

Ani DiFranco, How Long Can It Last

two years ago
before we felt so familiar
and before I could remember your last name
I remember now
how our bright spring green deepened
with the heat as the seasons changed
we were lush as the underside of august.
the streets looked like water.
they swelled and they shimmered
and they stretched like the sea.
and dressed in my best shining skin
and my squinty eyes,
I put the miles behind me.
it took us so long to get here.
you gotta write between lines.
you gotta read between the years.
and fleetingly we see ourselves pass
driving a good thing and wondering,
how long can it last?
and there was much to forgive
and there was much to forget.
it seems we both stood by while the record was set.
and now when I look at you and when you look at me
it's a much different view
we are both decked out in our history.
it took us so long to get here.
you gotta write between lines.
you gotta read between the years.
And fleetingly we see ourselves pass
driving a good thing and wondering,
how long can it last?