

# Jill Sobule, Resistance Song

I had this dream we were in the resistance  
Somewhere in France fighting traitors and fascists  
You were my mistress, yes, you were a woman  
But I knew it was you by the shape of your mouth  
And you called me Maurice and I had a thin mustache  
And I played clarinet in a decadent band  
Until we

Hid in the bushes  
We shot from the bushes  
Made love in the bushes  
Like there was no tomorrow

In my real life, I'm a cocktail waitress  
Dodging men's hands  
Instead of bullets  
And you're a bass player  
in a band  
That got a deal.  
Dealing with assholes  
Instead of explosives  
Still we were grateful  
to be alive  
Together fighting  
side by side  
As we

Hide in the bushes  
Shoot from the bushes  
Love in the bushes  
Like there is no tomorrow

We promised if one of us left or died  
We'd meet again in another life  
And we'll

Hide in bushes  
Shoot from the bushes  
Love in the bushes  
Like there is no tomorrow