

# Egos Like Hairdos

Ani DiFranco

I saw on the poster  
My name was printed  
Just a little bit smaller  
I can tell you need to stand  
Just a little bit taller  
No one ever talks about it  
But no one can disguise  
The cloud of competition  
That's hanging behind their eyes  
There's more bad blood  
In this bar than there is beer  
And it's subtle but it still sucks  
And I want out of here

We got egos like hairdos  
They're different every day  
Depending on how we slept the night before  
Depending on the demons that are at our door

They told me you wanted to play last  
Every profession has its system of castes  
So they reverse the order we go on  
And then you stand at the bar  
And you talk through my songs

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Everybody loves the underdog  
But no one wants to be him  
The press will fatten you up  
And then they'll dig their teeth in  
It's cool to discover someone  
It's hard to support them  
Everyone is playing life  
Like it's some stupid sport

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I got my kitchen stocked  
I got my door unlocked  
There're no demons here  
And I don't really care  
Whose name is printed in bigger type  
You know I live in a world full of hope  
Not a world full of hype  
I ain't no saint  
I help myself to what I need  
But I help other people too  
Y'know I sleep soundly