

Shy

Ani DiFranco

The heat is so great
It plays tricks with the eye
It turns the road to water
And then from water to sky
And there's a crack in the concrete floor
And it starts at the sink
There's a bathroom in a gas station
And I've locked myself in it to think

And back in the city
The sun bakes the trash on the curb
The men are pissing in doorways
And the rats are running in herds
I got a dream with your face in it
That scares me awake
I put too much on the table
Now I got too much at stake

And I might let you off easy
Yeah I might lead you on
I might wait for you to look for me
And then I might be gone
There's where I come from and
Where I'm going
And I am lost in between
I might go up to that phone booth
And leave a veiled invitation
On your machine

And you'll stop me, won't you
If you've heard this one before
The one where I surprise you
By showing up at your front door
Saying let's not ask what's next,
Or how, or why
I am leaving in the morning
So let's not be shy

The door opens
The room winces
The housekeeper comes in
Without a warning
I squint at the muscular motel light
And say, hey, good morning
As she jumps her keys jingle
And she leaves as quickly
As she came in
And I roll over and taste the pillow with my grin

Well, the sheets are twisted and damp
The heat is so great
And I swear I can feel the mattress
Sinking underneath your weight
Oh sleep is like a fever
And I'm glad when it ends
And the road flows like a river
And pulls me around every bend

And you'll stop me, won't you...