

# Done Wrong

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The wind is ruthless  
The trees shake angry fingers at the sky  
The people hunch their shoulders  
Hold their collars over their ears and run by

It's a cold rain  
It's a hard rain  
Like the kind you find in songs  
I guess that makes me the jerk with the heartache  
Here to sing to you about how I been done wrong

I am sitting, watching  
Out the window of the coffee shop  
And I'm waiting, waiting  
Waiting for it to let up

I am rocking like a cradle  
Warming my hands with the cup in between  
I am leaning over the table  
Holding my face over the steam

And before it gets so cold  
That the rain turns to snow  
There's just a couple things  
I'd like to know

Like how could you do nothing  
And say, I'm doing my best  
How could you take almost everything  
And then come back for the rest

How could you beg me to stay  
Reach out your hands and plead  
And then pack up your eyes and run away  
As soon as I agreed

It just all slips  
Away so slowly  
You don't even notice till you've lost a lot  
I've been like one of those zombies

In Vegas  
Pouring quarters into a slot  
And now I'm tired  
And I am broke

And I feel stupid and I feel used  
And I'm at the end of my little rope  
And I am swinging back and forth  
About you

And before it gets so cold  
That the rain turns to snow  
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