

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