

Song In The Key Of Chance

Augie March

In the chest of a dealer hammers
And smelts a foul charge
As he smoothes sour cream from his moll's pony
And metes her an unholy barrage
(O, the living is hard)

Of a rank Summer Saturday here
Drunk on domestic beer
The burnt English girls bray like mares
The men leer like snakes

O, there's no faith in this article, baby
No truth and no lie, lie, lie, lie
I woke up one morning and it lay there beside me
It wasn't for me to ask why

But to reason with a dry mouth and a half-open eye
Some people weren't born to dance
While others are halted mid-step to the beat
Of a song in the key of chance

Make one sickening body
Born of a base urge and a high mind
And make it swing like a witch

Wealthy young men, hale tall timber
Who dally in the Spring time then steady in the Winter
While over the river, with needles for teeth
The spindle and stick men, apportioned a grief
Take to drink and drown, drown
O, the stories I love and the stories I hate

The city horses are tired, give them something to drink
Take the weight of the wagon from off of their shoulders
And the iron from their feet

At the top of the morning, top, top, top of the street
Is a look when you look, look, look
Look into somebody's eyes and you meet
Is a look when you look, look, look, look into somebody's eyes
And you know that they'd just as soon kill you as smile

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