

## 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...

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

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