I've been Wendy Living with the Lost Boys Youth spent as a deckhand on the convoy Moved every night to prove we were something Got confused if it was from or to that we were running I've seen Gibraltar I've seen the Taj Mahal Soweto, Hagia Sophia Chefchaouen paints their walls blue I've played to full rooms I've played the fool too Burning through the bottoms of a pair of new boots Cut my hair, tape my tits down A woman on her own must be from out of town Funny, you don't know the concessions that you're making until you catalog e And by then they're many and you're battle-hardened Heat makes liquid of the asphalt Keepsakes and parking tickets on the dashboard I'm here to file my report as the vixen of the wolf pack; Tell Patient Zero, he can have his rib back

You can count my ribs
Wanna know what class I'm inCount my
You can count my ribs

You can't be too broke to break
As a woman always something left to take
So you shouldn't try to stay too late or talk to strangers
Look too long, go too far out of range cause
Angels can't watch everybody all the time
Stay close, hems low, safe inside;
That formula works if you can live it
But it works by putting half the world off limits

You can count my ribs
Wanna know what class I'm inCount my
You can count my ribs, my

We don't say, "Go out and be brave" Nah, we say "Be careful, stay safe" In any given instance, that don't hurt But it sinks in like stilettos in soft earth Like the big win is not a day without an incident I beg to differ with it I think a woman's worth I think that she deserves A better line of work Than motherfucking vigilance Don't give me vigilance By definition you can't make a difference If the big ambition Is simply standing sentry to your innocence That's not a way to live That can't be what a woman is

That gives her nothing to aspire to What that is-What that is Is just a life of running fire drills We're running fire drills