

## Looking for the Holes

Ani DiFranco

I am looking for the holes  
The holes in your jeans  
Because I want to know  
Are they worn out in the seat  
Or are they worn out in the knees

There are so many ways to wear  
What we've got before it's gone  
To make use of what is there  
I don't wear anything I can't wipe my hands on

Do your policies fit between the headlines  
Are they written in newsprint, are they distant  
Mine are crossing an empty parking lot  
They are a woman walking home at night alone  
They are six string that sing  
And wood that hums against my hipbone

We can't afford to do anyone harm  
Because we owe them our lives  
Each breath is recycled from someone else's lungs  
Are enemies are the very air in disguise

You can talk a great philosophy  
But if you can't be kind to people every day  
It doesn't mean that much to me  
It's the little things you do  
The little things you say  
It's the love you give along the way

When we patch things up  
They say a job well done  
But when we ask why  
Where did the rips come from  
They say we are subversive  
And extreme, of course  
We are just trying to track a problem to its source

Because we know we can't sit back  
And let people come to harm  
We owe them our lives  
Each breath is recycled from someone else's lungs  
Our enemies are the very air  
Our enemies are the air

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