

# Lost Woman Song

Ani DiFranco

I opened a bank account  
when I was nine years old  
I closed it when I was eighteen  
I gave them every penny that I'd saved  
and they gave my blood  
and my urine  
a number  
now I'm sitting in this waiting room  
playing with the toys  
and I am here to exercise  
my freedom of choice  
I passed their handheld signs  
went through their picket lines  
they gathered when they saw me coming  
they shouted when they saw me cross  
I said why don't you go home  
just leave me alone  
I'm just another woman lost  
you are like fish in the water  
who don't know that they are wet  
as far as I can tell  
the world isn't perfect yet  
his bored eyes were obscene  
on his denim thighs a magazine  
I wish he'd never come here with me  
in fact I wish he'd never come near me  
I wish his shoulder  
wasn't touching mine  
I am growing older  
waiting in this line  
some of lifes best lessons  
are learned at the worst times  
under the fierce flourescent  
she offered her hand for me to hold  
she offered stability and calm  
and I was crushing her palm  
through the pinch pull wincing  
my smile unconvincing  
on that sterile battlefield that sees  
only casualties  
never heros  
my heart hit absolute zero  
Lucille, your voice still sounds in me  
mine was a relatively easy tragedy  
now the profile of our country  
looks a little less hard nosed  
but that picket line persisted  
and that clinic's since been closed  
they keep pounding their fists on reality  
hoping it will break  
but I don't think there's a one of us  
leads a life free of mistakes