

Rock Paper Scissors

Ani DiFranco

It's rock paper scissors as to whether I will get over you at all.

It's hand against hand and both hands are mine.

It's standing in a circular line, which is not to say that I'm not also happy.

A happy meal with a surprise inside.

Surprise, surprise is another bright light in my eyes

Exposing all the stuff I'm not calculating enough to hide.

This melancholy that I carry makes me feel so grown up at the kitchen table doing shots of resignation.

I never thought I'd see the day

When I would I say I give up and tame the stallions of my wildest expectations.

But I do not want to know you this way, surrounded by so much pain.

But how am I supposed to let go of you this way, like a bird in to the sky of my brain?

I think I could accept all these dark colors as just part of some bigger color scheme

If it wasn't for that drippy string quartet of sadness underscoring each smiling scene.

Yeah desire drags me right out of myself like a gas soaked rope tied to a piece of coal.

And I'm getting pretty good at looking at the bright side

While the flames ripple on the sand and swallow me whole.

But this melancholy that I carry makes me feel so grown up at my kitchen table doing shots of resignation.

I never thought I'd see the day

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But I do not want to know you this way surrounded by so much pain

But how am I supposed to let go of you this way like a bird into the sky of my brain.