

# The Honey Month

Augie March

This honey month I'm telling you don't go turning your radio on  
,  
A one and a two, should I talk to you, like the others do?

Get yr knees up beneath the bar,  
I'm leaving now but I won't go far...

This honey month I'm telling you don't go turning your radio on  
,  
And this honey month, with the wine on your breath, and singing  
the same stolen song,  
I want you to know,  
I want you to know,  
What you don't want to know.

Beneath the revving of a car,  
The evensong of the abattoir...

Moo, you bloody choir,  
Moo and lo, lo and moan.  
Moo, you huddled choir,  
Moo and lo,  
How the night arrives with a blow.

This honey month I'm telling you don't go turning your radio on  
,  
And this honey month, already married enough, and wondering whe  
re it went wrong,  
I'll make you come,  
I'll make you go,  
I'll make you come apart again.