

The Baron Of Sentiment

Augie March

Duty, who's your master?
Who gave you fingers?
Who gave you to me?
And why do we always dream of disaster
When we pay our dues to disaster with some loyalty?
And when its work is done, and we ought to just pick up and run
, we
sleep in the place we have slept for so long

So long, for so long, so long in the place we should run from.

And when I, when I have forgotten, when I have forgotten me how
to
stand and sing,
I will raise up, raise one finger, one finger of the truth that
wears no
ring,
And when its work is done, and the stitch of my smile has come
undone, I'll tell you why I wore it for so long

And I wasn't so drunk that I didn't hear you dreaming,
All seized up and wretched and baying blue hell at the ceiling
of the room we're always dying to leave.. alright.

Duty, who's your master?
Who gave you fingers?
Who gave you to me?
And why are we always dreaming of disaster
When we live our lives so careless and so comfortably?
O but underneath this song, I can hear another song, it tells me
I'm
not wrong to stay so long

And I wasn't so drunk that I didn't hear you dreaming.