

# Letter to a John

Ani DiFranco

Don't ask me why I'm crying  
I'm not going to tell you what's wrong  
I'm just gonna sit on your lap  
For five dollars a song  
I want you to pay me for my beauty  
I think it's only right  
'Cause I have been paying for it  
All of my life

I'm gonna take the money I make  
I'm gonna take the money I make  
I'm gonna take the money I make  
And I'm gonna go away...

We barely have time to react in this world  
Let alone rehearse  
And I don't think I'm better than you  
But I don't think that I'm worse  
Women learn to be women  
And men learn to be men  
And I don't blame it all on you  
But I don't want to be your friend

I'm gonna take the money I make  
I'm gonna take the money I make  
I'm gonna take the money I make  
And I'm gonna go away...

I was eleven years old  
He was as old as my dad  
And he took something from me  
I didn't even know that I had  
So don't tell me about decency  
Don't tell me about pride  
Just give me something for my trouble  
'Cause this time, it's not a free ride

I'm gonna take the money I make  
I'm gonna take the money I make  
I'm gonna take the money I make  
And I'm gonna go away...

Don't ask me why I'm crying  
I'm not going to tell you what's wrong  
I'm just gonna sit on your lap  
For five dollars a songs  
I want you to pay me for my beauty  
I think it's only right  
'Cause I have been paying for it  
All of my life

Now I just wanna take  
And I'm just gonna take  
I'm gonna take  
And I'm gonna go away