

# Blunderbuss

Jack White

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 same romance  
Performed a dance  
Inside a 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 blent 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 them would be there cry  
And who'd be brave to argue?  
Doing what two people need  
Is never on the menu

Da da da da  
Da da da da