

Jill Sobule, Resistance Song

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
And you called me Maurice and I had a thin mustache
And I played clarinet in a decadent band
Until we

Hid in the bushes
We shot from the bushes
Made love in the bushes
Like there was no tomorrow

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 were grateful
to be alive
Together fighting
side by side
As we

Hide in the bushes
Shoot from the bushes
Love in the bushes
Like there is no tomorrow

We promised if one of us left or died
We'd meet again in another life
And we'll

Hide in bushes
Shoot from the bushes
Love in the bushes
Like there is no tomorrow