

Augie March "The Vineyard"

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The golden sun is ever gentle in the Valley of Making,
Where it's the middle of the Autumn when it isn't high
Spring,
There are men of many colors and women of all races
wearing white, white linen
and smiles on their faces -

Blue rose...

There are roses round the edges of the grand
property,
The words "Labor, Ardor, Langdor" are its lovely
trinity,
And when you see just how they dress and how they
speak and act too,
Well all you'll want to do is dress up in their white linen
too -

Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning...

And you said holly-hey, and with a teary tilt
for you were rudely made, and shoddy built,
Between the thumb and the forefinger,
Barefoot pressed, he hoists his trouser leg,
She lifts her dress.

O these men of many colors in their creamy white suits,
With their different colored hands dig in the soil for
their roots
of the dreamy conversation that the slender women
make
as they sip from slender glasses by the vineyard lake -

Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning,
Blue rose and every little thing was gilt and suffering
no more...

If you could see the people laughing and not here the
sound it makes
then you could keep the good opinion that the tone of
voice takes,
If you could see the people laughing and not here the

sound it makes Â– it goes...

There's a woman there among them who with red, red
eyes
Says you haven't been a'working hard enough on your
lies,
The golden sun is ever gentle and one lie follows
another in,
The only way to get there is by singing brother,
singing,
There are women of all races, men in white, white linen
and the only way to get there is to sing sister, sing
sister, sing -

and draw the curtain back on the morning,
Blue rose and every little thing was gilt and suffering
no more,
Blue rose and drew the curtain back on the morning...

Where the wars were not for wearing, the ghettos
never got,
To each lonely, lonely person their own shovel, their
own plot.
Have you ever heard a rattle way on down when people
sigh,
Way on down the silly rattle says you're happy when
you die

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