

Augie March "Stop Breathing"

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The pillar, peak and palm that makes you dream
O the sun is your alarm, the church that's leaving
Come to Bahamas, to 1971
When you weren't even the grain of an idea

Carpentaria, the midnight seeming longer than we are
Carp are dreaming of sunsets in the casbah
And the world is repeating phrases in a broken down
car
In your film noir, on a highway to a star

Waking in the dusty gate
Of men who never arrive, and never really seem to be
Though I can fix the car, and I can drive a thousand
miles to find out
Where you are
And ask you "Have I really arrived?"

Cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop breathing
Pretty face, human race
Oh yeah, I know

Say, how much for those words?
That's a fifty cent novel on the ecstasy of surds
Seems such a horrible waste when you could buy grass
for the yard
Pottery wheels and broken heels are not gonna get
very far into these words

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You met for your mortar traces, your fifty cent
shoelaces
I'm high on your pulitzer now...
Oh you can never ever be, no you can never ever be
The one that got us through the burning sun like you
thought you would

Ask me "Have I really arrived?"
Cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop
To stop breathing

I'll kiss you when I know I should not
Close your eyes and I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop
To stop...

O cast me down a glance at the top, close my eyes
And I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop
To stop breathing

And I'll kiss you when I know I should not
Close your eyes and I'll love you 'til you tell me to stop
To stop

Stop breathing
Stop breathing
Pretty face, human race
Oh yeah, I know...

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