

# Garden of Simple

Ani DiFranco

Some crazy fucker carved a sculpture out of butter  
And propped it up in the middle of the bonanza breakfast bar  
And I am stuffing toast and sausage into my pockets  
Under a sign that says grand opening  
While my dog is waiting in the car

I wake up, I check out  
I fill the tank and wash the windshield clean  
Then I'm back out on the highway  
And BANG that's when I remember my dream:

We were standing in a garden  
And I had a machine that made silence  
It just sucked up the whole opinionated din  
And there were no people on the payroll  
And there were no monkeys on our backs  
And I said, show me what you look like  
Without skin

Science chases money  
And money chases its tail  
And the best minds of my generation  
Can't make bail  
But the bacteria are coming to take us down  
That's my prediction  
It's the answer to this culture  
Of the quick fix prescription

But in the garden of simple  
Where all of us are nameless  
You were never anything but beautiful to me  
And, you know, they never really owned you  
You just carried them around  
And then one day you put 'em down  
And found your hands were free

So now it's early in the morning  
At the longitude of memphis  
And the sun is setting sweetly on hong kong  
And the big plan is just to keep spinning  
Cuz the big bang is only just beginning  
And sometimes it's all that we can do just to hang on

And what I meant to say is xxoo which means I'm thinking of ya  
Which means i've been thinking of you  
All along