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Ani DiFranco

Can't sit on my porch and smoke a j,
And remember how peaceful life can be.
But all night long are a bunch of pushers
Sellin' drugs right there on my tv.
Drugs that whether or not I buy
Are gonna end up in my water supply
Along with who knows what else
Who knows when.
Just gotta take a deep breath and drink it in.

Round here if there's one thing people know
It's that government ain't there for you it's all for show.
And I'm tryin' to tell 'em, it don't have to be so!
But I can understand that their confidence is low.
'Cause round here people so high they can see
Over the tops of the tall pine trees,
Down to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Blood ignited in a blighted sky,
Blood in the water, like we all could die
Blood on the reeds glistening in the sun
Blood on our hands, each and every one.
Here in the calm before the wars,
When the earth shrugs us off like dinosaurs.
Here in the sunset days of yore, the first signs washing ashore.

Goddess come and lift us
Here in deepest Louisiana.
In the gut where hunches come from
A message goes out loud as it can.

And you'd a thought we'd a come more far somehow
Since the changing of the guard and all.
I mean, dude could be FDR right now,
And instead he's just shifting his weight.
And the disappointment is the knockout blow
Filmed in torturous slow-mo.
Oh hope please come where I can see
Don't let the poison get the best of me.

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Truth is for telling
Truth is foretold.
Truth is for those with the guts to behold.
We got vampires down here in Louisiana
We need voodoo dolls, we need talisman.
We need wooden stakes and shards of light
We need harbingers riding through the night.
We need fountain pens, we need whale harpoons
To overthrow the oil tycoons.
'Cause there's no fish in the water, no birds in the sky,
No life in the soil, no end to the lie,
No time like the present

And it is passing us by...
But it's never too late, never too late to try
'Cause if we all had to change, we all just would.
And we would move closer, and that would be good.
And we would buy local and we would buy less
And we'd realize that wasn't our happiness.

No that wasn't our happiness
No that wasn't.
(3x)

Goddess come and lift us
Here in deepest Louisiana.
(3x)

In the gut where hunches come from
A message goes out loud as it can.