

Augie March "Pennywhistle"

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Just an ordinary day, I knew that autumn was on it's way,
I could see by the gilt of the clouds, the burnish on the bay,
A ring of effusia settled on the city like a vision of the future
Before the scales fell away,
A vision of the future looking more than just okay,
A good feeling
Yes, just a good feeling
And it only happens now and then -
Out of the mouth of a black dog,
Out of the terrors of 3 am,
Out of the dark and whispering fen,
I was blind then I could see, now I'm blind again.

So I hollered up to Jill,
"Come down from the mountain, your ears are 'a burning,
My speech is a fountain, it's been another long year
But you know I'm not counting,
I dreamed you like you dreamed me,
O the bomb dreamed the fuse and the drowner
dreamed the sea",
What a strange feeling...
Yes, it's a strange feeling
And it only happens now and then -
Out of the mouth of a black dog,
Out of the terrors of 3 am,
Out of the dark and whispering fen,
I was blind then I could see, now I'm blind again.

Most of the Aegean Sea rushes into my bedroom and glitters for me,
The hills of Gallipoli all throw up their bones for my industry,
So I build from the charnel the ale house,
I build from the tomb a palace of dreams,
That old barren rockface got silver seams for a miner of middling means,
Singing poems of dissolution and schemes -
My penny whistles, lo!

Now I summon up Jack, sat up on the hill,
The wrong kind of music, the wrong kind of pill,
Impotent as a potato but still pleading "Give it up Mary,
But not by degrees..."

A portrait of Jack, a study in sin, well I knew of myself
before I knew of him,
Now even I couldn't tell ya just who it is asking
"Give it up Mary, but not by degrees,
Give it up Mary, your virtue, please..."

Into the mouth of a black dog - I go
Into the terrors of 3 am - I go
Into the dark and whispering fen - I go
I was blind then blind again
Into the mouth of a black dog - I go
Into the terrors of 3 am - I go
Into the dark and whispering fen - I go
O what beast has my name on it's snaggle tooth,
And eternal slobber for my finishing youth?
My penny whistles low.

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