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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