

Marrow

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The answer came like a shot in the back
While you were running from your lesson
Which might explain why years later all you could remember was
the terror of the question.
Plus, you weren't listening hard
You were stockpiling canned goods and making a bomb shelter of
our basement.
And I can't believe you let the moral go by while you were soak
ing in the product placement.
And where was your conscience?
Where was your consciousness?
And where did you put all those letters that you wrote to yours
elf but could not address?
Yeah, I'm a good kisser, and you're a fast learner
And that kind of thing could float us for a pretty long time.
And then one day, you'd realized you've memorized my phone numb
er
And you'll call it and find it's a disconnected line.
Cuz I got tossed out the window of love's el camino
And I shattered into a shower of sparks on the curb.
You were smoking me weren't you between your yellow fingers
You just inhaled and exhaled without saying a word.
where was your conscience?
Where was your consciousness?
And what did you do with all those letters you wrote to yoursel
f but could not address?
There's a smorgasbord of unspoken poisons
The whole childhood of potions that are all bottled up
And so one by one I am dusting off labels
I am uncorking bottles and I am filling up cups.
Go ahead and have a taste of your own medicine.
Here I'll have a taste of mine
But first let's toast to the lists that we hold in our fists of
the things
That we promised to do differently next time.
Cuz the answer came like a shot in the back
While you ran from your lesson which might explain
Why years later all you could remember the terror of the questi
on.
Cause I'm not listening to you anymore.
My head is too sore and my heart's perforated
And I am mired in the marrow of my "well ain't that funny?" bon
e
Learning how to be alone and devastated.
Where was my conscience?
Where was my consciousness?
And where do I put all these letters that I wrote to myself but
could not address?