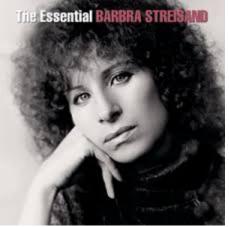
The First Time Ever I Saw Your Place

by Con Chapman

Her:

The first time ever I saw your place With furnishings of orange and blue, oo oo oo. I thought perhaps, this guy likes the Mets, Or he hasn't got a clue, my love— Or he hasn't got a clue.



Him:

The first time ever I saw your place With pastel pillows all around—ow ow ound. And a Streisand album on the turntable That produced such maudlin sounds, my love— That produced such maudlin sounds.

Together:

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/con-chapman/the-first-time-ever-i-saw-your-place»* Copyright © 2014 Con Chapman. All rights reserved. Now we live together, in a joint-owned space, Where the work is split in two—oo oo oo. Her decision rules as to furnishings And the music he doth choose, my love— And the music he doth choose.

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