

## Augustine

### The Verve Pipe

Augustine

You light up like the Lafayette marquee  
You soften like a Botticelli queen

Solitaire

A diamond that is way beyond compare  
But humble like a quiet morning prayer  
And you pray she'll take you there  
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As lavish as the chapel of Sistine  
As simple as a T-shirt and blue jeans

Southern Cross

Thunderous stadium applause  
Quiet as the woods of Robert Frost  
If you let yourself get lost in Augustine

The moon it has a dark side

It pulls the ocean to a low tide  
Leaves dreadful rotten remnants of the sea  
The surface underwater graves  
Above Aurora Borealis waves  
And soon you'll ride the waves of Augustine

Remember there's a dark side

It's tantamount to lover's suicide  
And the dirty rotten remnants of your past  
The dream becomes a living hell  
And if you find it hard to bid farewell  
You're underneath the spell of Augustine

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