

The Faking Boy

Augie March

"Smash my glim!" cried a regular card,
Blast my eyes,
The faking boy'll never speak again or sing again O O O

Oh no, see how the floor is a window,
and suddenly nothing below

I have a pink and
living guise still
Lively girls won't make me eyes
I'm not burly, I'm not wise

The faking boy to the trap has gone,
I'm not burly, I'm not wise