

Going Once

Ani DiFranco

Going once, going twice
Sold to the girl
Who ignored all the advice
Of all the people who knew better
She just stood there
On the front porch
Waiting for her will
To come and get her

She was packed
She had a suitcase
Full of noble intentions
She had a map
And a straight face
Hell bent on reinvention
And she was ready
For the lonely
She was in it for
It only

Going once, going twice
Down the road less taken
With her diary and her WD40
And her Swiss army knife
And her beer
And there was always
Someone there to say
Why don't you just stay
And hang your hat here

But she was packed
She had a suitcase
Full of bumbles and near misses
And she was swinging
Through a jungle
Of last calls and first kisses
And she was learning
About please
About huge humilities

Then one day she looked around her
And everything up til then was showing
And she wondered: how did i get here
Without even knowing where i was going?
Now there's no getting out of this
And there is no going back
And it all seems so odd sometimes
And the odds all seem stacked

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