

A Rose Is A Rose

Poe

Jezebel...From Israel,
Who never read a book,
Charmed the literati,
And a smile was all it took.
I was laughing with Picasso,
When she first entered the room,
But Gershwin, Tristan, Tzara,
And Man Ray saw her too.
There was never any doubt,
All would try to take her home,
But she refused their every move,
Preferred to be alone.
And a rose...A rose is a rose.
Zelda had a breakdown,
Fitzgerald hit the bar.
His hand was broken, words were spoken,
Didn't get too far.
Hemmingway was smoother,
More debonaire and fun,
But he would say her repartee,
Was meaner than a gun.
Chorus:
And a rose...
A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose...
Said my good friend Gertrude Stein.
She knows that I go to the ol' Deux Magots,
And I drink Pernod through the night.
Jezebel...From Israel,
Who never read a book,
She charmed the literati
And a smile was all it took.
Before her Joyce will babble,
And Pound has gone insane,
Eliot is paralyzed by,
Thoughts of April rain.
When she refused Lenin,
He vowed to start a war.
Stravinsky beat The right of Spring,
Right there on the floor.
Chorus
And then one night she's missing,
A riot soon began.
No one could stand the thought of Jezzie with another man.
I raced down winding streets,
I broke into her house.
You never guess who Jezebel,
Was kissing on the couch.
A rose...A rose is a rose...
Hi Jezzie. Hi there, Gertrude.
Am I interrupting something?
A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose...