

## by Augie March "Bottle Baby"

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Of an endless, endless love  
That governs your poor heart

In its velvety chambers, where fellows foul met  
Engage in exchanges,  
Whose ends are to put out your lights,

Who know from the inside you won't put up a fight

To a heinous, heinous law...

It's winter in my bedroom, I stir the broken spring,  
And I have in my head to go crawling,  
When the hounds come around I go to the bottle  
Like every wet shadow before me.  
Now are you angry at me 'cos I'm no longer free?  
I don't sound it or say it or feel it.  
O but out on the street somebody told me  
It happens to everyone.  
So I don't blame you, it's my foot in my shoe,  
And I seem to have easily filled it,  
While the thing in my charge, whether tiny or large,  
I fear I may slowly have killed it,  
Obeying a heinous, heinous law...

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