

Jill Sobule

"Super 8"

Visit "[Super 8](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
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 explosions
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'll meet again in another life
And we'll
Hide in the bushes
Shoot from the bushes
Love in the bushes
Like there is no tomorrow.

Visit [Jill Sobule](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.