

# Not So Soft

Ani DiFranco

In a forest of stone  
Underneath the corporate canopy  
Where the sun rarely filters down  
The ground is not so soft  
Not so soft

They build buildings to house people  
Making money  
Or they build buildings to make money  
Off of housing people  
It's true  
Like a lot of things are true  
I am foraging for a phone booth on the forest floor  
That is not so soft  
I look up  
It looks like the buildings are burning  
But it's just the sun setting  
The solar system calling an end to another business day  
Eternally circling signally  
The rythmic clicking on and off of computers  
The pulse of the American machine  
The pulse that draws death dancing  
Out of anonymous side streets  
You know  
The ones that always get dumped on and never get plowed  
It draws death dancing  
Out of little countries  
With funny languages  
Where the ground is getting harder  
And it was not that soft before

Those who call the shots are never in the line of fire  
Why  
Where there's life for hire out there  
If a flag of truth were raised  
We could watch every liar rise to wave it  
Here we learn America like a script  
Playwright  
Birthright  
Same thing  
We bring ourselves to the role  
We're all rehearsing for the presidency  
I always wanted to be commander in chief of my one woman army

But I can envision the mediocrity of my finest hour  
It's the failed America in me  
It's the fear that lives in a forest of stone  
Underneath the corporate canopy  
Where the sun rarely filters down  
And the ground is not so soft