

# Ani DiFranco, This Bouquet

Got a garden of songs where I grow all my thoughts  
Wish I could harvest one or two for some small talk  
Seems like I'm starving for words whenever you're around  
Nothing on my tongue so much in the ground  
Nothing on my tongue so much in the ground, ground  
Half the time, I got my gaze trained on your motel door  
Fourth door from the end  
Rest of my gaze lays like a stain on the carpeted floor  
If it weren't for my brain I'd just go over and make friends  
Too bad about my brain 'cause I'd like to make friends, friends  
See the little song bird unable to make a sound  
You never know, she follows her words from town to town  
We both got gardens of songs and maybe its okay  
That I am speechless 'cause I picked you this bouquet  
Yup, I am speechless that I picked you this bouquet