

Manhole

Ani DiFranco

I'm holding here a book
Notable, but not the greatest
Stolen for me by the latest
In a long line of thieves
And I'm just about to drop it
Down that manhole of memories
When I realize it doesn't bother me
Like love's mementos usually do
And I look up to see who's different here
The latest me or the latest you

Course, you're the kind of guy who doesn't lie
He just doctors everything
Chooses some unassuming finger
And quietly moves his wedding ring
Who rewrites his autobiography
For any pretty girl who'll sing
But you can't fool the queen, baby
Cuz I married the king

And maybe it was I who betrayed his majesty
With no opposite reality
Like a puddle with no reflection
Of the sky or the trees
But after my dreaded beheading
I tied that sucker back on with a string
And I guess I'm pretty different now
Considering

I kissed you on the street that night
On the far side of four
But I didn't like the taste
In my mouth or yours
And ignoring the persona you wore for my benefit
For once I had the balls to call it
Just call it
But a lesson must be lived
In order to be learned
And the clarity to see and stop this now
That is what I've earned

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And heartache not so dire
Cuz I looked up to see integrity
Finally won over desire