

The Moth Ball

Augie March

How sweet it is to be loved by you,
And taking your medicine,
And feeling individual,
And audio-visual,
You see I'm hearing everything you see,
And I'm seeing everything, you hear

To every idea a shelf,
To my wings a great heap of dust,
They were only ever buds anyway,
Only ever gonna get in the way,
To my screen a new project,
A new model fear.

I'm going to the Moth Ball,
And speeding like a pinstripe,
And never has it felt so right,
See I'm rolling like an eight ball,
And never has it felt so right,
I'm going to the Moth Ball,
And on the music goes

I feel like Thomas Edison,
A thousand lights going off in my head.

How sweet it is to be an apple in the eye,
And coming in worm-wise,
And feeding on your greatest fear,
Masquerading as a new love,
When by turn we all turn and turn in,
And the worm begets a butterfly.

Live you life in just one day,
Live you life smooth.

I'm going to the Moth Ball,
And speeding like a pinstripe,
And never has it felt so right,
See I'm rolling like an eight ball,
And never has it felt so right,
I'm going to the Moth Ball,
And on the music goes

I feel like the Persian Gulf,
A thousand lights going off in my head.