

## Out of Habit

Ani DiFranco

The butter melts out of habit  
The toast isn't even warm  
The waitress and the man in the plaid shirt  
Play out a scene they've played  
So many times before  
I am watching the sun stumble home in the morning  
From a bar on the east side of town  
And the coffee is just water dressed in brown  
Beautiful but boring  
He visited me yesterday  
He noticed my fingers  
And asked me if I would play  
I didn't really care a lot  
But I couldn't think of a reason why not  
I said if you don't come any closer I don't mind if you stay  
My thighs have been involved in many accidents  
And now I can't get insured  
And I don't need to be lured by you  
My cunt is built like a wound that won't heal  
And now you don't have to ask  
Because you know how I feel  
You know how I feel

Art is why I get up in the morning  
But my definition ends there  
And it doesn't seem fair  
That I'm living for something I can't even define  
There you are right there  
In the meantime

I don't want to play for you anymore  
Show me what you can do  
Tell me what are you here for  
I want my old friends  
I want my old face  
I want my old mind  
Fuck this time and place

The butter melts out of habit  
You know, the toast isn't even warm