

Augie March "Lupus"

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As the cold comes to claim up
I take the air and know your pink aroma
And I should haunt your very vestibules
And hover like the smoke over Tecoma

If I could dive my hands
To the roots of your tallest trees

And it was all I ever do
And it was all I ever do
Never feed from the hand
Never beg, never stand on two feet

I see your memory is starved and smell your history
It doesn't raise an appetite
I haze the rill up with my steam, the fishes scream
The lilies dream my eyes to black

If I could sink my teeth into
The dreams of ordinary people

And it was all I ever do
And it was all I ever do
Never feed from the hand
Never beg, never stand on two feet

Now the fire's come to reap
I've got to raise you from your sleep
And speak the iron in my teeth and will
I have a memory of soul
Of trusted hand, of twining blood

I have my step there at the top of the hill
If I could hitch my hind
To the wagon of sighs you get around with

And it was all I ever do
And it was all I ever do
Never feed from the hand
Never beg, never stand on two feet

