

# One Crowded Hour

## Augie March

Should you expect to see something that you hadn't seen  
In somebody you'd known since you were sixteen;  
If love is a bolt from the blue, then what is that bolt but a glorified screw?  
And that doesn't hold nothing together  
Far from these nonsense bars and their nowhere music it's making me sick  
And I know it's making you sick  
There's nothing there, it's like eating air  
It's like drinking gin with nothing else in  
That doesn't hold me together. But for one crowded hour, you were the only one in the room  
And I sailed around all those bumps in the night to your beacon in the gloom  
I thought I had found my golden September in the middle of that purple June  
But one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin Now I know you like your boys to take their medicine  
From the bowl with a silver spoon  
Run away with the dish and scare the fish by the silvery light of the moon  
Who were taught from the womb to believe to the tune  
In as far as their bleeding eyes see  
Is a pleasure pen, meant for them, built for and rent for them  
Not for the likes of me  
Not for the like of you and me And for one crowded hour, you were the only one in the room  
And I sailed around all those bumps in the night to your beacon in the gloom  
I thought I had found my golden September in the middle of that purple June  
But one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin Oh but the green-eyed harpy of the song land  
She takes into hers my hand  
She says, "Boy I know you're lying  
Oh but then, so am I,"  
And to that I said "Oh well." They put me in a cage full of lions, I learned to speak lion  
In fact I know the language well  
I picked it up while I was versing myself in the languages they speak in hell  
That night, the silence gave birth to a baby  
They took it away to her silent dismay  
And they raised it to be lady  
Now she can't keep her mouth shut But for one crowded hour, you were the only one in the room  
And I sailed around all those bumps in the night to your beacon in the gloom  
I thought I had found my golden September in the middle of that purple June  
But one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin One crowded hour, you were the only one in the room  
Well I played a few songs for those bumps in the night  
In fact I played this very tune  
You said, "What is this six-stringed instrument but an adolescent doom?"  
And one crowded hour would lead to my wreck and ruin.

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