

Out of Range

Ani DiFranco

Just the thought of our bed
Makes me crumble like the plaster
Where you punched the wall beside my bed
And I try to draw the line
But it ends up running down the middle of me
Most of the time

Boys get locked up in some prison
Girls get locked up in some house
And it don't matter if it's a warden or a lover or a spouse
You just can't talk to 'em
You just can't reason
You just can't leave
And you just can't please 'em

I was locked
Into being my mother's daughter
I was just eating bread and water
Thinking nothing ever changes
And I was shocked
To see the mistakes of each generation
Will just fade like a radio station
If you drive out of range

If you're not angry
You're just stupid
Or you don't care
How else can you react
When you know
Something's so unfair
The men of the hour
Can kill half the world in war
Make them slaves to a super power
And let them die poor

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Baby I love you
That's why I'm leaving
There's no talking to you
And there's no pleasing you
And I care enough
That I'm mad

That half the world don't even know
What they could have had

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