

## Present/Infant

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Lately I've been glaring into mirrors picking myself apart  
You'd think at my age I'd thought of something better to do  
Than making insecurity into a full time job  
Making insecurity into an art

And I fear my life will be over  
And I will have never lived in unfettered  
Always glaring into mirrors  
Mad, I don't look better

But now here is this tiny baby  
And they say she looks just like me  
And she is smiling at me with that present infant glee  
Yes, and I would defend to the ends of the earth  
Her perfect right to be, be, be, be

So I'm beginning to see some problems  
With the ongoing work of my mind  
And I've got myself a new mantra  
It says don't forget to have a good time  
Don't let the sellers of stuff power enough to rob you of your  
grace

Love is all over the place  
There's nothing wrong with your face  
Love is all over the place  
There's nothing wrong with your face