

# Blunderbuss

Rosie Flores

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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