

Ani DiFranco, Handsome Musician

He was a handsome musician
But he had an ugly scar
You could not see it on him
But you could hear it when he played guitar
Naked and nervous silence
Therefore conversation to abuse
Stood between us like a parent
Like a game we had to lose
He kept an eye on the door
And his back to the wall
His walk told of the time it takes for a man to fall
And I welcomed him into my closet
To meet the skeletons living there
In my twilight vacancy
I didn't care
We knew each other namelessly
As the rhythm came of age
He knew me like a blue note
And the lights went down on stage
He was a handsome musician
But he had an ugly scar
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