

A Generic Love Song

by Peter Brunette

1. Here's a love song that's truly generic,
'Cause I've stripped it of all needless chatter.
Now it's just boy meets girl—
Or perhaps boy meets boy—
Even be girl meets girl, for that matter.
2. Every verse I shall plug in an image
From a stock that I purchased on clearance,
So a blue turtledove
Or a white satin glove
Could be slated to make an appearance.
3. Now the sun—or the moon—will be shinin',
And a rose will grace somebody's bonnet,
And some blue eyes—or brown—
Wear a smile—or a frown.
Yes, indeed, you may wager upon it.
4. But then I shouldn't put any money
On the lovers' undyin' affection,
For their stars could get crossed,
And though kisses get tossed,
I can't tell you in quite which direction.
5. So the heroine—or else the hero—
Must be left either laughin' or hurtin'.
Will the wedding bells chime,
Or will someone do time?
It remains just a trifle uncertain.
6. Yes, the end could be joyful or tragic,
Or else both things in swift alternation.
Someone says, "I love you,"
Someone says, "I'm so blue,"
And the rest is just interpretation.
7. Now, you might say the poetry falters
And the message is too esoteric.

Can't say I'd disagree—
That's the trouble, you see,
With a love song that's truly generic.

8. So I guess, as my wee ditty closes
And the last chords reverb on the Hammond,
Shoulders may have been shrugged,
But if heartstrings got tugged,
Well, you might want to have them examined.