

# Movie Mondays

Augie March

O Genevieve, would that I could see you growing older  
With my right hand so cold 'round a colder can of Coca-Cola

I walk through the uni, lazy campus  
Lazing apes under the sun  
Thinking "How the fuck?"  
"How the fuck could she love a drowned amphibian?"  
When I left her mourning naked  
Pleading with me "Won't you stay?"  
But Movie Mondays are more important  
More important on the day

It's the end of the feature  
And all of my imaginaries come to life  
It's an old friend  
Yearning badly for the things that happened just last night  
So I tell him  
"We've got years to fill with the stupid shit we haven't done"  
Tragic wagon, rickety wheeling over the cliff into the sun

Cheap freedom, there's something about you  
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm beginning to doubt you  
On the way to the station, running the day down  
Going back to where I first reside

Yeah, going back to where I first reside  
Yeah, going back to where I first reside

Hey, look and there goes a wheelchair  
It's lost it's rider  
It's rider's fallen down the stairs to the ocean  
And all I hear are perfect chords to come undone  
Then I see her - emergent harpy from one room to the next

And we're all hungover  
Everything seems like a memory to me now  
And we're all hungover  
Everything seems like a memory to me

And O cheap freedom, there's something about you  
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm beginning to doubt you  
On the way to the station, we're running the day down  
Going back to where I first reside

And O cheap freedom, there's something about you  
I'm not sure what it is, but I'm beginning to doubt you  
On the way to the station, while running the day down  
Going back to where I first reside

Yeah, going back to where I first reside