Work Your Way Out

Ani DiFranco

Lying on the floor Four stories high In the corridor Between the asphalt and the sky I am caught like bottled water The light daughter I wonder what you look like Under your t-shirt I wonder what you sound like When you're not wearing words I wonder what we have When we're not pretending It's never-ending, haven't you heard? I don't need to tell you What this is about You just start on the inside And work your way out We are all polylingual But some of us pretend There's virtue in relying On not trying to understand We're all citizens of the womb Before we subdivide Into sexes and shades This side That side And I don't need to tell you What this is about You just start on the inside And work your way out Undressing for the fan Like it was a man Wondering about all the things That I'll never understand There are some things that you can't know Unless you've been there But oh how far we could go If we started to share I don't need to tell you What it is about You just start on the inside You just start on the inside And work your way out