

# Paradigm

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I was born to two immigrants  
Who knew why they were here  
They were happy to pay taxes  
For the schools and roads  
Happy to be here  
They took it seriously  
The second job of citizenry  
My mother went campaigning door to door  
And holding to her hand was me

I was just a girl in a room full of women  
Licking stamps and laughing  
I remember the feeling of community brewing  
Of democracy happening

But I suppose like anybody  
I had to teach myself to see  
All that stuff that got lost  
On its way to church  
All that stuff that got lost  
On its way to school  
All that stuff that got lost  
On its way to the house of my family  
All that stuff that was not lost on me

Teach myself to see each of us  
Through the lens of forgiveness  
Like we're stuck with each other (god forbid!)  
Teach myself to smile and stop and talk  
To a whole other color kid  
Teach myself to be new in an instant  
Like the truth is accessible at any time  
Teach myself it's never really one or the other  
There's a paradox in every paradigm

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