Blunderbuss

Safetyword

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
Laughing there at us
A romantic bust
A blunder turned
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
And demons in your pocket
That sang romance
Performed a dance

Inside of silver locket
Da da da da
Da da da da
A corner exit not tall enough to walk out standing 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 pretending not to be doing what you want to
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,? then would be their cry and who?d be brave to argue?
Doin' what two people need is never on the menu.
Da da da da
Da da da da

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