

# Jolson And Jones

Scott Walker

As the grossness of spring lolls its head against the window  
As the grossness of spring lolls its bloodshot head  
Curare! Curare! Curare!  
Brogue cries from the street  
Curare! Curare!  
As the grossness of spring rose  
A tumor balloon to squeak against the window  
With the grossness of spring staining into the walls  
The chair had been shifted ever so slightly  
Say five feet or two centimeters  
The prints of my fingers dusted from doorknobs  
A lamp had been dimmed  
Some sawdust where a ring had been  
Where nice girls were turned into whores  
Gardens with fountains where peacocks had strutted  
Where deaf children were born  
The splendor of tigers turning to gold in the desert  
Pale meadows of stranded pyramids  
Sonny boy  
Such a sonny boy  
There's a song in the air  
Curare! Curare! Curare!  
But the fair senorita don't seem to care  
Curare! Curare! Curare!  
As the grossness of spring lolls its head against the window  
As the grossness of spring lolls its bloodshot head  
I merely got up so slowly  
Shuffled across the floor  
Closed the door on the landing  
Descending the stairs  
Dipping into the street  
The paralysed street  
Brogue says "Good afternoon!"  
I say "Good afternoon!"  
"It's a lovely afternoon"  
"Yes, it's a lovely afternoon"  
Into pockets unstitching so weighted with pins  
Into eyes imploding on mazes of sins  
The puddle beneath the cork  
Bobbing on a mild chop that rolled in  
Off the river Dix and the open water beyond  
Brogue says  
"I'LL PUNCH A DONKEY IN THE STREETS OF GALWAY"  
Then me  
"I'LL PUNCH A DONKEY IN THE STREETS OF GALWAY"  
Brogue  
"I'LL PUNCH A DONKEY IN THE STREETS OF GALWAY"  
"I'LL PUNCH A DONKEY IN THE STREETS OF GALWAY"  
Sonny boy  
Such a sonny boy  
In her voice, there's a flaw  
Sonny boy  
Such a sonny boy  
E-e-aw and e-e-aw