

# The Night Is A Blackbird

Augie March

Well it tastes like a Sunday,  
There should be music in the front room,  
and the markets a'milling  
with the people in the afternoon.  
And there's a question to be asked  
if you're drinking alone,  
It's what horse were you thrown from  
which riderless goes on?

O it must have been a near thing,  
But no novelty to you,  
all the trains and the buses and the cinemas too,  
Breaking down, the bloody town,  
all reared up like a snake,  
For goodness sake don't touch it  
or you'll never wake up...

His father misses him,  
His mother misses him,  
His lady dreams of kissing him,  
Bring the sun back,  
Bring the sun back,  
It's been dark, now it's cold,  
When the night falls,  
Bring the sun back,  
Bring the sun back,  
It's a blackbird, he's in the belly.

Well it's cold, it's cold, it's cold, it's cold,  
But you've a rood over your head  
and a comfortable bed,  
Now I'll be better, I'll be true,  
doing things like I ought to,  
If this bird lands in the black lands  
of Tulla when it's due...

His father misses him,  
His mother misses him,  
His lady dreams of kissing him,  
Bring the sun back,  
Bring the sun back,  
It's been dark, now it's cold,  
When the night falls,  
Bring the sun back,  
Bring the sun back,  
It's a blackbird, he's in the belly,  
It's a blackbird, he's in the belly,  
The night's a blackbird,  
We're in the belly.