

Angel Food

Ani DiFranco

If the mattress was a table top
And the bed sheet was a page
We'd be written out
Like a couple of question marks
My convex to your concave
And we'd be lying here
At the end of a sentence
And asks, are you ready now?
Are you gonna glow in the dark?
Are you gonna show me how?

Do you like to watch when water misbehaves?
Do you like waves?
As the wind shifts
And shifts again
The sail smiles
And gently slaps around the mast
Ballast
Ballast
Ballast

When you come to me
Come to me with cake
In your pocket
Come to me nicely
With that soft kinda cake
That's mostly icing
Come to me ready and rude
Bring me angel food
Angel food