

Romane Serda

"Once Upon A Time"

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(We continue to grow and evolve as a community. The changes are often surprising... and confusing.)
Once upon a time when life was simple and serene
My roommate was a lesbian and I a happy queen
I lived for Sunday brunches in my tightest fitting jeans
While she read The Well of Loneliness and Plexus magazine
But now I go to potlucks where the food is rather bleak
And I've joined a new support group that meets every other weeks
While she lives to go out dancing with her hair done up in curls
It's getting hard to tell the boys from the girls
Once upon a time when life was crystal clear
Each of us had favorite music we preferred to hear
While I went dancing to Sylvester down in Key West every year
She went to music festivals to worship Holly Near
(Imagine my Surprise)
But now our tastes in music have completely turned around
And now instead of Michigan she goes to Provincetown
While I play Alix Dobkin on my Walkman now and then
(Gee, you're An Amazon)
It's getting hard to tell the women from the men
One upon a time when life was easy to predict
Sex was something I could get and I could get it quick
I'd look at all the men and know that I could take my pick
While she frowned upon my lifestyle with each and every trick
But now my sex adventures, though still fun, are rather tame
While she's discovered JoAnn Loulan and she'll never be the same
Cause she dates a lot of women and she buys erotic toys
It's getting hard to tell the girls from the boys

Times they change
Fashions rearrange themselves
If you don't stay on top
You'll find yourself dropped on a shelf
Once upon a time when life was black and white
I used to do the drag shows to be famous for a night
While she drank her beer without a glass and looked
for Mrs.
Right
I'd cruise the local customers just asking for a light
But now she is the only one who steps out in a dress
And I'm wearing all her flannel shirts and sandals, I
confess
And now she smokes Virginia Slims instead of Lucky
Strikes
It's getting hard to tell the boys from girls
Hard to tell the men from women
Hard to tell the faggots from the dykes
Now if all of this appears to show that everyone's gone
mad
It's only part and parcel of a somewhat larger fad
Look no further than the glint of gold in many straight
boys'
Ears
It's getting hard to tell the breeders* from the queers
(* The term "breeders" is fading from usage as gay
and lesbian
Parents become more and more visible (see next
song); however, it
Fit too well in this lyric not to use it. Cut me some slack,
ok?
-RR)

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