Song In The Key Of Chance

Augie March

In the chest of a dealer hammers and smelts a foul charge,
As he smoothes sour cream from his moll's pony and metes her an unholy barrage, (o the living is hard).
Of a rank Summer Saturday here, drunk on domestic beer,
The burnt English girls bray like mares, the men leer like snakes...O there's no faith in this article baby, no truth and no lie lie lie lie,
I woke up one morning and it lay there beside me, it wasn't for me to ask why,
But to reason with a dry mouth and a half-open eye some people weren't born to dance,
While others are halted mid-step to the beat of a song in the key of chance.Make one sickening body, born of a base urge and a high mind,
And make it swing like a witch...Wealthy young men, hale tall timber, who dally in the Springtime then steady in the Winter,
While over the river, with needles for teeth, the spindle and stick men, apportioned a grief,
Take to drink and drown...drown...
O the stories I love, and the stories I hate.The city horses are tired, give them something to drink,
Take the weight of the wagon from off of their shoulders and the iron from their feet.
At the top of the morning, top top top of the street,
Is a look when you look look look look into somebody's eyes and you meet,
Is a look when you look look look look into somebody's eyes,
And you know that they'd just as soon kill you as smile -There's no faith in this article baby, no truth and lie lie lie lie,
I woke up one morning and it lay there beside me, it wasn't for me to ask why,
But to reason with a dry mouth and a half-open eye some people weren't born to dance,
While others are halted mid-step to the beat of a song in the key of chance.

Songwriters
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