

Fickle

by Erin Crowley

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Notes: This is a fun quick little ditty...a little more blue-sy than most I've written. Needs lots of revision still. And let the records show that my husband is an awesome kisser. ;-)

Color me fickle but I've disregarded
Respectable men for so much less
Shortage of arm hair or long-age of back hair
The rumped un-metro-y way that they dress

Barbie-doll ex's, Harvard pretenses,
Degrees of inadequate height
I know it's not fair but it's never easy
Measuring up to Mr. Right

Chorus:
Somehow you managed to evade detection
Got under my skin, like a bad infection
Must be crazy, don't know what to do
When did Mr. Right start looking like you?

Don't get me wrong there were red flags a' plenty
Your aversion to everything cat
The baffling way you could eat junk all day
And never begin to get fat

Your strange predilection for Jell-O and Kraft Mac &
Cheese over sushi, falafel, or curry,
Your blue-collar jokes, & your Homer-esque quotes
Should have tipped me off in a hurry

Still in the face of all of these signs
The one last assault I could never defend
My downfall by league and by mile
The way you could always make me smile

Go ahead, grin, let's face it you win,
How could I possibly resist
It must have been the first time you made me laugh
It wasn't the first time we kissed!