the north,  
collect each Saturday to brood and sally forth...

I don't know enough to know not to show it  
Or tell it like I know more,  
I'm sorry darling but your roving poet's just a bank  
balance troubadour,  
who can't sing the song anymore.

At ten o'clock is when you open up your apple eyes,  
and drink a cup into the one of earth the other skies,  
and out your mouth a tiny burst of tiny baby cries  
"O where o where o where did you get into to?"  
A strange appeal unto a pocket where a body lay,  
I saw a dream of such a couple only yesterday,  
when the one did leave the other went to war Enola  
Gay,  
she had a halo, was a heroine, she had a halo, was a  
heroine...

Well I know I'm not loathe to show it, I smile like a  
bandsaw,  
I'm sorry baby but your roving poet's just a footloose  
man-whore, who  
can't talk the talk anymore..

We're just passing through

At ten o'clock is when I rise from my grave,  
and cast my eyes over the ideas that I couldn't save,  
become regret and break upon me now wave after  
wave,

bid me remember what I done.

When time doesn't tear you pay a fee to make it rip,  
the ditch witch, the back hoe, the bobcat, the tip,  
soil from the hillock spilling over on that solemn lip,  
it covers up the cedar mirror, do you ever see your  
weakness any clearer?

We were winding up the road to the site with the  
windows down and  
the cigarettes alight, singing some rubbish about "my  
soul's alright",  
I didn't know what I could do...  
It's just you and I and some other guy forever passing  
through?

We're just passing through

Like a: (gall stone)  
(rat through a snake)  
(little rubbish through a rake)

We're just passing through

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