

Ani DiFranco, Swing

She cam to and her
Whole life was how she remembered it
She had a mouth full of fur
And she was laughing
She parked her hearse across
Three spaces posted for motorcycles only
And jumped out shouting
What the cus could make a nice girl like us
Feel so lonely?
Are you weary as water
In a faucet left dripping
With an incessant sadness
Like a sad record skipping
And an ugly and ornery
And shadowy dread
Lurking like a troll under the bridge
Between your heart and your head
Please dumb blind kind sir
Lend little miss listless a bit of Christmas
She's been a real good girl
But now she's stuck here
The world is so little and still
Mysterious and ominious as ever before
Like an unmarked bottle full of pills
On the shelf right next to the ting
You were reaching for
Swing the groove 'round here
Where I can reach it
When I get my ass back on track
I'm gonna need it
Swing shift til I get the money
To buy me and my baby a moon full of honey
Then I'm gonna turn the nagging voices
Inside my head
That follow me to bed and say
You suck blah, blah, blah