

## Loom/Pulse

Ani DiFranco

You always got those dark sunglasses  
Covering up your face  
But if you promise to take them off  
I promise I won't squander your gaze  
I will be picturesque  
I will be nice  
I won't do anything  
You can't tell your wife  
I will think before I act  
I will think twice  
Just let me see your eyes

Each time we've spoke  
We've put in our token  
And ridden the tilt-a-whirl  
And I was giggling and dizzy  
Flirting like a 12 year old girl  
The carnival of you and me is coming to town  
Watch how we spin and spin  
And then fall down  
Now we just say hello  
And head for firmer ground

You are the one-way glass that watches me  
Standing in line at the bank  
I always looked into your glasses  
Like a cat looks into a fish tank  
But all I could ever see was the specter of me reflected  
I want a monument of friendship  
That we never had, erected  
I want it to take up lots of room  
I want it to loom

You always got those dark sunglasses  
Between us when we talk  
But after the party is over  
If you wanna take a walk  
We could just look around not do nothing wrong  
Just try to be at least as brave as our songs  
I will bring my heart  
I will bring my face  
Just name the time and place

You crawled into my bed like some sort of giant insect  
And I found myself spellbound that night at the sight of you there,  
Beautiful and grotesque and all the rest of that bug stuff  
Fluttering your way into my mouth,  
Behind my teeth, reaching for my scars.  
That night we got kicked out of two bars and laughed our way home.  
That night you leaned over and threw up into your hair.  
And I held you there thinking I would offer you my pulse  
If I thought it would be useful.  
I would give you my breath except the problem with death  
Is you have some hundred years and then they can build  
Buildings on our only bones.  
A hundred years and then your  
Grave is not your own.

We lie in our beds and in our graves unable to save  
Ourselves from the quaint tragedies we invent,  
And then undo from the stupid circumstances we slalom through.  
And I realized that night that the hall light which seemed so  
Bright when you turned it on is nothing compared to the dawn,  
Which is nothing compared to the light which seeps from me  
While you're sleeping beautiful and grotesque,  
Resting cocooned in my room beautiful and grotesque,  
Resting.  
That night we got kicked out of two bars and laughed our way  
Home and I held you there thinkin' I would offer you my pulse.  
I would give you my breath.  
I would offer you my pulse.