

Ani DiFranco, Silver Ingrid

I always escape where I have been.
I leave you looking for my face,
Wondering what it was you've seen
Down the long dark hallway in flight heading back from which I came.
I am a creature of the night and silver ingrid is my name.
Silver ingrid be my teacher, show me laughter laced with love.
Tell my theories of the wind song on the wings of a dove.
Silver ingrid, be my teacher, show me laughter laced with love.
Tell me theories of the wind song on the wings of a dove.