

Living Room

TV TOY

I had my dream, I held your hand on that broad avenue
We crossed the road and never spoke to another as we flew
We left your man alone in drag, laughin' there at us
A romantic bust, a blundered turn, explosive blunderbuss
An ancient grand hotel of Persian thread and ivory
And when your man would turn his head, I'd see you look at me
Pools of brown and sea of red an' demons in your pocket
That same romance performed a dance inside a silver locket
Da, da, da, da
Corner exit, not tall enough to walk out standin' straight
Designed by men so ladies would have to lean back in their gait
You grabbed my arm and left with me but you were not allowed to
You took me to a public place to quietly blend into
Such a trick pretendin' not to be doin' what you want to do
But seems like everybody does this every waking moment
I laid you down and touched you like the two of us both needed
Safe to say that others might not approve of this and pleaded
"So selfish, them" would be their cry and who'd be brave to argue
Doin' what two people need is never on the menu
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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