

300 Nights

Augie March

All my debt to you
All my pleasure in pain
Dimwit I was, Dimmer I'll be
Dim all the lights and we'll see what we see
I am music, a song made for playing
These dumb little notes
Wounds in my back Speaks silent all night
of the coming attack

Brutes with no vigor
and towns with no past whose founders, whose fingers forever
Come round here all the time
You don't know what you're saying
I know it's in the
Never in the playing
around there all the time
You don't know what you're saying

I know it's in the
Never in the playing
All my debt to you
All my pleasure in pain
Three hundred nights like three hundred walls
Must rise between my love and me
Now I see all the black hearts between us