

## Marrow

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The answer came like a shot in the back  
While you were running from your lesson  
Which might explain why years later all you could remember was  
the terror of the question.  
Plus, you weren't listening hard  
You were stockpiling canned goods and making a bomb shelter of  
our basement.  
And I can't believe you let the moral go by while you were soak  
ing in the product placement.  
And where was your conscience?  
Where was your consciousness?  
And where did you put all those letters that you wrote to yours  
elf but could not address?  
Yeah, I'm a good kisser, and you're a fast learner  
And that kind of thing could float us for a pretty long time.  
And then one day, you'd realized you've memorized my phone numb  
er  
And you'll call it and find it's a disconnected line.  
Cuz I got tossed out the window of love's el camino  
And I shattered into a shower of sparks on the curb.  
You were smoking me weren't you between your yellow fingers  
You just inhaled and exhaled without saying a word.  
where was your conscience?  
Where was your consciousness?  
And what did you do with all those letters you wrote to yoursel  
f but could not address?  
There's a smorgasbord of unspoken poisons  
The whole childhood of potions that are all bottled up  
And so one by one I am dusting off labels  
I am uncorking bottles and I am filling up cups.  
Go ahead and have a taste of your own medicine.  
Here I'll have a taste of mine  
But first let's toast to the lists that we hold in our fists of  
the things  
That we promised to do differently next time.  
Cuz the answer came like a shot in the back  
While you ran from your lesson which might explain  
Why years later all you could remember the terror of the questi  
on.  
Cause I'm not listening to you anymore.  
My head is too sore and my heart's perforated  
And I am mired in the marrow of my "well ain't that funny?" bon  
e  
Learning how to be alone and devastated.  
Where was my conscience?  
Where was my consciousness?  
And where do I put all these letters that I wrote to myself but  
could not address?