

Augie March **"Sunset Studies"**

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You are the queen of a dust bowl,
Ex to a crier in a town of ashes,
This is what happens when a great love crashes.
Tonight you let me see you,
For the first time, in a long time,
For the first time, in a time
Without the fear of going blind,
Without the fear of going blind...
In a den of quitters in a hall of hosts,
Between worn out waltzes and wedding toasts
I heard a man confess that what he struggles with most
Is the freedom for so long.
Without a strong enough voice to tell him what's wrong,
Without a will, without a prayer, without a passionate
song to sing...
Our favourite sons, our polished metal guns,
Plagues, mermaids, setting suns
Our favourite sons, our polished metal guns,
Plagues, mermaids, setting suns

Well all by and by and all through and through,
This is the only thing that comes back to you,
How you banged her on a cannon in a World War Two
park in Gundagai,
O come on guy, O come on, you were born red-eyed
and screaming,
You mother was beaming, she trembled,
And dabbed your eyes with mercury and rained on you
the blessings three.
You were a babe of Spring now what's it going to be.
Sunshine

Our favourite songs, our polished metal guns.
Plagues, mermaids, setting suns
Our favourite sons, our polished metal guns,
Plagues, mermaids, setting suns

Upon all brave new breeds of old disease
On rotten roots of family trees,
On sold out universities,
Other sunset studies and these.

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