

Augie March "Movie Mondays"

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O Genevieve, would that I could see you growing older
With my right hand so cold 'round a colder can of
Coca-Cola...

I walk through the uni, lazy campus, lazing apes under
the sun
Thinking "How the fuck?", "How the fuck could she love
a drowned
Amphibian?"
When I left her mourning naked, pleading with me
"Won't you stay?"
But Movie Mondays are more important, more
important on the day

It's the end of the feature, and all of my imaginaries
come to life
It's an old friend, yearning badly for the things that
happened just last
Night
So I tell him "We've got years to fill with the stupid shit
we haven't
Done"
Tragic wagon, rickety wheeling over the cliff into the
sun

Cheap freedom, there's something about you
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm beginning to doubt you
On the way to the station, running the day down
Going back to where I first reside

Yeah, going back to where I first reside
Yeah, going back to where I first reside

Hey, look - and there goes a wheelchair
It's lost it's rider, it's rider's fallen down the stairs to the
ocean
And all I hear are perfect chords to come undone
Then I see her - emergent harpy from one room to the
next

And we're all hungover
Everything seems like a memory to me now

And we're all hungover
Everything seems like a memory to me

And O cheap freedom, there's something about you
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm beginning to doubt you
On the way to the station, we're running the day down
Going back to where I first reside

And O cheap freedom, there's something about you
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm beginning to doubt you
On the way to the station, while running the day down
Going back to where I first reside

Yeah, going back to where I first reside

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