

Ballad of a Lover

I once loved a revolutionary
I loved nothing more than her
Her smile, her voice, her glowing eyes
Reflected in the flames
Of the torch in her hands
And on the streets that she walked

Her eyes never saw my smile
But to injustice and hatred
She was never blind
Nor to the people that create it.

And everything she ever did
Was making life worth living it

But one day she went out
Told me she'd be back tonight
But the next time I saw her
Was with two bullets for eyes

And I love a revolutionary
I love nothing more than her
Her smile, her voice, her silvery eyes
Reflected in the flames
Of the pin in my heart
As I walk the streets that she walked

Paul Zurawski