

Fierce Flawless

Ani DiFranco

She was cuffed to the truth like the truth was a chair with a b
right interrogation
Light in her eyes, and her conscience with a cigarette just sto
od there,
Waiting for her to crack, waiting for her to cry.
They scampered through the room like a roach across a wall.
Yeah, they made her skin sore.
Yeah, they made her skin crawl.
They said, "we got this confession. we just need for you to sig
n.
Why don't you just cooperate?
Make this easier on us all?
Make this easier on us all...
Just make this easier on us all."
There was light and then there was darkness.
And there was no line in between.
And asking her heart for guidance was like pleading with a mach
ine.
Yeah, cause joy it has its own justice and my dreams are languid
and lawless.
And everything bows to beauty when it is fierce and it is flawl
ess...
When it is fierce... when it is flawless..."
On the table were two zip-
loc baggies containing her eyes and her smile.
They said we're keeping these as evidence until this thing goes
to trial.
Meanwhile anguish was fingering solace in another room down the
hall.
Both were love's accomplices but solace took the fall.
Now look at her book of days, it's the same on every page.
She's got a little tin cup with her heart in it to bang along t
he bars of her rib cage...
To bang along the bars of her rib cage...
There was light and then there was darkness.
And there was no line in between.
And asking her heart for guidance was like pleading with a mach
ine.
Cause joy it has its own justice and my dreams are made with al
l of us.
They said "everything bows to beauty when it is fierce and it i
s flawless...
When it is fierce...
When it is flawless..."
Fierce...
Flawless...