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"I
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

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