

Ani DiFranco, Fair Weather

For lee I'm cement, but behind the buttons on my blouse
My heart is bent between fair weather and a woman who may never be.
A woman who would be me.
Or the smell of women with a recipe.
All those voices stirring jealousy into the sounds cooking in me.
Well, I lost five seconds to the powers that be.
And then a man, some man defined chronologically.
Wet in my mind, dripping into the rest of me.
For your desire distorts, disguises what comes naturally.
Oh, and soft smells from apartment two and some farm outside.
My body brings it's smells to what it's tried.
And some hair is healthy, but all hair is dead.
And I think that's what it's like in my head.
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My heart is bent between fair weather and a woman who may never be.