

Mother Greer

Augie March

Well versed I am in the taint of my birth,
my diminishing roll in this sphere
But sometimes I require a communique from the mother to make it
clear.

Well England is pretty in the summer time,
Boys are beautiful until the age of nine
And certainly women begin to pine for usurping their laden fear
But after making love we hear nothing, Mother Greer
But after making love we hear nothing, Mother Greer

Tiptoe Tiptoe with me...

O no tiptoe of tiny feet make sound
or tiny heartbeat pound in our ears
waking up with the sweats and the terrors
like some fifty-five year-old corporateer
Who after making love he hears nothing, Mother Greer
Yes, after making love we hear nothing, Mother Greer

Rise, rise, rise, and tune your Pianos,
i hear the wind whistle through their teeth,
you cheating sons from your deep, your dreamless, endless, arse-
facing, walking, sleep...

Well versed I am in the taint of my birth,
my diminishing roll in this sphere
But sometimes I require a communique from the mother to make it
clear.

Well England is pretty in the summer time,
Boys are beautiful until the age of nine
And certainly women begin to pine for usurping their laden fear

But after making love we hear nothing, Mother Greer
Yes after making love we hear nothing, Mother Greer

Why are there so many of you over there when you can't even get
over here?

After making tracks we hear nothing, Mother Greer

Rise, rise, rise, and tune your pianos,
i hear the wind whistle through their teeth,
you cheating sons of deceit while I'm breaking melodies every t
ime i breathe...
every time i breathe..