

# Resistance Song

## Jill Sobule

I had this dream we were in the resistance  
Somewhere in France fighting traitors and fascists  
You were my mistress, yes you were a woman  
But I knew it was you by the shape of your mouth  
You called me Maurice and I had a small mustache  
Played clarinet in a decadent bandUntil we hid in the bushes  
We shot from the bushes  
Made love in the bushes  
Like there was no tomorrowBut in my real life I'm a cocktail waitress  
Dodging men's hands, instead of bullets  
And you're a bass player in a band that got a deal  
Dealing with assholes instead of explosives  
Still we're grateful to be alive  
Together fighting side by sideAs we hide in the bushes  
We shoot from the bushes  
We love in the bushes  
Like there is no tomorrowWe'll drink from the bushes  
We'll hide in the bushes  
We'll love in the bushes  
Like there is no tomorrowWe promised if one of us left or died  
We'll meet again in another lifeAnd we'll hide in the bushes  
We'll shoot from the bushes  
Make love in the bushes  
Like there is no tomorrowWe'll hide in the bushes  
We'll shoot from the bushes  
Make love in the bushes  
Like there is no tomorrow

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