

# Blunderbuss

Jack White

Hat and my dream, my head's up and on that broad avenue  
We crossed the road and never spoke to another as we flew  
We left your man alone and drag,  
nothin' there at us

A romantic bust, a blundered son,  
an 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  
Pool of brown and see of red demons in your pocket  
That sang romance and formed a dance  
inside your silver locket

Corner exit, not tall enough to walk out standin' 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 blend into  
Such a trick pretending not to be doin' what  
you want to do

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 their cry  
and who'd be brave to argue

Doin' what two people need is never on the menu  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>