

Augie March, The Honey Month

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 where it went wrong,
I'll make you come,
I'll make you go,
I'll make you come apart again.