

Augie March

"Men Who Follow Spring The Planet 'round"

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"Well met, well met" said an old true love, "well met,
well met" said he,
"I have just returned from the salt salt sea, and all for
the love of thee."
From pole to pole I've spread my soul o'er sea to
august sea,
In body, bankroll and bedded sin, I've liked to spread it
thin.
I saw you in the German eye, I caught you in the head,
In hearts beset by Winter's debt, I heard you wonder
why -
O why, o why do the tender sigh at first with the breath
of me,
Then at my leave remember grief and clouds to fill the
sky?
I'll tell you why your majesty, I'll join you in your
balcony,
Your lofty arboreal grace, and in my hand your
crumbling face -
It's for they know that when you go the anger does
awake
And the babies that you bred will grow to armies in your
wake!
That's why the tender in their few do seek to touch the
heart of you,
And round the planet do oft do sing, to make a final
honest ring...
For love or lack thereof, turn back - All for the love of
thee!
For love, or thereof, turn back - All for the love...
"Well met, well met," the English said, and sailing set
for free land,
Albeit chained and with a pent up greed, they killed a
family,
And all before your pretty face, not once or twice or
three.
Have men been stirred, and thick, and furred as beasts
and all for thee,
And all for the love of thee
And all for the love of thee

