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Political Love (Just A Name)

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POLITICAL LOVE (JUST A NAME)

BY BRYAN JONES

Wandering with a newspaper does she.
Using his eyes does he.
Watching her go go go away
He must find courage today day day.
Politics grace the front page.
Oh he has to join the spontaneous age.
He shouts, “How do you feel about politics miss?”
Her reply, “It sure beats a Lenin kiss!”

Oh he’s chatting politics at the bar-b-cue.
Trying his dardnest to stand out even with his plain Jane do.

Talk Talk do they.
Sun disappears like needle in hay.
Chilly waves hi.
Head to car, no lie
Car pushed by love’s hand.
They blow along like sand.
House they reach.
Boy this gal can teach!

Oh he’s chatting politics at the bar-b-cue.
Trying his dardnest to stand out even with his plain Jane do.

Perfect Sunday for a stroll
Throws down his shirt, he conceals hole
Walking past trees that hold shadows of planes
Them two know no love pains
Living is easy with her
Though he still dances nervous, still suffers speech slur
He shouts, “How does it feel to be us?”
She replies, “It beats gettin’ hit by a bus.”