

## 300 Nights

Augie March

All my debt to you  
All my pleasure in pain  
Dimwit I was, Dimmer I'll be  
Dim all the lights and we'll see what we see  
I am music, a song made for playing  
These dumb little notes  
Wounds in my back Speaks silent all night  
of the coming attack

Brutes with no vigor  
and towns with no past whose founders, whose fingers forever  
Come round here all the time  
You don't know what you're saying  
I know it's in the  
Never in the playing  
around there all the time  
You don't know what you're saying

I know it's in the  
Never in the playing  
All my debt to you  
All my pleasure in pain  
Three hundred nights like three hundred walls  
Must rise between my love and me  
Now I see all the black hearts between us