

Letter to a John

Ani DiFranco

Don't ask me why I'm crying
I'm not going to tell you what's wrong
I'm just gonna sit on your lap
For five dollars a song
I want you to pay me for my beauty
I think it's only right
'Cause I have been paying for it
All of my life

I'm gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna take the money I make
And I'm gonna go away...

We barely have time to react in this world
Let alone rehearse
And I don't think I'm better than you
But I don't think that I'm worse
Women learn to be women
And men learn to be men
And I don't blame it all on you
But I don't want to be your friend

I'm gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna take the money I make
And I'm gonna go away...

I was eleven years old
He was as old as my dad
And he took something from me
I didn't even know that I had
So don't tell me about decency
Don't tell me about pride
Just give me something for my trouble
'Cause this time, it's not a free ride

I'm gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna take the money I make
I'm gonna take the money I make
And I'm gonna go away...

Don't ask me why I'm crying
I'm not going to tell you what's wrong
I'm just gonna sit on your lap
For five dollars a songs
I want you to pay me for my beauty
I think it's only right
'Cause I have been paying for it
All of my life

Now I just wanna take
And I'm just gonna take
I'm gonna take
And I'm gonna go away