

Dory Previn "Angels and Devils The Following Day"

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loved i two men
equally well
though they were diff'rent
as heaven and hell
one was an artist
one drove a truck
one would make love
the other would fuck
each treated me
the way he knew best
one help me lightly
one bruised my breast
and i responded
on two diff'rent levels
like children reacting
to angels and devils
one was a poet
who sang and read verse
one was a peasant
who drank and who cursed
before you decide
who's cruel and who's kind
let me explain
what i felt
in my heart and my mind...

the artist was tender
but suffered from guilt
making him sorry
the following day
and he made me feel guilty
the very same way
in his bed on the following day
the other would take me
and feel no remorse
he'd wake with a smile
in the bed where we lay
and he made me smile
in the very same way
in his bed on the following day
the blow to my soul
by fear and taboos

cut deeper far
than a bodily bruise
and the one who was gentle
hurt me much more
than the one who was rough
and made love on the floor.

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