Brief Bus Stop

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She sat there like a photograph of someone much further away We shared a brief bus stop On one of those inbetween days She gave me her smile And I looked underneath at the lipstick on her teeth

She asked me for a light And if I thought her hair looked okay We grew out of the small talk Into stuff strangers just don't say We discovered we are both Pleasantly furious half of the time When we're not just toeing the line

We sat underneath the shelter As the rain came down outside The bench was cold Against the underside of our thighs I said I think we need new responses Each question's a revolving door And she said, yeah, My life may not be something special But it's never been lived before

We decided our urgency will wane When we grow old And there will be a new generation of anger New stories to be told But I said, I don't know if I can wait For that peace to be mine And she said, well, you know, We've been waiting for this bus For an awfully long time