

Deep Dish

Ani DiFranco

Cold and drizzly night in Chicago's deep dish
Flourescent light of the bathroom
Shows my hands as they are
See and eyelash on my cheek
Pick it off and make a wish
And walk back out into the bar
Wind at the windows
Neon lights the patterned panes
The waitress wields the weight of her tray around her palm
The doorman cups his hands
And lights his cigarette again
And the rain marches on

This is only a possibility in a world of possibilities
There are obviously there are many possibilities
Ranging from small to large
Before long there will be short
Before short there's nothing
When there was nothing
There was always the possibility of something becoming what it is

Don't even bother trying to say something clever
Clever is as clever does no matter what it says
I'm looking for a sign that says you're for real this time
But I don't trust what's in your head
I walk up to the bar and point at the top shelf
And then I throw my head back
And laugh at myself
I raise a toast to all our saviors
Each so badly behaved
It's too bad that their world
Is the one that they saved

There's a spider spinning cobwebs
From your elbow to the table
While my eyes ride the crowd in a secret rodeo
I smile with my mouth
Lift my watch up to the light
And say oh, look, I have to go

Now you gotta dance with me
Now is when its gotta be
Cuz I can't wait for the dance floor to fill in
And if you wanna dance with me
I'll show you how it's gonna be
Cause I can't wait for the band to begin