Egos Like Hairdos

Ani DiFranco

I saw on the poster My name was printed Just a little bit smaller I can tell you need to stand Just a little bit taller No one ever talks about it But no one can disguise The cloud of competition That's hanging behind their eyes There's more bad blood In this bar than there is beer And it's subtle but it still sucks And I want out of here

We got egos like hairdos They're different every day Depending on how we slept the night before Depending on the demons that are at our door

They told me you wanted to play last Every profession has its system of castes So they reverse the order we go on And then you stand at the bar And you talk through my songs

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Everybody loves the underdog But no one wants to be him The press will fatten you up And then they'll dig their teeth in It's cool to discover someone It's hard to support them Everyone is playing life Like it's some stupid sport

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I got my kitchen stocked I got my door unlocked There're no demons here And I don't really care Whose name is printed in bigger type You know I live in a world full of hope Not a world full of hype I ain't no saint I help myself to what I need But I help other people too Y'know I sleep soundly

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