

## Augie March "The Honey Month"

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This honey month I'm telling you  
Don't go turning your radio on,  
A one and a two, should I talk to you,  
Like the others do?

Get yr knees up beneath the bar,  
I'm leaving now, but I won't go far...

This honey month I'm telling you  
Don't go turning your radio on,  
And this honey month, with the wine  
One your breath, and singing the same  
Stolen song  
I want you to know,  
I want you to know,  
What you don't want to know.

Beneath the revving of a car,  
The evensong of the abbatoir...

Moo, you bloody choir,  
Moo and lo, lo and moan.  
Moo, you huddled choir,  
Moo and lo,  
How the night arrives with a blow.

And this honey month, already married enough,  
and wondering where it went wrong,  
I'll make you come,  
I'll make you go,  
I'll make you come apart again

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