

The Desert Rose

Latin Quarter

She slapped her teacher in the face
She was radical that way
So they called her 'Poison Grace'
But she chased the name away
And she left here for the silk road
The route set out, out in sand
In her own hand, she took off with a caravan...

Everyday the desert grows
In every way the desert knows
It swallows roads and rivers whole
And all our hopes and manifestos
And all the while the desert throws
The gauntlet down to Romeos
To soften, soothe or else enclose
The hardened heart of the desert rose

She took in wed-lock on the way
Aaah, but it didn't last
It came to dead-lock in a single day
And she got out fast
There was still light in her night sky

The last she had, all the snags
And her glad rags, stowed into her saddlebags...

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But that was then and this is now
And that was Chelsea, anyhow
It's all the shifting of the dunes
Different faces - but the same old honeymoons

And where's the Montague now?
He's just he mouthpiece for the head of sales

Oh where's the Montague now? Lost,
Along the dusty trail