Ani DiFranco

Slide

She was hungry so hungry she was trying to think clear she kept opening the fridge door staring at the mustard and the beer

Then finally she went out into the rain carrying her bicycle chain and her feet were the pedals while her appetite steered and after that she just followed her nose and fate is not just whose cooking smells good but which way the wind blows

She lay down in her party dress and never got up needless to say she missed the party she just got sad then she got stuck

She was bending like something brittle trying hard to bend she was numb with the terror of losing her best friend we never see things changing we only see them ending

And some vicious whispering voice kept saying you have no choice you have....

'Cause when I look at you I squint you are that beautiful and my pussy is a tractor and this is a tractor pull and I am haunted by my illicit exquisite dream but I can't really wake up so I just drift in between thinking the glass is half-empty and thinking it's not quite full the pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride try to hit the brakes and you slide slide slide slide The pouring rain is no place for a bicycle ride try to hit the brakes and you slide slide slide slide

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