

Clockwork

Augie March

It's too hot babe, pull the covers back,
Don't touch me babe, I don't remember ever liking that,
Don't touch me babe, roll over.

O brother, you don't know what you've got, only time flies

You've gotta do some clockwork.

Sometimes you hear the broken bell sound up on the whore's hill
,
The ladies clamor for the Salvo's sale, bickering like little girls
For second hand womens' things, for countless prying mans' hands.

O working girl, you don't get round enough, it's like yr daddy says

You gotta do some clockwork.

(in a berth of the port wharf the song of the penitent sailor upon
what stage? A slab in the gut of a Japanese whaler a material blue
and tailored and time is a tailor both brief and slow.)

Now I can hear the broken bell,
Now I can hear the clockwork,
It has me reaching for the hidden rail,
It has me listening for the song bird,
But I hear it very minor,
But I hear it very minor

O singer, I don't believe your song, or your lying lines,
O singer, I don't believe your song, or your lying lines

You've gotta do some clockwork:

The Pneuma, Cecilian, the Metzler, Angelus, Virtuos, Apollo, Paragon,
Minerva, Stella

Clockwork, all clockwork.

O but I didn't write this song with a machine,
And I don't know how to stop it from its accidental purpose.