

Woe Be Gone

Ani DiFranco

Woe be gone
The madness and the suffering of the human race
The history of the world is such a losing place
The alphabet took us on a wild goose chase

And still

Still there's swiftly shifting sands
Beneath our feet
And an unexplored hemisphere
Lying underneath
Enter the goddesses
Fresh from their long sleep

We get so off track sometimes
We get so off track sometimes

I mean what the hell?
Raise your hand if you're at peace right now
In fact just stand up and take a bow
Everywhere you look just see damaged goods

And still

Still there's swiftly shifting sands
Beneath our feet
And an unexplored hemisphere
Lying underneath
Enter the goddesses
Fresh from their long sleep

We get so off track sometimes
We get so off track sometimes...

Woe be gone
Madness and suffering I am just like you
The bottoms of my crutches look like old worn shoes
Me and my addictions got a lot to lose

And still

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And an unexplored hemisphere
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