

The Third Drink

Augie March

The third man is a film revered
And a very well regarded scent
The third eye is a heavy heavy brow
On a Hindu cow in a worship tent
But the third drink
Is a prick in the universe
Anchor and balloon
Fierce flame and a cold spoon
A Guarded moment
At the change of guards
Which ushers in the imp, and the whispers, and the weeping bard
s
(singing Two Minutes to Midnight)

And asks of the senses derange
Be unbound and
Ripple and be above all strange
Unserious now, do frolic
Improvise, vivid alcoholic

The third drink is chaperone
To the flood
Who, once asked to dance
Gives more whim than any fool
Ought chance
The third man suffers not
Over time it only grows its plot
The third eye reads bovinely polyglot
The third drink gets me into troubles
A lot

Oh the third drink
Is a prick in the universe
Anchor and balloon
And the wire in between on fire with a dying tune
We're gonna blitz it all, leaving only a black tawdry mark
The third drink is a light, leads me into the dark