

MUSIC IS MY MISTRESS

Words: Mike Appel / Music: Rob Martin © 2003

My guitar and me cast a shadow, across the living room floor
Before I toy with this six string, I better go close her door
I try not to wake her up, 'cause my needs are not hers
I lower my voice to a whisper, whenever I hear her stir, and

I'm in my own world now, I've lost all sense of time
It was dark when I started; now it's sun coming through the blind, 'cause

Music Is My Mistress, she comes to me at night
In a passion dance of melody, my infidelity comes to light
Music Is My Mistress, she's my nocturnal suite
She strokes my fretboard knowingly, her seduction is complete

She wakes and finds me still writing, she knows I can't break away
She won't interrupt the rapture, but I hear her and turn to say
Don't you know you're the centerpiece, of our own little universe
I'll be along in a minute, but I continue to write this verse, and

You know I can't stop now, not after all this time
I'm writin' words to a chorus, looking for a clever rhyme, 'cause

Music Is My Mistress, but I love you for who you are
Three hearts in three part harmony, a musical ménage à trois
Music Is My Mistress, my rhapsody in blue
But I wonder if you realize, my songs are all for you

Musical Interlude:

So no matter what the odds, my heart is never wrong
I'm in this thing forever; it's all about the song

Music Is My Mistress, it's a love affair for life
But you are my first lady, the reason that I write
Music Is My Mistress, she sings into my soul
I am only half a man; it's you that makes me whole