

## 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..